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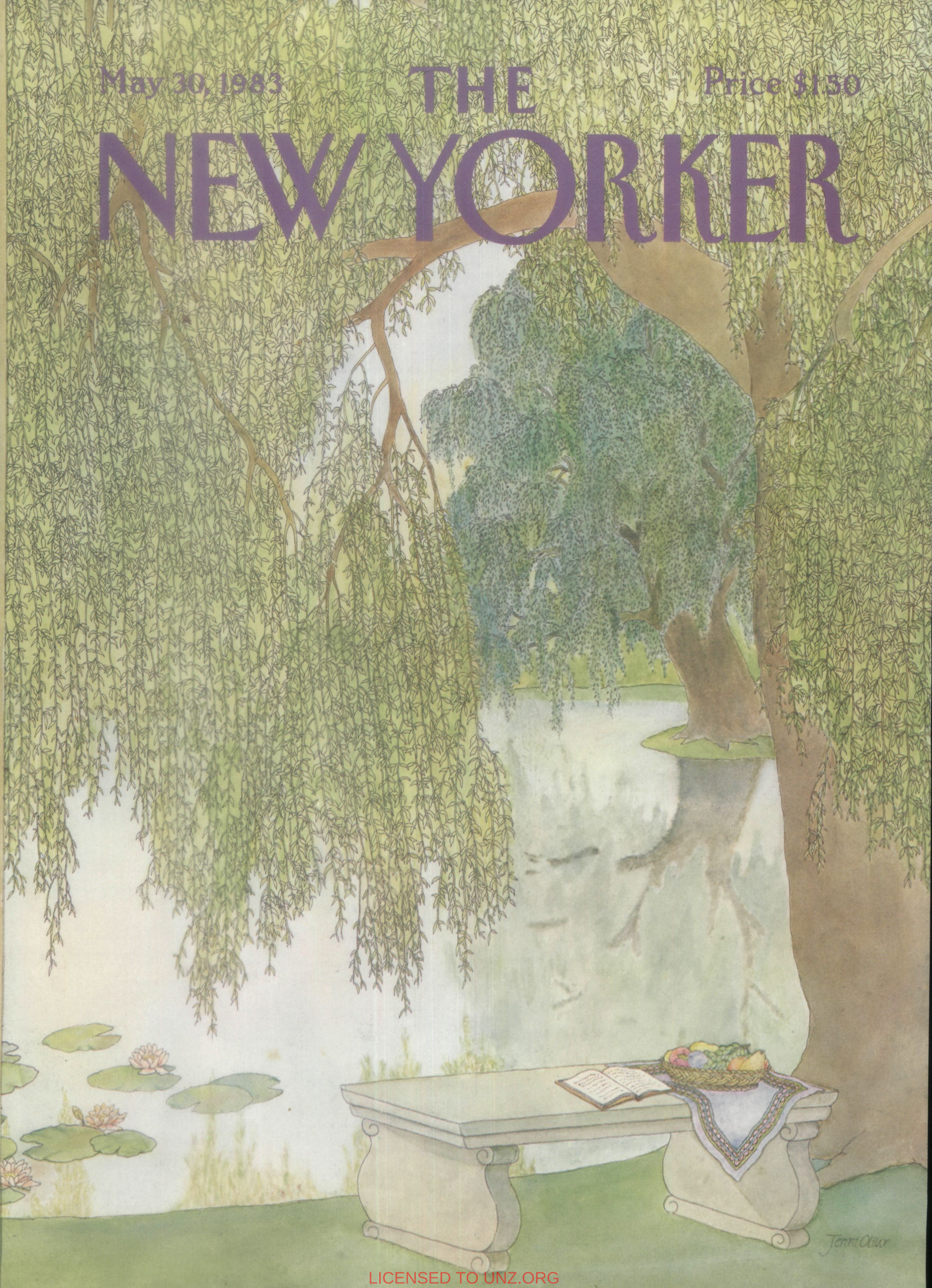
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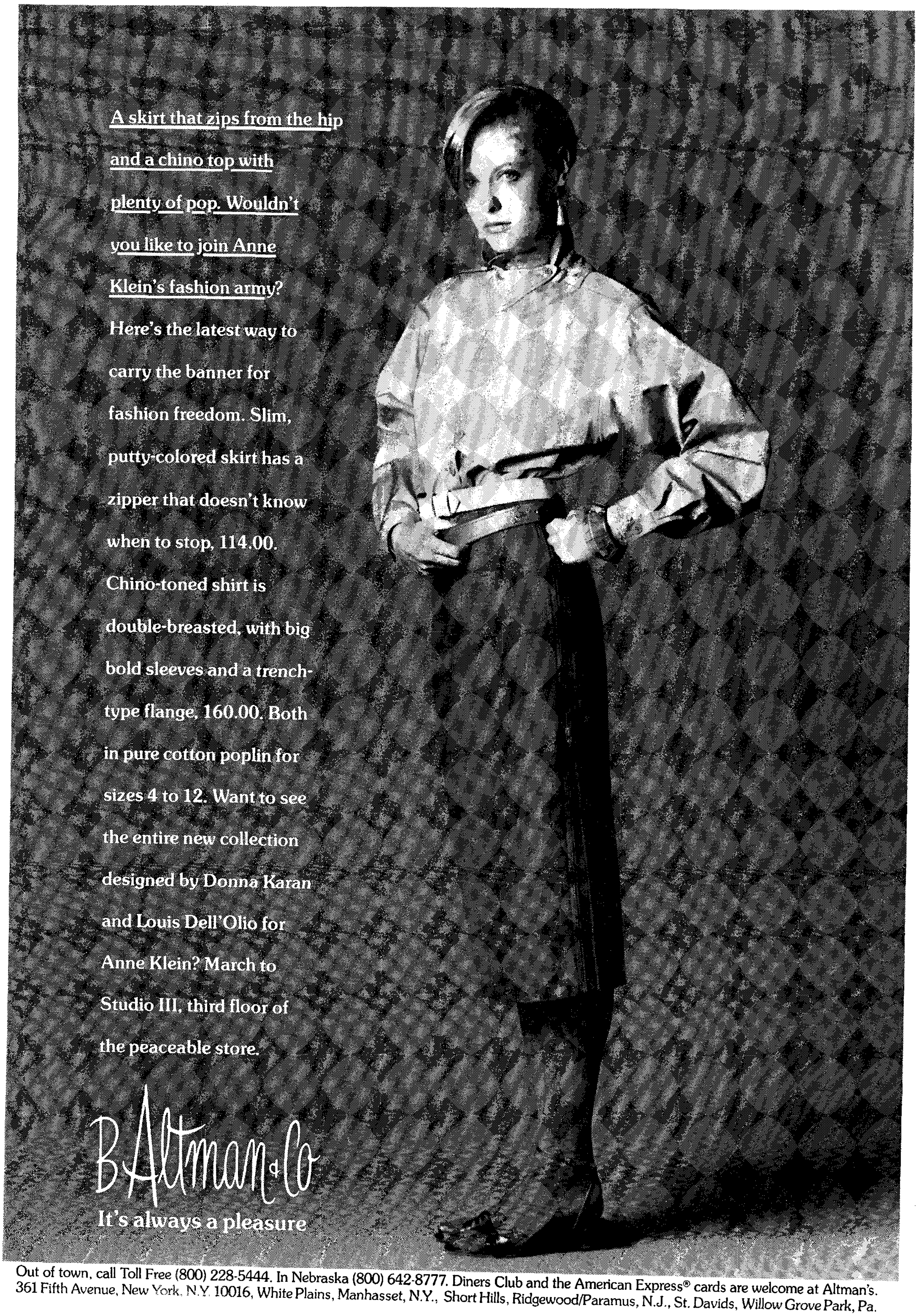

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Birds—Aristophanes' comedy, adapted by Walter Kerr. With songs by Evangelos Fampas and John Neil Harris. (Greek Theatre of New York, 120 W. 28th St. 807-0156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old, wonderfully well played by Matthew Broderick. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/83.) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Inside Extra—Thomas Babe's puzzling play—not quite a comedy, not quite a thriller—is set in the city room of a newspaper during a bomb scare. Hal Holbrook, Sandy Dennis, Vincent Gardenia, Dixie Carter, and William Converse-Roberts are the good actors. Joseph Papp directed. (5/16/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—John Rubinstein, Michael Moriarty, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play written and directed by Sam Shepard, **fool for love,** originally produced at San Francisco's Magic Theatre. Opens Thursday, May 26. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Conjur Woman—Sheila Dabney in a one-character play by Beatrice Manley-Blau, with music written and performed on stage by bassist Cecil McBee. Staged by George Ferencz. Opens Wednesday, May 25, and will run through Sunday, June 12. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A spirited revival of Marc Blitzstein's "labor opera," with alumni of John Houseman's Acting Company. Mr. Houseman himself tells as a prologue the dramatic story of the show's original opening in 1937, with the late Mr. Blitzstein alone onstage at the piano. The actor-singers, notably Patti LuPone, Randle Mell, Michele-Denise Woods, and David Schramm, are splendid. (5/23/83) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Duet for One—A trashy play about a concert violinist who is stricken with multiple sclerosis. The setting is the office of her psychiatrist. With Eva Marie Saint and Milton Selzer. (5/9/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Early Warnings—Three one-act plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (5/23/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Egyptology—Yet another abrasive exercise by Richard Foreman. Crash, bam! (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of fourteen plays, running through Monday, June 13. "Pastoral," by Peter Maloney; "Eulogy," by Jim Richardson; "Cash," by Stuart Spencer; and "Tender Offer," by Wendy Wasserstein: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 25-26; Saturday evening, May 28; Sunday matinée, May 29; Friday evening, June 3; and Saturday matinée, June 4. . . . ¶ "I Love You I Love You Not," by Wendy Kesselman; "Delusions of a Government Witness," by Louis Lippa; "Fast Women," by Willie Reale; and "Two Hot Dogs with Everything," by William Wise: Friday evening, May 27; Saturday matinée, May 28; Sunday and Monday evenings, May 29-30; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 1-2; and Saturday evening, June 4. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **promises, promises,** with a book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David, is the last offering of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fen—London's Joint Stock Theatre Group in a two-week engagement of a play by Caryl Churchill. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a car-

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toon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Beginning . . . Lucifer . . . The Bible—A musical by Estaban Fernandez Sanchez, with a cast of puppets. Opens Wednesday, May 25, and will run through Sunday, June 12. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Jeeves Takes Charge—Edward Duke plays master and servant and ten other roles in a comedy he has adapted from the stories of P. G. Wodehouse. Presented first in London. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

K2—The title of the play, which is by Patrick Meyers, is also the abbreviated name of the second-highest mountain on earth. Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson play two climbers trapped on the mountain. They have a lot to say, most of it interesting; and the mountain itself, as designed by Ming Cho Lee, is fascinating. (4/11/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—An unlucky mingling of musical comedy and magic. Doug Henning can make horses vanish into thin air, but he can't transform himself into a romantic troubadour. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly as George Bernard Shaw in a revival of the one-man show devised by Michael Voysey from the writings of G.B.S. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Negro Ensemble Company—A satiric comedy by Gus Edwards, **MANHATTAN MADE ME,** is occasionally sharply written, but as produced by the N.E.C., it doesn't come off very well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-five, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Peter Nichols' new play begins as a comedy and ends at a point just short of tragedy. Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart are the outstanding members of a fine cast. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton put themselves on display in Coward's imperishable comedy, where they do not belong. John Cullum and Kathryn Walker are also in the cast. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Dalton Dearborn plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. Starting Tuesday, May 31, Lee Richardson will replace Mr. Dearborn. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Señorita from Tacna—Maria Tucci and Jaime Sanchez in the English-language première of Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa's play. Opens Wednesday, May 25, and will run through Sunday, June 26. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Show Boat—This classic musical, so ambitious in its day, looks sadly weather-worn in the present production, though the Kern-Hammerstein songs remain imperishably winsome. (5/9/83) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Tango Glaciale—A brilliant presentation of the Falso Movimento troupe of Naples, it is an abstract collage of music (jazz and rock), dance, words, and projections of paintings, cartoons, and drawings; and it is as beautiful, imaginative, and witty as any show that ever came to this city. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 9:30. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Top Girls—The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Polly Draper, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Upside Down on the Handlebars—Douglass Watson in a play by Leslie Weiner. (Open Space Theatre Experiment, 133 Second Ave. 254-8630. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

A View from the Bridge—Arthur Miller's well-known play about family troubles on the Brooklyn waterfront. Tony Lo Bianco heads a superb cast. The director is Arvin Brown, of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, where this production was first put on. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Welcome Home Jack-O—A play by Mustapha Matura, imported from London. (Quaigh, 110 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Wild Life—Four one-act comedies by Shel Silverstein. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Win/Lose/Draw—Three one-act dialogues splendidly performed by Christine Estabrook and Lynn Milgrim. The authors—singly and combined—are Mary Gallagher and Ara Watson. The third and most substantial of the plays is "Chocolate Cake," by Miss Gallagher (about two secretly ravenous women), but the others are entertaining as well. All of them were first done at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Amy Saltz was the good director. (5/9/83) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. Kate Burton, Michael Butler, Jeanne Ruskin, and Bernie McInerney are the adroit actors. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Jason Robards heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Birney plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Mark Hamill plays the hapless Mozart; and Maureen Moore plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s, delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,600 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Elizabeth Allen, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Memorial Day at 3 and Wednesday, June 1, at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 7:30; and Sundays and Memorial Day at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

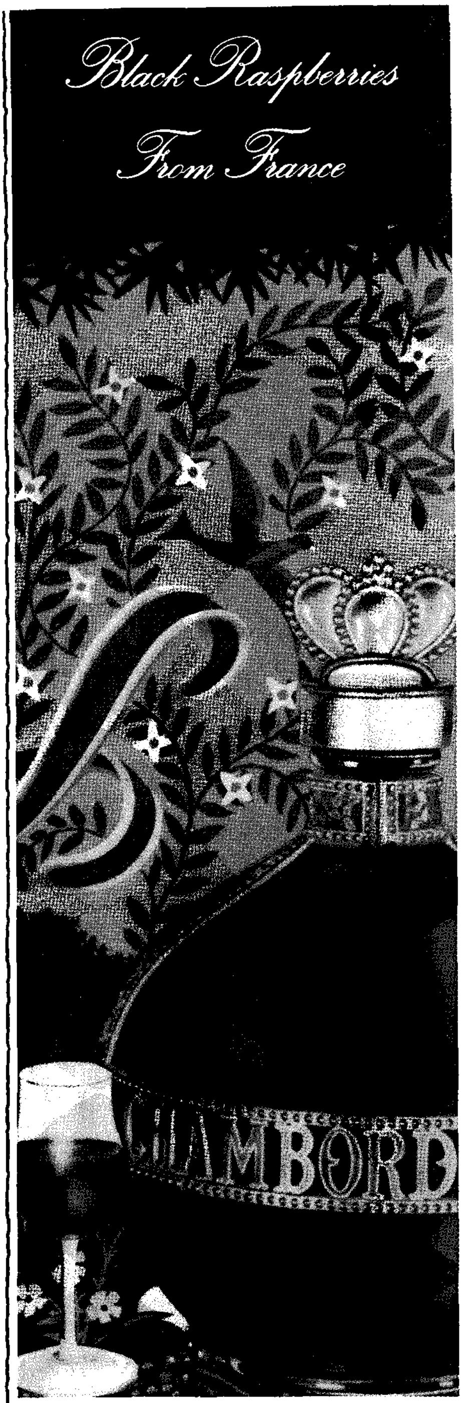
Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Thursdays and Wednesday, May 25, at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—Superb juggling and a few good jokes, by an exceptionally attractive group of young men from somewhere on the other side of the Appalachians, if not the Urals. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/23/83.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—The first four of nine performances of "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, June 2-3, at 8, and Saturday, June 4, at 3 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 25: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 26: "Delibes Divertissement," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 27: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 28: "Who Cares?," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 28: "Mozartiana," "La Création du Monde," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 29: "Delibes Divertissement," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tzigane," and "Celebration." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 29: "La Création du Monde," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 31: "Interplay," "Tzigane," "Celebration," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Other Dances," and "Glass Pieces." . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Thursday evening, June 2: A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 3: "Rossini Quartets," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 4: "La Création du Monde," "Mozartiana," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 4: "La Création du Monde," "Interplay," "Duo Concertant," and another ballet to be announced. (New York State Theatre, *Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through* Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 25: "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," "Clair de Lune," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 25: "Interludes" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 26: "Les Rendezvous" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 27: "Billy the Kid" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 28: "Prodigal Son," "Clair de Lune," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 28: "Les Rendezvous," "Torso," "Clair de Lune," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 30: "Symphonie Concertante," "Once Upon a Time" (New York première), "Torso," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 31: "Airs," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 1: "Airs," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Symphonie Concertante," "Torso," "Once Upon a Time," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 2: "Airs," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 3, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 4: "La Bayadère." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—A two-week engagement. Wednesday, May 25, at 7; Saturday, May 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 29, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Tellurian," "Double Quartet," and "Astaire." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 26-27, and Wednesday, June 1, at 8: "Serenade," "After Eden," "In Paradisum," and "Tam Ti Delam." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 31, and Thursday, June 2, at 8: "Seascape," "Genesis," "Les Valses," and "Stages." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Double Quartet," "In Paradisum," and "Astaire." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 4, at 2: "Seascape," "In Paradisum," and "Astaire." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Mel Wong Dance Company—Performances of "Jade," a new full-length work. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday, May 25-29, at 7.)

Balletfore—A program of classical ballet. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 26, at 8; Saturday, May 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 29, at 8.)

George White Ensemble—Three performances by a new company. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, May 26-28, at 8. For tickets, call 221-1722.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Pianist **JAKI BYARD** leads a trio here on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, and on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and buzzing, humming bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will occupy the tiny, four-foot-high stand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. *Dining.*

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—In the **HORACE SILVER QUINTET** (which is on hand through Sunday, May 29), Mr. Silver's piano isn't merely a percussion instrument, it's virtually the rhythm section.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Oh, there's a bassist and a drummer, but Silver carries and sets the rhythms. He bends over the keys and rocks back and forth furiously; his comping is intense. And should any of his talented young soloists falter or pause, he jumps right in and helps them out, letting them bounce off his ideas. For almost thirty years, Horace Silver has played a distinctive, recognizable brand of hard bop, and it's some of the most lilting, most energetic, and prettiest jazz around. On Monday, May 30, the Angel Rangelov-Jimmy Madison big band will take over the bandstand, and on Tuesday, May 31, longtime tenor-sax colleagues **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** will arrive for a six-night visit. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday, May 25, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** performing with violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and guitarist **JOE BECK'S** trio; Thursday, May 26, Tex-Mex rock-and-rollers **JOE (KING) CARRASCO & THE CROWNS;** Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist **TANIA MARIA** and Caribbean-flavored pop singer **JON LUCIEN.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Kirk Lightsey is at the piano, backed by a bassist, through Saturday, May 28; on Monday, May 30, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** will begin playing piano-bass duets. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ'S** trio performs from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in the Café Carlyle for a little while with his trusty aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday and Saturday, May 27-28. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano nightly, except Friday through Monday, May 27-30, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, *315* Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, May 25, Steppin' Razor, the Dayliners, Attention, and Not Heaven; Thursday, May 26, Joe James & the Insiders; Friday, May 27, the **BUSH TETRAS** and **RICHARD HELL;** Saturday, May 28, the Swinging Madisons; and Tuesday, May 31, the Joneses, the Lusters, Mary Mac, and the Firemen. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, *21* University Pl. at 8th St. (674-4450)—Veteran folkster **OSCAR BRAND** sings seagoing, terra-firma, and bawdy ditties Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are the property of bassist and singer **JAY LEONHART,** with pianist **MIKE RENZI.** Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, May 25, Maureen Kennelly and Joe Burke; Saturday, May 28, Walt Michael; Wednesday, June 1, Brian Conway and Greg Ryan; and Saturday, June 4, fiddler **MATT GLASER** and guitarist **RUSS BARENBERG.** Music from nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, May 29, after nine will belong to vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON'S** quintet, which will feature alto saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER;** and Monday, May 30 will see the Jack *Maheu quintet on the stand and featuring* Mr. Chiasson. The Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Singer and pianist **LES MC CANN** winds up a week here on Sunday, May 29; on Tuesday, May 31, baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** will move in. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, May 25, the Outsets and the Band of Outsiders; Thursday, May 26, Helen Hooks and Sindy Scalfi; Friday, May 27, folk weirdie **PETER STAMPFEL** and his band, the Bottle Caps; Saturday, May 28, bluesman **BROWNIE MC GHEE** and his band, Blues Is Truth; Wednesday, June 1, the Three O'Clock, Plan Nine, and the Stratford Survivors; Thursday, June 2, rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Friday, June 3, sixties folkies **DAVE VON RONK** and **PATRICK SKY;** and Saturday, June 4, rock guitarist **DANNY KALB.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule: Wednesday, May 25, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER;** Thursday through Saturday, May 26-28, searing, gutbucket jazz singer **JOE LEE WILSON;** Sunday, May 29, Gail Winters; Monday and Tuesday, May 30-31, Jerome Olds & Tom Grose; Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, Laurie Jaroslow; and Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, Tina Fabrik. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesdays through Sundays are claimed by pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON,** Mondays belong to singer **JANET LAWSON,** and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st. St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Washington, D. C. pianist John Eaton performs through Saturday, May 28; Sunday through Saturday, May 29-June 4, will be devoted to the far-out pop tunes of singer-pianist **DAVE FRISHBERG.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. **BILLY TAYLOR,** the radio and television jazz star who has a large, devoted following, is back at this, his home base in New York, with his bassist **VICTOR GASKIN.** They work Tuesdays through Saturdays. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** have the floor on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, May 25, the latest **PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND;** Thursday, May 26, the Pousette-Dart Band; Tuesday, May 31, singer David Clayton Thomas; Wednesday, June 1, Brave Combo, a Texas polka band. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Wednesday, May 25, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER;** Thursday through Sunday, May 26-29, **AIR**—saxophonist and hubcap percussionist **HENRY THREADGILL,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** and drummer **DON MOYE;** Tuesday, May 31, Bobby Watson; and Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5, singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and **BRIAN TORFF** play a piano-bass tribute to composer Harold Arlen ("Over the Rainbow," "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "Blues in the Night," "My Shining Hour," etc.) through Saturday, May 28. Music from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. Wednesday, May 25, Henry T. Mitchell; Thursday, May 26, trumpeter **BRUCE PURSE;** Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO;** and Wednesday through Saturday, June 1-4, a real fine quartet made up of the fulfilling blues vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON,** bassist **RAY BROWN,** pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** and drummer **MICKEY ROKER.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, May 25, Bob Coulter; Thursday, May 26, Jah Malla; Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN;** Sunday, May 29, Paradise; Wednesday, June 1, the Peter Tork Project; Friday, June 3, Cindy Bullens & Billy Mernit; and Saturday, June 4, singer **BONNIE KOLOC.** Shows at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet here on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, May 25, Pə-dant-iks and Victoria Falls; Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, the Smart and the Fixx; Sunday, May 29, Pylon; Friday, June 3, **NONA HENDRYX** and Rockers Revenge; and Saturday, June 4, the Suburbs and Urban Blight. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, May 25, blues and jazz guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO;** Thursday through Friday, May 26-27, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD;** Saturday and Sunday, May 28-29, Noel Pointer; Monday, May 30, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, May 31, Rock Wilk; Wednesday, June 1, Thom Rotella; and Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5, **QUEST,** a quintet made up of **DAVE LIEBMAN, RANDY BRECKER, RICHIE BEIRACH, GEORGE MRAZ,** and **BILLY HART.** Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, May 25, Brazilian Express; Thursday, May 26, Cigano; Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, and Saturday, June 4, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, May 29, and Thursday, June 2, Brazuca; Tuesday, May 31, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL;** Wednesday, June 1, Mixed Grill; and Friday, June 3, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **SAM RIVERS,** who has been writing and performing his wonderfully cheerful and toe-tappable out-there stuff for a couple of decades now, is here with his quartet through Saturday, May 28; Monday, May 30, will belong to Kansas City blues and jazz legend **BIG JOE TURNER;** and starting Tuesday, May 31, **JIMMY MC GRIFF,** a jumping R. & B. organist, will arrive with his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the personable-as-all-getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, is back at this simple blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Wednesday, May 25, Richie Scarlett & the Seducers and Bonnie Parker; Thursday, May 26, the Dreams; Friday, May 27, Whiz Kids and Greg Trooper; Saturday, May 28, **LESTER CHAMBERS** and the Loners; Tuesday, May 31, Jack of Diamonds; Wednesday, June 1, D. Sievers and No Laughing; Thursday, June 2, Taxi Dancer and Jud Friedman; Friday, June 3, Side 1; and Saturday, June 4, Elliott Kappel. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday is salsa night in the barnlike downstairs room: on Monday, May 30, **LARRY HARLOW** and his **ORQUESTA** and **ORQUESTA BROADWAY** will share the stage along with tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** as guest soloist. On Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, **SUN RA** and his interstellar **ARKESTRA** will go into orbit at ten and midnight. At the Top of the Gate, Nacha Guevara, an Argentine pop singer who has been compared to Edith Piaf and Judy Garland, performs Tuesdays through Fridays at eight, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten, and Sundays at seven-thirty. And meanwhile, out on the Terrace on Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist and composer **MAL WALDRON** leads his quintet in this underground institution through Sunday, May 29; on Tuesday, May 31, the six-piece **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** will descend the stairs. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—performs Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is at the keyboard; Kuni Mikami performs Thursdays through Sundays. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Trumpeter and winning vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM** performs through Saturday, May 28; Monday and Tuesday, May 30-31, will be turned over to the Shelbo Jump Band. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. The duos: pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** and bassist **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, May 28; pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **BRIAN TORFF** starting Monday, May 30; and guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** every Sunday. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Roxy Music—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, May 26, at 8.

John Cunningham—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 28, at 8.

Shirley Bassey—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, at 8.

Sonny Rollins—With Wynton Marsalis and Jack DeJohnette. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, June 3, at 8.)

Kevin Burke and Micheal O'Domhnaill—Alternative Museum. Saturday, June 4, at 8.

Jazzmania Society—Wednesday, May 25, at 8:30: Conexion. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, at 9:30: Claudio Roditi & Friends. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 31, at 8:30:

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New Wave Bebop Band and 20th Century Band, with Sonny Fortune. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 1, at 8:30: L.I.U. Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 9:30: Flamenco Latino. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Stabiles. Through Thursday, June 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Carroll Cloar—A gentle surrealism emerges in the paintings of this artist, whose realm is way down South, in the era of the horse and buggy and the Model T. Through Saturday, June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Willem de Kooning—The artist's sculptures, plus a few small paintings. Through June 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. A nine-foot piece called "Seated Woman" is on view on the Seagram Plaza, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Etchings and lithographs. Through June 25. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Will Horwitt—A huge work on paper from 1967, "Drawing in Thirty-Eight Parts," and related sculptures in bronze and wood. Through Friday, June 3. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Maria Cooper Janis / Sooky Maniquant—Semi-abstract paintings, many devoted to pianos and the sea. / Sunsets, clouds, the seashore executed in gouaches and acrylics. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—The Danish Cobra artist's paintings and other works, from the Lefebre family collection. Through Saturday, May 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes rendered in marble, granite, and onyx, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through Friday, June 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Pierre Lesieur—Soft-hued paintings of interiors and still-lifes in which the sofas and the cats and the windows and the flowers each become discrete abstract forms. Through Saturday, June 4. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Eight paintings and drawings exhibited for the first time, in addition to other works. Through Tuesday, May 31. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Paula Tavins—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes with small triangular projections poking through the canvas and small sculptured creatures clinging to the frames. Through Saturday, May 28. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite drawings for his opera-in-progress, "Civil Wars." Through June 11. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Cézanne, Degas, Kandinsky, Miró, Lichtenstein, and Pollock are some of the names in this lineup of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Through June 18. (Open Mondays.) . . . **colnaghi,** 26 E. 80th St.: More than fifty eighteenth-century paintings of Italy, including scenes of Venice by Canaletto and Guardi, ten capricci (landscapes combining elements both real and imagined) of Rome by Panini, and a view of St. Peter's by the British landscape artist William Marlow. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Neil Anderson—Recent large-scale watercolor close-ups of fallen leaves, for which this artist is known. Through June 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Arman—Twenty examples from his repertoire of fragmented musical instruments (in bronze), collectively called "Arman's Orchestra." Through June 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Watercolor landscapes of Ohio in the years 1915-20. Through June 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

James Childs—An allegorical painting, "The Three Ages of Man," among others. Through Tuesday, May 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alan Cote—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings that seem only a brushstroke or so away from becoming representational. Through June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

Robert Courtright—Painted-paper collages in checkerboard patterns. Also etchings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Jo Davidson (1883-1952)—G.B. Shaw, Gertrude Stein, Woodrow Wilson, and Mohandas Gandhi are among the nearly forty likenesses in bronze by this sculptor whose subjects were for the most part twentieth-century literary figures and statesmen. Through June 10. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Chuck Forsman / Dan Marshall—New landscapes: the Carrara quarries, a view of Toledo, and Colorado scenery. / A couple of very large figurative watercolors loaded with symbolism, plus smaller works. Through Wednesday, June 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Ginnever—Four monumental sculptures in metal. Through July 2. (Marlborough, on the terrace, at 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Oils and watercolors of Cape Cod. Through Saturday, June 4. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Michael Graves—Drawings and models by this architect. Through June 11. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Carol Haerer—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 4. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Charles Hinman—Abstract forms, done in soft colors on cast paper, which project somewhat from their shaped-canvas backgrounds. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Photographic assemblages done in a Cubist manner that serves equally well for such diverse subjects as the Grand Canyon, the giant Buddha at Nara, Japan, and a Scrabble game. Through Friday, June 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William King—Seven huge, lanky aluminum figures—savoring a cocktail, curled up on the floor with a book, at utter ease with folded hands. Through Friday, May 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mariann Loveland Miller / Richard Miller—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Sculptures, gouaches, and mixed mediums on paper in a ninetieth-birthday salute. Through June 18. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with the sculptor's retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Etchings and lithographs at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . ¶ Drawings at Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Through June 11. (Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Prints at Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St. Through Tuesday, May 31. . . . ¶ Working models, maquettes, reliefs, drawings, and prints from recent years; at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, watercolors, and prints at Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Sept. 20.

Isamu Noguchi / Edward Weston (1886-1958)—New sculptures in carved stone and in steel. Through June 17. / Fifteen contact prints. Through Saturday, June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

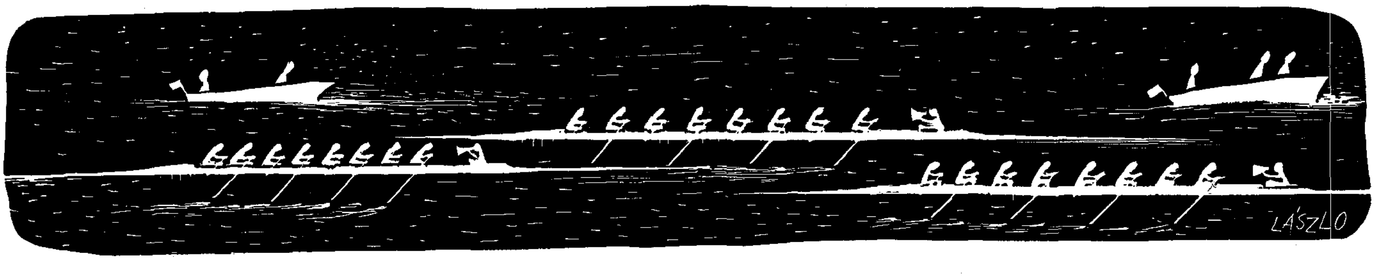
Annette Oko—Paintings of architectural details on the upper West Side, including the façade of Teacher's bar. Through June 17. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Pedro Perez—Paintings and hair-raising tableaux in mixed mediums, all done in gory colors and with a touch of voodoo symbolism, by a Cuban-born artist whose family was exiled from the island. Through June 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Santomaso—Basic architectural forms—a rectangle and a triangle—are elements of these abstract paintings done in homage to Palladio. Through Saturday, May 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Abstract paintings in which the pigment in the background is scrubbed on with tissue paper, imparting a scumbled quality to the works. Through Saturday, May 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **baskerville & watson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Abstract drawings by eight painters and sculptors, including Louise Fishman, Eva Hesse, Gary Stephan, and Steve Wood. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Robert Mangold; sculptures by John Duff and Bruce Nauman. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St., and **rachel adler,** 58 E. 79th St.: A two-gallery show highlighting Russian graphic art of the twenties and early thirties: Drawings, photographs, and books having to do with architecture, plus film posters, at the former; typography, book jackets, and stage designs at the latter. Through June 11. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings, paintings, and prints by Klimt, Kokoschka, Kollwitz, Schiele, and others. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **getler-pall,** 50 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Dike Blair, Thomas Nozkowski, Marianne Stikas, David Storey, and Jonathan Waite. Through June 18. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: Recent work by seven artists, among them Tom Wesselmann and Marisol,



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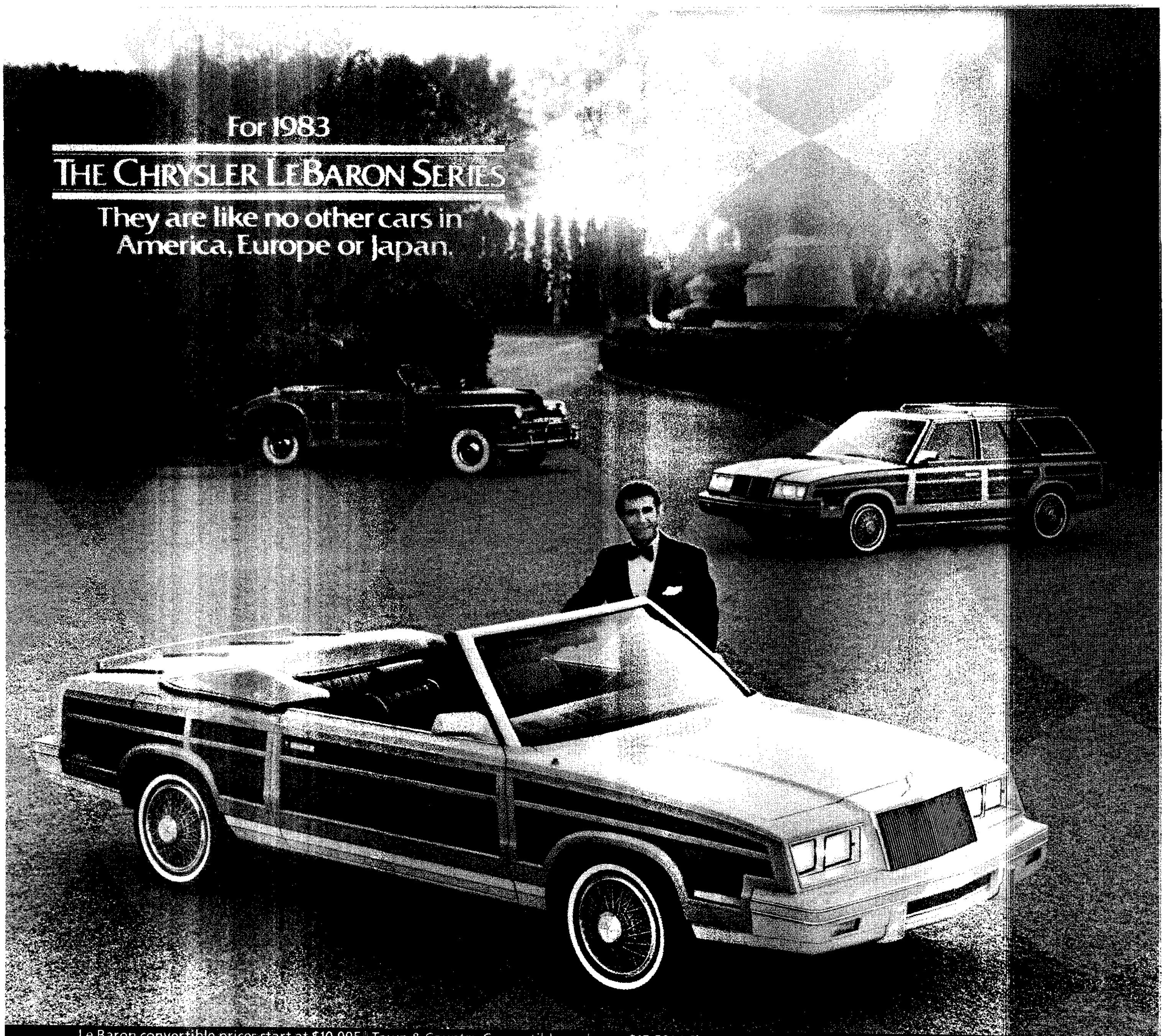

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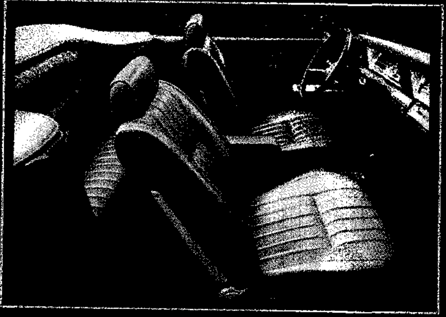

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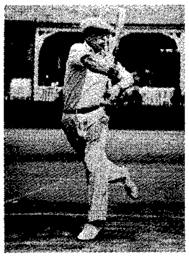

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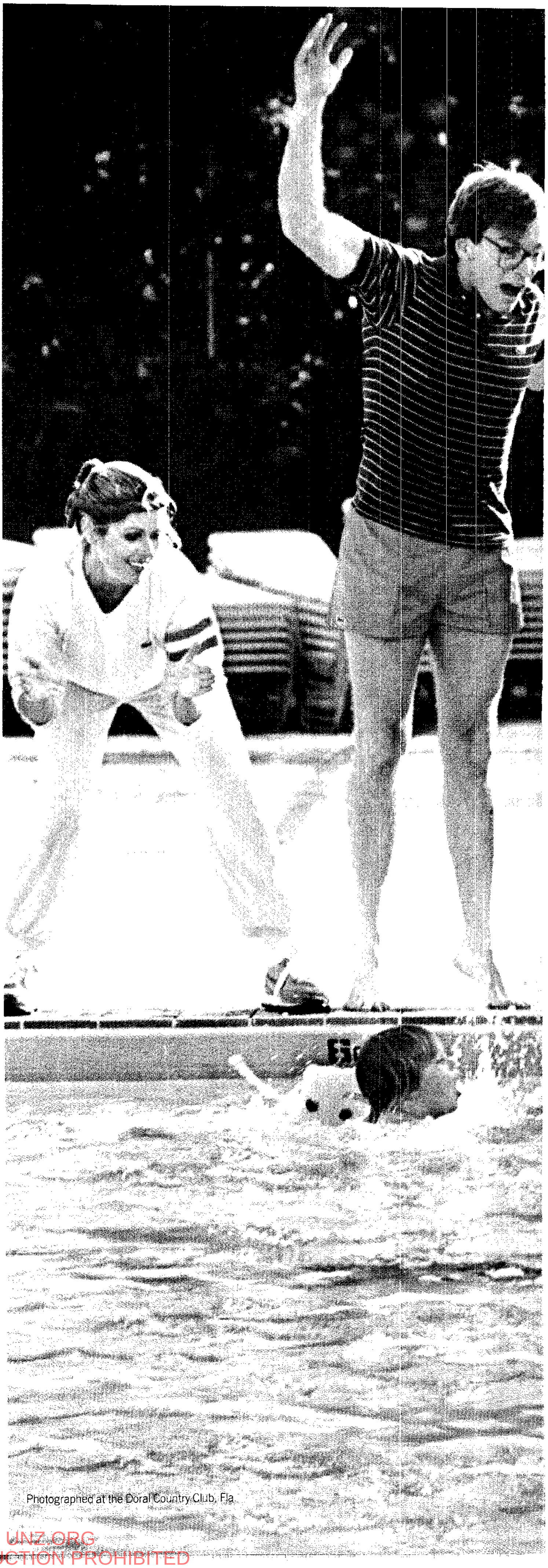

Photographed at the Doral Country Club, Fla.

"We'll eat pizza and birthday cake, then we'll all sleep over in the garage. Wanna come, Uncle Bill?"
Reach out and touch someone.
Bell System

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and paintings by the late Swedish Pop artist Öyvind Fahlström. Through Friday, June 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "Surreal," a selection of paintings and sculptures from various periods by various artists—de Chirico, Guston, Louisa Chase, Lynda Benglis, and others. Through June 30. . . . **PARSONS,** 24 W. 57th St.: Richard Pousette-Dart, Lee Krasner, Hedda Sterne, and Jack Youngerman are among the sixteen artists whose paintings are on view. Through June 18.

SCULPTURE—At the **GOODMAN,** 24 W. 57th St.: One work each by Richard Artschwager, Marcel Broodthaers, Sol LeWitt, and Claes Oldenburg. (Also, photographic portraits by Mr. Broodthaers.) Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Mac Adams, John Newman, Kathleen Thomas, and others showing sculptures in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Representative pieces by eight New York School artists—Herbert Ferber, Peter Grippe, and David Hare among them. . . . ¶ One large-scale work by each of the eight artists can be seen at the gallery's 521 W. 57th St. address, which opens at 1. (Through Saturday, May 28.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ALICE AYCOCK—"The Thousand and One Nights in the Mansion of Bliss," a very large and noisy installation of steel, galvanized metal, light-emitting diodes, and other operating machinery, one section of which celebrates the Donkey Kong video game. Through Saturday, June 4. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

GEORG BASELITZ—Large painted-wood sculptures of three carved heads and one full figure. Through June 18. (Sonnabend, 121 Spring St.)

TROY BRAUNTUCH—The element of mystery is strong in these enormous figurative drawings, which are calculatedly difficult to see until the eye adjusts to them, since they are done in white pencil on a black ground and framed in glass that brings the viewer's own reflection right into the picture. Through Saturday, May 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

SANDRO CHIA—Paintings of huge figures seen in attitudes associated with mythology, plus big bronze figures in a similar style. Through Saturday, June 4. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

DONNA DENNIS / TINA GIROUARD—Two outsize architectural sculptures, one a spooky, dimly lit subway scene, the other entitled "Skowhegan Stair Tower." / Paintings composed of stencils of recognizable images, built up in layers. Through June 11. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

JAMES DE PASQUALE / CYNTHIA EARDLEY—Heroic paintings of Disney-like animals in Disney-like settings and in Disney-like colors. / Tiny figurative sculptures in bronze. Through Saturday, June 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

VERNON FISHER—Compositions in which anecdotes printed out on large panels are illustrated, more or less, by constructions, photographs, and paintings. Through June 9. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

APRIL GORNIK—Haunting imaginary landscapes, one showing an iceberg, another showing towering columns of rain, both of them reminiscent of Frederic Church's Luminist paintings. Through June 11. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

K. H. HÖDICKE—Paintings that dwell on the more gruesome parts of the Medea legend, done by a leader of the Neo-Expressionist movement in Germany. Through June 10. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

TOM HOLLAND—Large painted sculptural works, made from cutout pieces of aluminum or fibre glass, assembled in abstract shapes. Through Saturday, May 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

DONALD JUDD—Row on row of new, elegantly sculptured boxes, made of brass, aluminum, copper, steel, or wood (some with colored, reflecting Plexiglas in the bottom)—either standing on the floor or projecting from the wall. Through Friday, June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

MIMI KORACH LESSER / MARTHA MARGULIS—Paintings of the animals and landscapes of Africa. / Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Sunday, May 29. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ Payson-Weisberg, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St., is showing more of Margulis's landscapes, some of them very large. (Through July 1.)

BARRY LE VA / DAVID HAXTON—A single large sculpture combining such materials as metal, plaster, and plywood, plus collages employing drawings and diagrams. / Photographs of constructions that were made by the artist in order to be photographed. Through June 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

LES LEVINE—Works ranging from a five-channel video installation to giant-size crayon drawings, by this artist noted for using the billboard format. Through June 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

JOHN OKULICK / BEN SCHONZEIT—Painted wall constructions whose appearance of great depth is a trick of perspective. / Grisaille paintings of exceptional draftsmanship. Through June 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ED PASCHKE—Figurative oils of garish images that might have been taken from the screen of a faulty color-television set. Through Saturday, May 28. (Kind, in a new location at 136 Greene St.)

JUDY PENZER / ELIZABETH LAYTON—Watercolor portraits of friends and relatives at bar mitzvahs and weddings. / Unpretentious self-portraits in watercolor by a Kansas woman who took up painting in her late sixties. Through June 15. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

JOANNA POUSETTE-DART—New work: Large canvases, mostly, and a five-panel screen eight feet tall, on which bold abstract forms are painted. Through Saturday, May 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

ALEXANDER RUSSO—Semi-abstract scenes of Rome, done in acrylic on paper. Through June 11. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

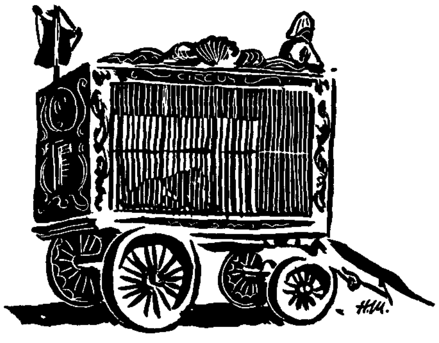
KENNY SCHARF—Graffito-like artwork—full of pizzazz and done with Day-Glo spray paint—that might have been peeled off a subway car. Through June 11. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—New sculptures in a wholly new direction for him—vertical zigzags of wood (or bronze) rooted to the floor at implausible angles. Also, drawings and more familiar Minimal pieces. Through Saturday, June 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

JOYCE SILLS—Pastels of nudes and also of nudes drawing other nudes. Through Thursday, June 2. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

ROBIN TEWES—Informal, realist paintings of contemporary home life—mom and pop on the sofa, teen-agers at a party, a baby dressed up for company. Through Saturday, May 28. (Josef, 113 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BONLOW,** 150 Greene St.: One painting or drawing and one sculpture apiece by fourteen artists known primarily as painters, among them Keith Haring, Robert Longo, and Ned Smyth. Through June 21. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MILLIKEN,** 98 Prince St.: Robert Berlind, Mary Ann Currier, Steve Hawley, and other gallery artists showing representational works. Through Wednesday, June 1. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: Paintings and drawings by Mario Merz, Bruce Nauman, and Michael Venezia, and a large sculptural installation by Michael Singer. Through June 18. . . . **22 WOOSTER STREET GALLERY:** Charlotte Hastings, Charles Searles, and Mary Ann Unger exhibiting reliefs and sculptures demonstrating the curved plane in space. Through Saturday, June 4. (Opens at noon.)



OTHER GALLERIES

THOMAS BANG—New sculptures. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

MIMI GROSS—Satirical, painted wall reliefs (wood, metal, cardboard, Astroturf, etc.), plus Impressionist paintings on aluminum of Times Square at night. Through June 11. (Public Illumination, 257 Lafayette St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 3:30 to 6:30; Saturdays, 2 to 6.)

FRANK MOORE—A large painting on thirteen hexagons, among other shaped-canvas works. Through June 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PATRICK MORRISON—A honky-tonk tour of Los Angeles is included in these new oils by an Irish painter who now resides there. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 4. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

MICHAEL SMITH—"Government Approved Home Fallout Shelter Snack Bar," an installation constructed, from regulation plans, to look like the real McCoy. Through June 30. (Castelli Graphics West, 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1.)

THE HORSE SHOW—A large group show for which the subject is horse imagery, as practiced over the past ten years by such artists as Deborah Butterfield, Robert Fichter, Sharron Quasius, Susan Rothenberg, Garry Winogrand, and others. Through June 18. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

BROOKLYN BRIDGE CENTENNIAL—Galleries: Creative Time is presenting, in the Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage (located beneath the bridge on the Brooklyn side, off Cadman Plaza West at Front St.), installations by ten artists, among them R.M. Fischer, Suzan Pitt, and Robert Stackhouse. (Daily, noon to 8; closes Wednesdays at 7. Two-dollar admission charge.) . . . David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St., has a show of Manhattan cityscapes by fifteen artists, including Arthur Cohen, Darragh Park, and Adele Alsop. Through Friday, June 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Outdoor exhibits: At Madison Park, Fifth Ave. at 23rd St., sculptures by J. Nebraska Gifford and others. . . . At City Hall Park, sculptures by Bill and Mary Buchen and others. . . . At the Austin J. Tobin Plaza of the World Trade Center, eight loudspeakers, the inspiration of artist Bill Fontana, will emit the live sounds—twenty-four hours a day—produced by traffic crossing the bridge. . . . ¶ Photographs: The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St., is displaying prints documenting the construction of the bridge. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.) . . . The Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, in addition to a large, mixed show (see listings, under "Museums") is exhibiting thirty black-and-white prints by Jim Kalett. Through June 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: The annual new-talent show includes works by Mike Bidlo, Nicolas Moufarrege, and Peter White. Through June 11. . . . **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle:

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"Spare Parts," a show of paintings, sculptures, and installations realized with the surplus equipment that has been donated by local businesses and individuals to New York's Material for the Arts program. Cathey Billian, Louise Bourgeois, and Justen Ladda are among the nearly fifty artists. Several of the installations are *en plein air,* and even the façade of 2 Columbus Circle itself, although not a donation, is included in the show. Through June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **OIL & STEEL,** 157 Chambers St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by eleven artists, such as Milet Andrejevic, Richard Artschwager, Heidi Glück, and Alfred Leslie. Through June 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71)—Twenty-five prints from the thirties through the fifties. Through Saturday, June 4. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Sixty prints, all from his "On Reading" series, and some not seen before. Through July 2. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

NICHOLAS NIXON—Photographs of people in their homes in the poor sections of Boston, Detroit, and Louisville. Through June 10. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

LILO RAYMOND—Still-lifes and interiors-with-windows, established subjects for this photographer. Through June 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HARVEY STEIN—Photographs. Through Friday, June 3. (SoHo Photo, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Phototypes: The Development of Photography in New York City," documented with about a hundred examples by Steichen, Hine, Arbus, Van DerZee, Penn, and others. A loan show mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through Friday, June 3. (Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-1950," an exhibit of about two hundred prints by photographers who were commissioned by Mr. Stryker, the administrator of a photography project for Standard Oil of New Jersey, to detail "the kinds of things a scholar a hundred years from now is going to wonder about." The better-known names are Elliott Erwitt, Russell Lee, Lisette Model, and Gordon Parks. Through July 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 18 W. 54th St.: Contemporary photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective contains two hundred works, including direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. (Complementary shows are at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., through Saturday, May 28; William Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St.; Bernard Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St., through Tuesday, May 31; Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.; and the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of extremely large photographic prints by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, William Wegman, and others. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tâpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Memorial Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A diverse show honoring the centenary of the Brooklyn Bridge: Engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harper's Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Botanical engravings of plants gathered in the Pacific Ocean region during Captain Cook's 1770 round-the-world journey—the first such specimens seen by European botanists. Through July 8. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by the Academy/Institute's newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards offers manuscripts (by, among others, Peter De Vries, Bernard Malamud, Richard Eberhart, Peter Taylor, Richard Howard, Douglas Crase, Raymond Carver, Cynthia Ozick, Elizabeth Spencer, and David Plante); musical scores (Stephen Sondheim); and works of art (Louise Bourgeois and Louise Nevelson, and architects Richard Meier and Frank Gehry). Through June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of shop signs of old Japan, the work of woodcarvers and other artisans. Through June 12. (Open daily, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. Through Sept. 25. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A pair of loan shows from Great Britain: Fifty paintings by Winston Churchill. Through July 3. . . . ¶ Forty-one eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, from the Royal Academy, by such artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, and Benjamin West. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

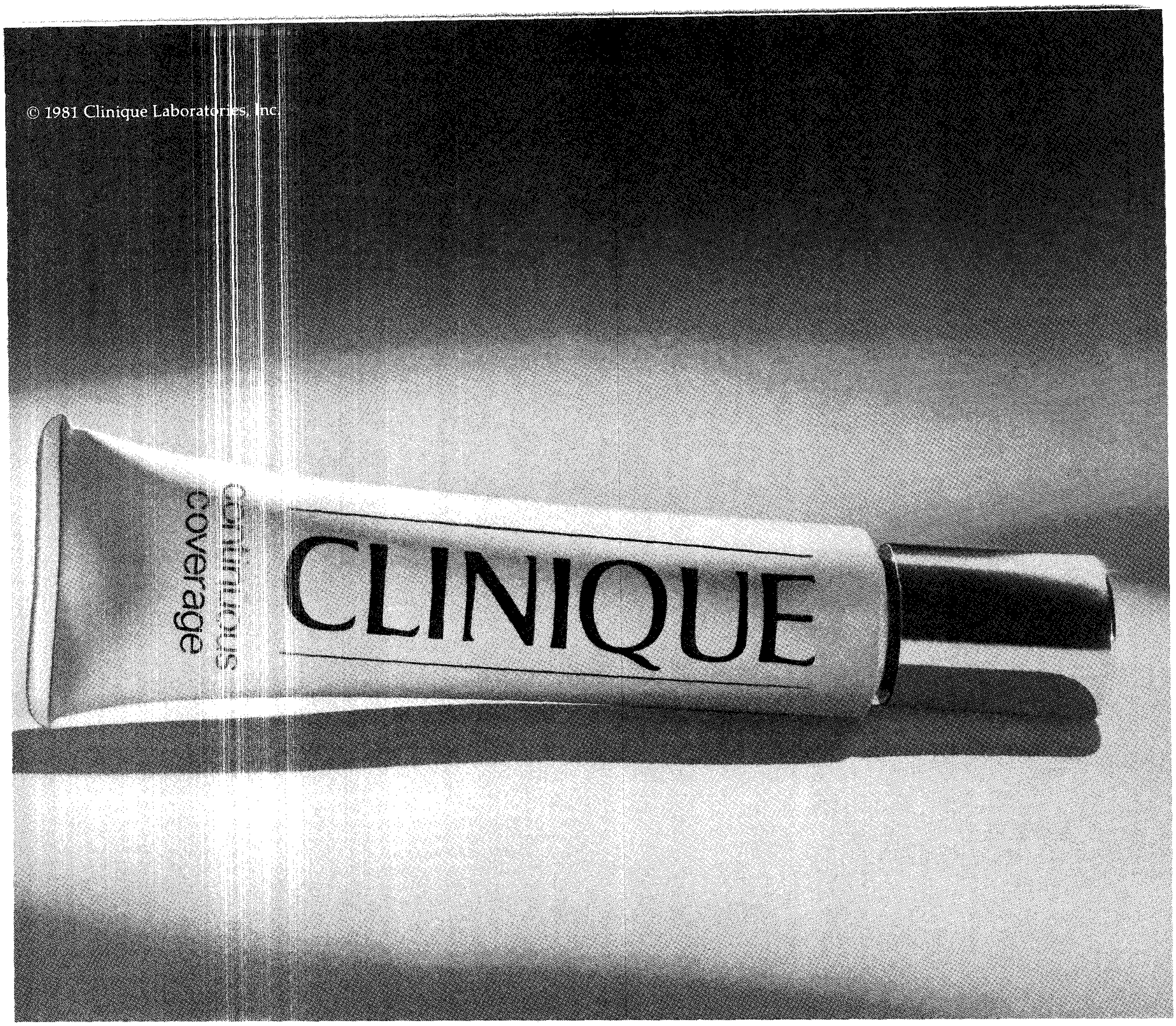
NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—For people who live in glass houses: A show of more than a hundred and fifty stained-glass and Favrile lamps and windows produced in the Tiffany studios, all from the collection of Egon Neustadt. Also available for inspection will be original uncut sheets of stained glass (the Favrile was blown) from the factory the studio had in Queens. Starts Friday, May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Nearly forty abstract paintings by Alma Thomas (1891-1978). Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by artists who live and work in the Southwest. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . ¶ The Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St., is showing works by a dozen more Southwesterners. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Foto Gal-



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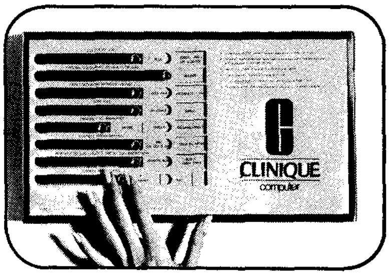

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lery, 492 Broome St. (open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6), is showing such *photographers from the Southwest* as Nic Nicosia and Joel Peter Witkin. Through June 11.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—*An installation by* Gioia Timpanelli. . . . ¶ Six artists from Los Angeles (Jill Giegerich, Victor Henderson, Kim Hubbard, Lari Pittman, Mitchell Syrop, and Megan Williams) are showing paintings, *sculptures, and photographs. Both shows* through July 2.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—A show of artists' books. Through June 25.

Just Above Midtown/Downtown, 178 Franklin St. 966-7020. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Tannis Hugill (dance/performance), Friday, June 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Three solo exhibitions: An installation by Frank Parker; paintings by Toshihisa Yoda; a wall installation by Barbara Garber. Through Saturday, May 28.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Jim Self (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 26-29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A two-channel video installation, by Lyn Blumenthal, commenting on television programming. Through Saturday, June 4.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Keith Sonnier's video installations, drawings, and neon and bamboo sculptures occupy the main exhibition room. Through June 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. *Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.*)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The opening performances of "Horizons '83," a series of seven concerts of music written since 1968, presented through Wednesday, June 15. Thursday, June 2: Raymond Leppard conducting a program of music by Marc Antonio Consoli, Peter Maxwell Davies, Toru Takemitsu, and David del Tredici, with the New York Music Ensemble; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 3: Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of music by Fred Lerdahl, John Harbison, Donald Martino, and Leonard Rosenman, with Charles Rex, violin, and the Group for Contemporary Music. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 4: Larry Newland and Jacob Druckman conducting a program of music by Morton Subotnick, Barbara Kolb, Sandor Balassa, and John Adams, with Tony Randall, narrator; Alan Feinberg and Ursula Oppens, piano; Jane Bryden and Pamela Wood, sopranos; and Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano. (Evenings at 8.)

Bethany College Choir—Elmer Copley directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Symphonia Antiqua—LaNoue Davenport directing a chorus and instrumental ensemble in a program of music by Heinrich Isaac. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, June 4, at 8. For tickets, call 942-4951.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 4, at 9.)

RECITALS

Boris Lvov—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 25, at 8.)

Music New to New York—With Pina Carmirelli, violin; Edmund Niemann, piano; David Krakauer, clarinet; and Ruth Dreier, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 25, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—The last two in a series of recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 26, and Tuesday, May 31, at 8.)

Robert Schwartz—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Brahms Concert—The last in a series of concerts presenting Brahms' complete chamber music for strings and piano, performed by the Guarneri Quartet and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Dagar Brothers—A program of vocal music of northern India. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, May 27, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson and John Forconi—Violin and piano, in a program of Mexican music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 28, at 8:30.)

Boehm Quintette—The last in a series of concerts of American music. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, May 29, at 3. Tickets at the door *on the day of the concert.*)

Musick's Monument—A program of music from the court and chapel of Henry VIII. (Grace and St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 123 W. 71st St. Sunday, May 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Marina Kruglikov and Luydmila Sandovskaya—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 29, at 8:30.)

Benjamin Oren—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 30, at 8.)

Music of Louise Talma—Among the participants in a celebration for the composer-teacher will be *Elizabeth Lim, violin; Jean Kopperud,* clarinet; Daniel Paul Horn, piano; and James Jeter, bassoon. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, May 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Paul Gallo—Basset horn, with Catherine Rowe, soprano; Kazuko Hayami, piano; and the Cremona Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 1, at 8.)

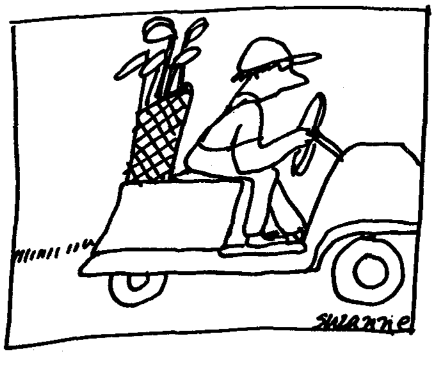
SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, May 25, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, at 8, and Sunday and Monday, May 29-30, at 2. . . . ¶ California, Tuesday through Thursday, May 31-June 2, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday, June 3, at 8, and Saturday, June 4, at 2.

Bicycling—Two events taking place in Central Park, both beginning and ending near the Tavern-on-the-Green. A twenty-four-hour marathon around the Park, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company, will get under way at noon on Sunday, May 29. . . . ¶ The Women's National Criterium Championship of the *Self* Cycling Circuit, a twenty-five-mile race, will get under way at ten-forty-five on Wednesday, June 1.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Acorn, Saturday, May 28; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 29; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 30; and the Red Smith Handicap, Saturday, June 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Memorial Day at 11:20.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Memorial Day at 6; last day Saturday, Sept. 24.



Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to six thousand women participating, will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, May 28, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Wednesday, May 25, at 9: Cosmos vs. Golden Bay. . . . ¶ Two games in the Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup series. Monday, May 30, at 2:30: Cosmos vs. Fiorentina. . . . Thursday, June 2, at 9: Cosmos vs. São Paulo. (*For information about tickets, call* 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, except Memorial Day, when post time will be 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, is being held every evening, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Sundays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and ten. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.) . . . ¶ On Saturday, May 28, fourteen poets, among them June Jordan, William Meredith, Grace Schulman, and Stanley Plumly, will read works associated with the bridge at the South Street Seaport Pier 16, from one to two, and following a walk across the bridge, at the Fulton Ferry Landing, from three-thirty to four-thirty. (No tickets necessary. Rain date: Sunday, May 29.)

Walking Tours—*Conducted tours of the financial district sponsored by the Municipal Art* Society. Saturday and Sunday, May 28-29, starting at the U. S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Upper Broadway: Clerics and Scholars," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 29, starting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 25, at 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 27. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 26, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Friday, May 27, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 2, at 10 and 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 28. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (*Exhibition hours:* Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, May 25, at 2: European paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 1, at 10, American documents and autograph letters; at 1, American furniture, decorations, and silver; and at 6, American paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 27.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 28-30; Saturday and Sunday, June 4-5; and Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, from noon until sundown.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 29: "Peeping Tom" (†); and "Black Narcissus" (1947; directed by Michael Powell), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson.
From May 31: "Liebelei" (1932; Max Ophuls; in German), with Wolfgang Liebeneiner, Magda Schneider, and Luise Ulrich.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 26: "My Tutor" (George Bowers), with Caren Kaye and Matt Lattanzi.
From May 27: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 26: "Sophie's Choice" (†); and "It Came from Hollywood."
From May 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 26: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
May 27-June 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Local Hero" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Napoléon" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 26: "Bill Cosby Himself," a concert film.
From May 27: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Boum" (Claude Pinoteau; in French), with Claude Brasseur and Brigitte Fossey.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish). From May 27: "La Truite" (Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The White Rose" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi. From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "My Tutor" (George Bowers), with Caren Kaye and Matt Lattanzi. From May 27: "Tough Enough" (Richard O. Fleischer), with Dennis Quaid and Carlene Watkins.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 2: "Local Hero" (†).
From June 3: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

CINEMA
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 1: "The Ruling Class" (†). June 2: Theatre closed. From June 3: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 1: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D. June 2: Theatre closed. From June 3: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 26: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
From May 27: "Tootsie" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 26: "Gates of Hell."
May 27-June 2: "Chain Heat."
From June 3: "WarGames" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 2: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.
From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "My Tutor" (George Bowers), with Caren Kaye and Matt Lattanzi. From May 27: "Chain Heat."
Theatre 2: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: A program of films by Nadine Gordimer. From June 1: "Chicken Ranch" (directed by Sandi Sissel and Nick Broomfield).
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "New Tales of the Taira Clan" (1955; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "There Was a Father" (1942; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). May 27-28: "Passing Fancy" (1933; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Osaka Elegy" (1936; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). May 29-31: "Story of the Last Chrysanthemums" (1939; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 1-2: "Tokyo Twilight" (1957; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 3-4: "Equinox Flower" (1958; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero. From May 27: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Lianna" (John Sayles).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "The Verdict" (†). From June 3: "WarGames" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones). From May 27: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 4: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 26: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†).
From May 27: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 26: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
From May 27: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero. From May 27: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Reaching Out" (Patricia Russell). From May 27: "Heads or Tails" (Robert Enrico; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Serrault.
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Tender Mercies" (†). From June 3: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From May 27: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).
Theatre 3: Through June 2: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev. From June 3: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 2: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie. From June 3: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Local Hero" (†). From May 27: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†) and "Still of the Night" (†). From June 3: "Local Hero" (†) and "Best Friends" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 26: "My Tutor" (George Bowers), with Caren Kaye and Matt Lattanzi. From May 27: "48 Hrs." (†); and "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 4: Through May 26: "Death Wish II" (1982; Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland; and "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King. From May 27: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Porky's" (1982; directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From May 27: "Tough Enough" (Richard O. Fleischer), with Dennis Quaid and Carlene Watkins.
Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 3: Through May 26: "Death Wish II" (1982; Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland; and "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King. From May 27: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.
Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 5: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
Theatre 6: Through May 26: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards. From May 27: "Porky's."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 3: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 2: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Gates of Hell." From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

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R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "The Mack" (1973; Michael Campus), with Max Julien and Don Gordon. From June 3: "War-Games" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.
Theatre 2: "My Tutor" (George Bowers), with Caren Kaye and Matt Lattanzi.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell. From June 3: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.
Theatre 2: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 25: "Rancho Deluxe" (1975; Frank Perry), with Jeff Bridges, Sam Waterston, Elizabeth Ashley, and Charlene Dallas; and "Stay Hungry" (1976; Bob Rafelson), with Jeff Bridges and Sally Field.
May 26: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Cutter's Way" ("Cutter and Bone;" 1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Lisa Eichhorn.
May 27-28: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "The Wild Child" (1970; in French), directed by, and with, François Truffaut.
May 29-30: "Persona" (†) and "Shame" (†).
May 31: "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.
June 1: "Ride the High Country" (†); and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.
June 2: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
June 3-4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

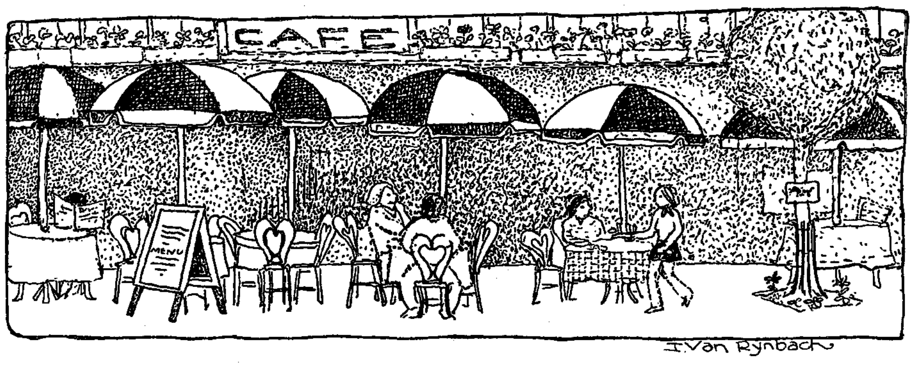
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 26: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain-Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin). Both X-rated.
May 27-28: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
May 29-31: "My Little Chickadee" (†); and "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel.
June 1-2: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines.
June 3-4: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 25: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
May 26-28: "Bananas" (1971), "Sleeper" (1973), and "Manhattan" (1979), all films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
May 29-30: "The Godfather" (†) and "The Godfather, Part II" (†).
May 31-June 1: "Valentino" (1977; Ken Russell), with Rudolf Nureyev; and "Nijinsky" (†).
June 2: A program of new films.
June 3-4: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Houston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "Outland" (1981; Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Peter Boyle, and Frances Sternhagen.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 26: "Finian's Rainbow" (1968; Francis Ford Coppola), with Fred Astaire, Petula Clark, Keenan Wynn, and Tommy Steele, and Al Freeman, Jr.; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954; Stanley Donen), with Jane Powell, Howard Keel, and Jeff Richards.
May 27-28: "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Yakuza" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan.
May 29: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.
May 30-31: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
June 1-2: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Man for All Seasons" (†).
June 3-4: "American Graffiti" (†); and "The Lords of Flatbush" (1974; Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson), with Sylvester Stallone, Perry King, Henry Winkler, and Susan Blakely.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 25: "Tout Va Bien" (1972; Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda; and "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc.
May 26: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Flying Down to Rio" (1933; Thornton Freeland), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien.
May 27: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski; and "Monika" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson.
May 28: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo



Bando; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire;" 1964; Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian).

May 29: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Gilda" (†).

May 30: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

May 31: "Carrie" (†) and "Obsession" (†).

June 1: "Man of Marble" (1977; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

June 2: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

June 3: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Red Desert" (†).

June 4: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philippe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 25: "The Greatest Show on Earth" (1952; Cecil B. De Mille), with Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Dorothy Lamour, and James Stewart.

May 26-28: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

May 29-30: "Marty" (†); and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, Virginia Grey, and Jo Van Fleet.

May 31-June 1: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (†).

June 2-4: "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold; and "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 25: "Ruthless" (1948; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Zachary Scott, Louis Hayward, Diana Lynn, and Sydney Greenstreet; "They Won't Believe Me" (1947; Irving Pichel), with Susan Hayward and Robert Young; and "Crack-Up" (1946; Irving Reis), with Pat O'Brien, Claire Trevor, and Herbert Marshall.

May 26: "The Plumber" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australiam film); and "Skin Deep" (1982; Geoff Steven; a New Zealand film).

May 27-28: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

May 29-June 4: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 25: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

May 26: "Breaking Away" (1979; Peter Yates), with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; and "The Paper Chase" (1973; James Bridges), with Timothy Bottoms, Lindsay Wagner, and John Houseman.

May 27-28: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

May 29: "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (†).

May 30: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

May 31: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†) and "Rosalie" (†).

June 1: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

June 2: "Medium Cool" (†) and "Targets" (†).

June 3-4: "The Women" (†) and "Dinner at Eight" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—May 26 at noon: "The First Classics of the French Sound Film" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Lac aux Dames" (1934; Marc Allégret; in French; with no English subtitles), with Simone Simon, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Odette Joyeux, and Vladimir Sokoloff. . . . ¶ May 26 at 6: "Le Martyre de l'Obèse" (1932; Pierre Chenal; in French, with no English subtitles), with André Berley. . . . ¶ May 27 at noon: "The First Classics of the French Sound Film." . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: "Le Martyre de l'Obèse." . . . ¶ May 27 at 6: "Marie, Légende Hongroise" (1932; Paul Féjos; the Hungarian version, with no English subtitles), with Annabella. . . . ¶ May 28 at noon: "Rubber Tarzan" (1981; Søren Kragh-Jacobsen; in Danish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Dita Parlo, and Jean Dasté. . . . ¶ May 28 at 5: "Princesse Tam-Tam" (1935; Edmond T. Gréville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Josephine Baker and Albert Préjean. . . . ¶ May 29 at noon: "Rubber Tarzan." . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30: "Mister Flow" (1936; Robert Siodmak; in French, with no English subtitles), with Louis Jouvet, Edwige Feuillère, and Fernand Gravey. . . . ¶ May 29 at 5: "Mollenard" (1937; Robert Siodmak; in French, with no English subtitles), with Harry Baur, Albert Préjean, Gabrielle Dorziat, and Gina Manès. . . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "Le Roman d'un Tricheur" (1936; Sacha Guitry; in French, with English subtitles), with Guitry, Jacqueline Delubac, and Marguerite Moreno. . . . ¶ May 30 at 6: "Ils Étaient Neuf Célibataires" (1939; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Max Dearly, Elvire Popesco, Marguerite Moreno, and Saturnin Fabre. . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30: "Boudu Sauvé des Eaux" (1932; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ May 31 at 6: "I Remember Harlem: The Depression Years" (1981; William Miles). . . . ¶ June 2 at 2:30: "Marie, Légende Hongroise." . . . ¶ June 2 at 6: "Boudu Sauvé des Eaux." . . . ¶ June 3 at 2:30: "L'Atalante." . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Faisons un Rêve" (1936; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Raimu, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ June 4 at noon: "Up the River" (1930; John Ford), with Humphrey Bogart and Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ June 4 at 2:30: "La Tendre Ennemie" (1936; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Berriau. . . . ¶ June 4 at 5: "Le Roman de Werther" (1938; Max Ophuls; in French, with no English subtitles), with Pierre-Richard Willm and Annie Vernay. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through May 29: A series of programs composed of video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Starting May 31: "Oracle" (1981-83; Frank Gillette), a video work. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evening until 8). Mr. Gillette will be present on Thursday, June 2, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town Northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 3-4.)

Best Friends—The script raises the question: Why does formalizing a living-together relationship by marriage often wreck it, leaving both partners feeling trapped? But the scriptwriters (Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin) have nothing but sitcom answers. It's a Velveeta comedy, processed like a Neil Simon picture, with banter and gags and an unctuous score. All its smart talk is low-key and listless. It stays on the surface, yet it's dissatisfied with the surface; it's a deeply indecisive movie that starts escaping its subject as soon as the newlywed screenwriting partners—Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn—go off on their wedding trip and into a series of comic nightmares. The two have been made so lightweight that there's nothing at stake when they recoil from each other, and Reynolds gives a flabby, mildewed performance. Directed by Norman Jewison; with Jessica Tandy, Barnard Hughes, Audra Lindley, and Keenan Wynn. Two performers give the film a little bounce—Ron Silver as a hot-shot movie producer and Richard Libertini as the Hispanic who conducts the marriage ceremony. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/24/83.) (Olympia Quad; starting June 3.)

Blue Thunder—With Roy Scheider and Warren Oates, directed by John Badham. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—David Lean's big and engrossing Academy Award winner, adapted from Pierre Boulle's novel about prisoners of war held in Burma by the Japanese. The film is rather misshapen, particularly in the sections featuring William Holden, and the action that detonates the explosive finish isn't quite clear. However, Alec Guinness is compelling as the English Colonel Nicholson, a stickler for rules, who courageously defies the Japanese by legalistic means, and then goes haywire and restores morale among the men in the prison camp by putting them to work building a bridge for their captors—a bridge that will enable the Japanese to bring up troop reinforcements. With Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Hawkins, James Donald, André Morell, and Geoffrey Horne. Produced by Sam Spiegel; cinematography by Jack Hildyard; the screenplay was by Boulle, with the uncredited collaboration of the blacklisted Carl Foreman and Michael Wilson. Filmed in Ceylon. (Regency; May 31-June 1.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Astaire and Murphy are both hoping to get the Broadway role opposite the dancing star, Powell; by mistake, the producers hire Murphy, but Astaire gets to play it, after all. This is a big, lavish M-G-M musical, with a Cole Porter score and lots of spectacular dancing; what's missing is romance, sensuousness, magic. The indefatigable, intensely dull Eleanor Powell is better on her own than when she has a partner and is still on her own. With Astaire nearby, you're terribly aware of what long arms she has and what a jolly, good-natured, big all-American girl she is. (Her costumes always suggest uniforms.) Their dancing together does have vitality and verve, and at times it's good, carefree hoofing, but it seems healthy and impersonal. Even in the finale, when they dance to "Begin the Beguine"—the only song that Porter didn't write specially for the film—it isn't memorable. The new songs include "I Concentrate on You," sung by

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Douglas McPhail, and “I’ve Got My Eyes on You,” and a real bummer that Astaire and Murphy team up for—it’s called “Please Don’t Monkey with Broadway.” With Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, Florence Rice, Lynne Carver, Herman Bing, Jack Mulhall, Joe Yule, and Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) as a receptionist. Directed by Norman Taurog; script by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer, from a story by Dore Schary and Jack McGowan. The choreography is by Astaire and Bobby Connolly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since “Jaws”—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Metro Cinema; May 31.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—It’s doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play by Ed Graczyk set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn’t work, but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he’s got, his skills are such that he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a smaller part, Marta Heflin—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they’re doing. They bring conviction to their looneytunes characters. Also with Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. The airy and lyrical cinematography is by Pierre Mignot. (11/15/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 26.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Edna Ferber–George S. Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3-4.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn’t take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he’ll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she’s a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles’ “Touch of Evil;” it’s Welles romanticized, packaged. It’s a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it’s genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg’s movie is bathed in warmth, and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It’s the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it’s genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 27.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill’s fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler’s verbal finesse and his black man’s sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It’s like “The French Connection,” “Dirty Harry,” “Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,” and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O’Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 27.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi’s public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi’s shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn’t. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does a knockout of a fully dressed striptease as she sings “Put the Blame on Mame.” With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Directed by Charles Vidor. (Metro Cinema; May 29.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it’s altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed. Marlon Brando is Don Vito Corleone; Al Pacino, John Cazale, James Caan, and Talia Shire play his children. The film runs just under three hours; the period is 1945 to the mid-fifties. The cast includes Robert Duvall, Richard Castellano as Clemenza, Diane Keaton, John Marley, Lenny Montana, Richard Conte, Sterling Hayden, Abe Vigoda, Al Lettieri, Alex Rocco, Richard Bright, Simonetta Stefanelli as Apollonia, Gianni Russo, and Al Martino. The script, credited to Mario Puzo and Coppola, is based on Puzo’s best-seller. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; production design by Dean Tavoularis; music by Nino Rota. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 29-30.)

The Godfather, Part II (1974)—The daring of “Part II” is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, “Part II” is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it’s thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. (The three hours and twenty minutes of “Part II” span almost seventy years.) Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The script is credited to Coppola and Mario Puzo, from Puzo’s novel. The cast includes Robert Duvall, John Cazale, Lee Strasberg, Michael V. Gazzo, Talia Shire, Troy Donahue, Gianni Russo, Diane Keaton, G. D. Spradlin, Morgana King, Harry Dean Stanton, Joe Spinell, Fay Spain, Danny Aiello, Richard Bright, Gaston Moschin as Fanucci, Abe Vigoda, Tom Rosqui, B. Kirby, Jr., and Leopoldo Trieste; with brief appearances by James Caan, and by Phil Feldman, Roger Corman, and William Bowers as United States senators. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; production design by Dean Tavoularis; music by Nino Rota, conducted by Carmine Coppola. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 29-30.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon’s functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert’s boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon’s bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through May 26. . . . ¶ Beekman; through June 2. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 3.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The director, Fred Zinnemann, places himself at the service of Robert Bolt’s play about the moral tug-of-war between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), and the results are tasteful and moderately enjoyable. The weakness is that though Bolt’s dialogue is crisp, lucid, and well spoken, his presentation of More’s martyrdom is so one-sided we don’t even get to understand *that* side. More is the only man of honor in the movie, and he’s got all the good lines; he’s the kind of hero we used to read about in biographies of great men written for twelve-year-olds, and Scofield is so refined, so controlled, so dignified, so obviously “subtle” he’s like a man of conscience in a school play. With Orson Welles as Wolsey, Leo McKern as Cromwell, and Susannah York, Wendy Hiller, Nigel Davenport, John Hurt, and Corin Redgrave. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 1-2.)

Marty (1955)—It was the first American film to take the Golden Palm at Cannes; then it became a huge success at home and went on to rack up four Academy Awards: Best Pic-

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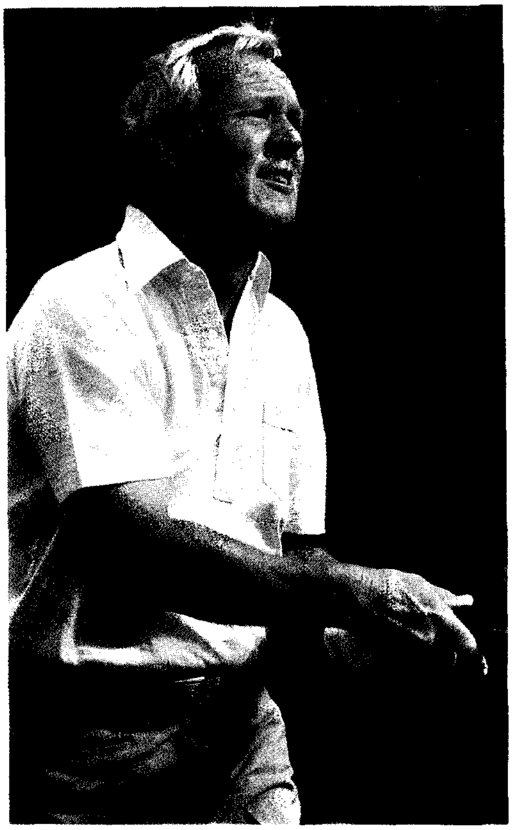

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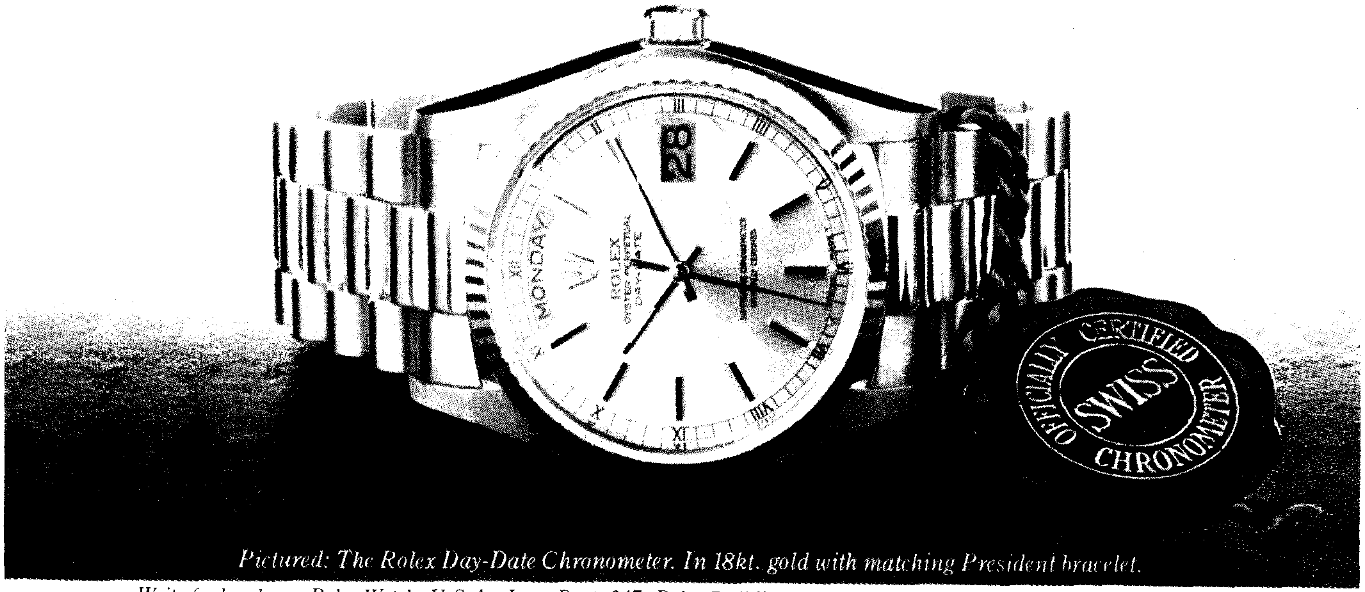

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ture, Actor (Ernest Borgnine), Director (Delbert Mann), Screenplay (Paddy Chayefsky). Borgnine is the shy, fat Bronx butcher who goes to a dance hall and meets a lonely high-school teacher (Betsy Blair). You have to have considerable tolerance to make it through Chayefsky's repetitive dialogue, his insistence on the humanity of "little" people, and his attempt to create poetry out of humble, drab conversations. With Esther Minciotti as Borgnine's Italian mother; Augusta Ciolli as his aunt; Joe Mantell as Angie, the image of the futile male; and Jerry Paris and Karen Steele. This small-scale, overly celebrated film began life as a television play. (On TV it starred Rod Steiger.) (Regency; May 29-30.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 2.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—A classic among bad movies: despite the presence of Mae West and W. C. Fields (it's the only time they acted together) this satire of Westerns never really gets off the ground. But the ground is such an honest mixture of dirt, manure, and corn that at times it is fairly aromatic. Mae West is rather slowed down by the censors breathing down her décolletage, but even though she is less bawdy and rather more grotesque than at her best, she is still overwhelming. Fields is in better form: whether cheating at cards, or kissing Mae West's hand ("What symmetrical digits!"), or spending his wedding night with a goat, he remains the scowling, snarling misanthrope. Fields and West, who wrote most of their own vehicles, collaborated on the script. Directed by Edward Cline; with Joseph Calleia, Margaret Hamilton, and Dick Foran. (Cinema Village; May 29-31.)

Napoléon (1927)—Presented in a reconstructed version in 1981. Abel Gance originally made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen, by a process called Polyvision. Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects—history became an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. The film is both avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view, Napoleon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a thinker, Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoleon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution you know you're in the grip of a crazy. Gance isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. But he's a great moviemaker. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. Francis Ford Coppola served as impresario for its release in the United States, and a score was prepared by Carmine Coppola. With Gina Manès as Josephine, Pierre Batcheff as her lover General Hoche, Nicolas Koline as Fleuri, Annabella as his daughter Violine, Antonin Artaud as Marat, and Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Sutton.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

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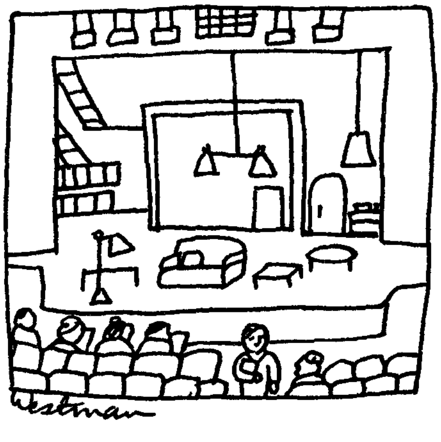
Nijinsky (1980)—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13) when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own expected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable, and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 31-June 1.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Obsession (1976)—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson) who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (Metro Cinema; May 31.)



An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; starting May 27.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—Michael Powell, of the Powell and Pressburger team that made "Black Narcissus" and "The Red Shoes," did this thriller about a psychotic who kills women and photographs their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. It has also been an influential film, and its reputation has grown with the years. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 29.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can *feel* it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: in it, an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. Most movies give so little that it seems almost barbarous to object to Bergman's not giving us more in "Persona," but it is just because of the expressiveness and fascination of what we *are* given that the movie is so frustrating. There is, however, great intensity in many of the images, and there's one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29-30.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's fuzzy illustrations of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; June 3.)

Return of the Jedi—With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher; directed by Richard Marquand. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Ride the High Country (1962)—Perhaps the most simple and traditional and graceful of all modern Westerns. Sam Peckinpah's small (and humane) classic is unassuming, and its elegiac poetry is plainer than that of Altman's "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," although the emotional complexity is comparable. That unpublicized fine actor Joel McCrea plays a former marshal who gets a job transporting gold; he signs up another former lawman, Randolph Scott, who has been working as a carnival sharpshooter, to help him. In the film's most astonishing and original sequence, the marriage of an innocent young girl (Mariette Hartley) takes place in a brothel in a mining camp, and the terrified bride realizes that the groom's brothers expect to share her; McCrea and Scott help her escape. In the film's most memorable single image, the old Westerner (McCrea) sinks to the bottom of the frame to die. The cinematography is by Lucien Ballard at his peerless best. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29.)

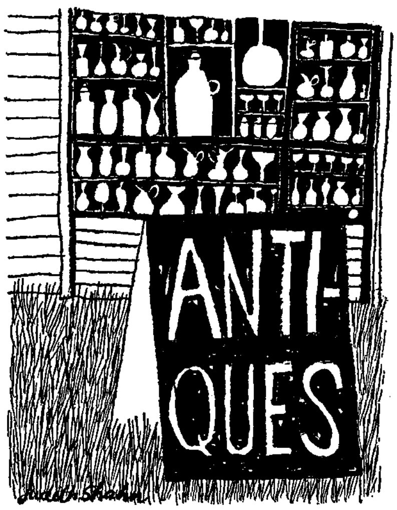
Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M extravaganza, which was vaguely derived from a 1928 Ziegfeld show and produced and adapted for the screen by William Anthony McGuire, a former Ziegfeld aide, who swamped the cameras with a cast of over two thousand people. Sometimes there are so many showgirls surrounding Powell that you have to strain to see her tapping away, like a wholesome automaton. Bolger redeems a few moments, and the Cole Porter songs (which replaced the original Romberg and Gershwin numbers) are a choice group, including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. Porter is said to have hated the title song, which Louis B. Mayer loved; Mayer's ear matched his eye—the sets are to make a person of taste weep. The cast includes Frank Morgan (as a Ruritanian king), Ilona Massey (making her film début), and Edna May Oliver, Jerry Colonna, Janet Beecher, Virginia Grey, Reginald Owen, Billy Gilbert, and George Zucco. The choreography is by Albertina Rasch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Loews New York Twin; through June 1.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). One of Bergman's greatest films, this is one of the least known. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29-30.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house where they live and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through May 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy; May 27-June 2.)



Still of the Night—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy-hot woman suspected of murder, and her performance is all about her hair. It's platinum-white, it hangs bone straight like a curtain, and part of her face is hidden behind it; from time to time she peers up and shakes it back a little. This femme fatale is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. She seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless; he brings nothing to his role but his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet. Sommer here is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard; he and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). But Benton seems to have misplaced his sense of fun; it's as if he couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Olympia Quad; through June 2.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 2.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife (5/16/83) (Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 2.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Loews Paramount, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 27.)

The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energeic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Greenwich Playhouse; through June 2.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. It suggests rich men's worst suspicions and fantasies of what women want (money) and what they're like when they're together (clawing beasties). With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, Virginia Weidler, Ruth Hussey, Phyllis Povah, Lucile Watson, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed—surprisingly coarsely; it's a kicking, screaming low comedy, with a quiet character such as Joan Fontaine coming across as a female wimp. Goddard is a stand-out—she's fun. And audiences at the time loved Russell's all-out burlesque of women as jealous bitches. Adapted by Anita Loos and Jane Murfin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3-4.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Olympia Quad; through June 2.)

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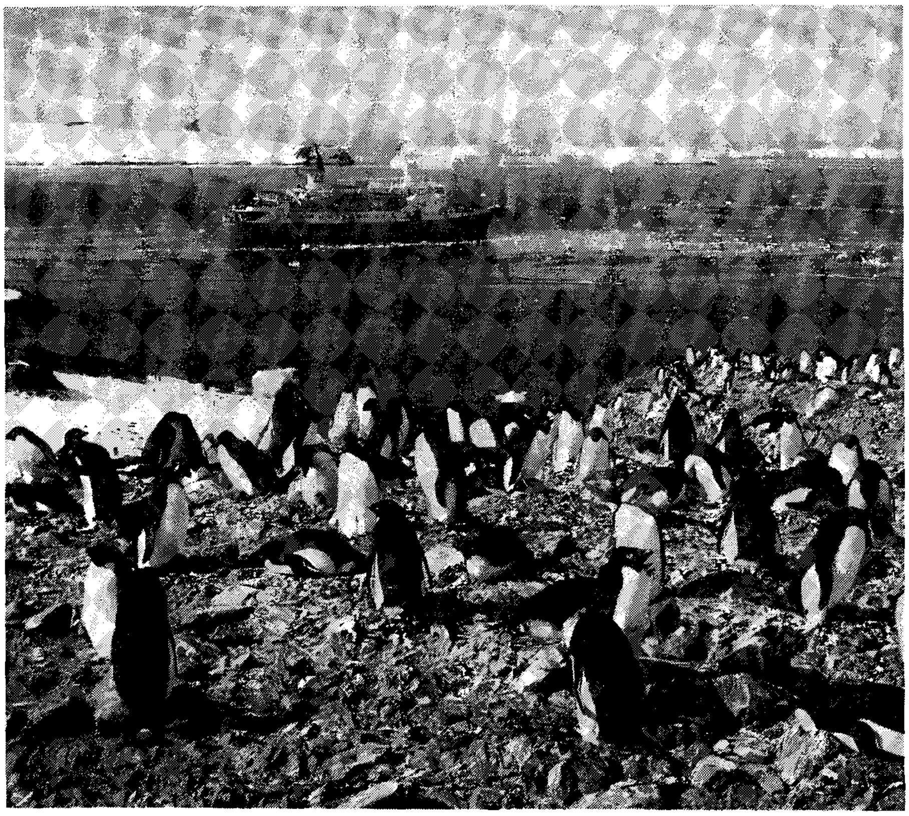

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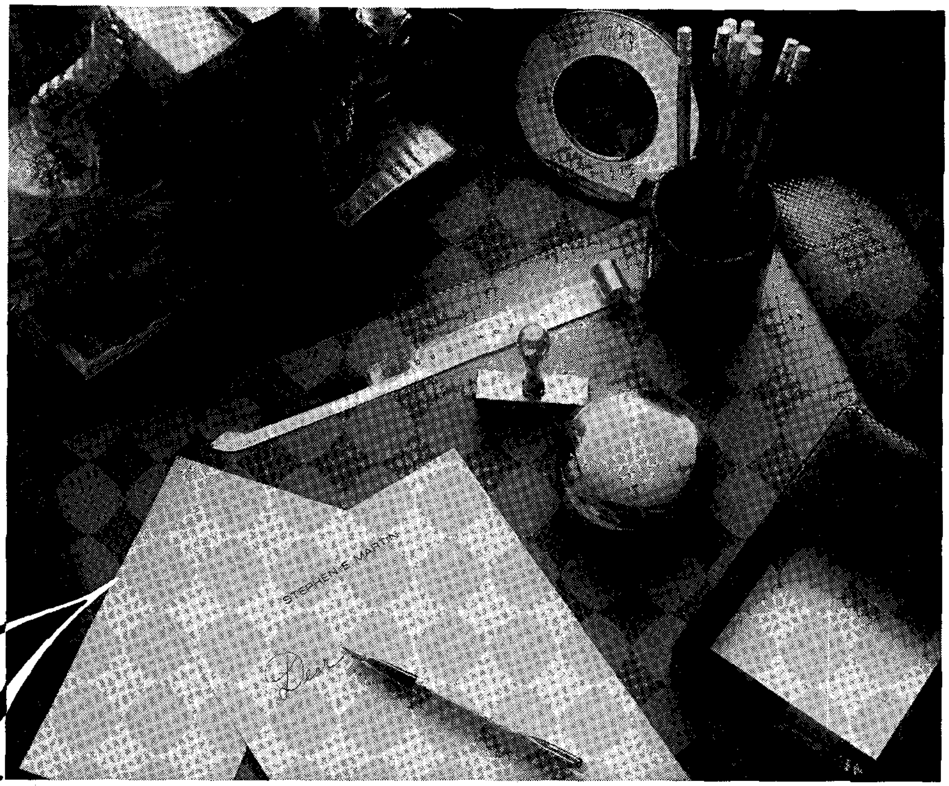

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

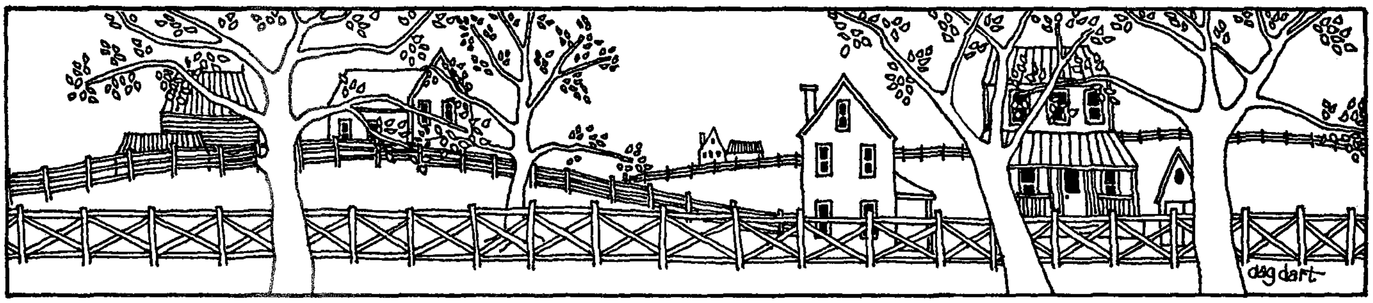
Notes and Comment

THE Washington *Post* recently ran a story reporting that the Soviet military had launched a huge offensive against the rebel forces in Afghanistan. "The heaviest Soviet-supported air and ground artillery bombardments of Afghan guerrilla positions in the area north of Kabul since the war began in 1979 has staggered resistance forces," the story said. Meanwhile, it continued, "several thousand" civilians were killed in bombings of the city of Herat. It was a tiny glimpse of a war that goes on largely in obscurity. Occasionally, a small item will appear in the back pages of the papers letting us know that a military operation has been launched in some valley we have never heard of. Or, even more rarely, someone with a camera will get into the country, and bring back images that can be shown on television; then we may have a chance to watch turbanned figures with rifles running to and fro. But the meaning of all this—the military, political, social, and human picture of which it is a part—remains unknown to us. The average well-informed person in this country would probably have trouble offering any opinion on such basic questions as: What is the political program of the rebels? Who are they? What techniques are being used in the fighting? What are the aims of the government and of its Soviet overlords? Who is winning? In short, we know nothing about the war in Afghanistan. The blame for this ignorance does not lie with the citizen, or with news organizations; it lies with the Soviet Union, which, in accordance with its closed system of government, systematically blocks the release of information from the country. One remembers how different things were during the Vietnam War—aptly called "the living-room war." Back then, it seemed as though the distance between places on this earth had been erased. The whole history of the Vietnam War is bound up with certain images, which assumed iconic importance: the Buddhist monk setting fire to himself in the street in Saigon; the American soldiers burning down peasants' huts with their cigarette lighters; the young girl at Kent State kneeling with her arms outstretched next to the corpse of the slain protester. Each new weapon that the United States introduced—napalm, defoliants, the B-52—was made known to the world and generated its own special revulsion. It seemed that such coverage was part of the way things now were. The world appeared to have moved a step toward becoming fully interdependent, with each action that was taken on the earth being examined and judged by people in every part of the earth. But now the war in Afghanistan goes on year after year out of sight. No newsmen swarm across the scene. No satellite hookup allows us to peer between the Afghan mountains to see what is happening. After three and a half years of fighting, no iconic image has settled itself into the world's collective mind. Even allowing for what we know about the power of censorship and a government-controlled press, we would scarcely have thought it possible. In a way, Afghanistan seems even more thoroughly forgotten in our world of instantaneous satellite coverage than it might have seemed in a more primitive era. It seems excluded from what we have now come more and more to accept as reality. The world today is crisscrossed with beams bearing messages and light. But in the interstices of those beams is darkness, and in that darkness a whole war is being hidden.

• •

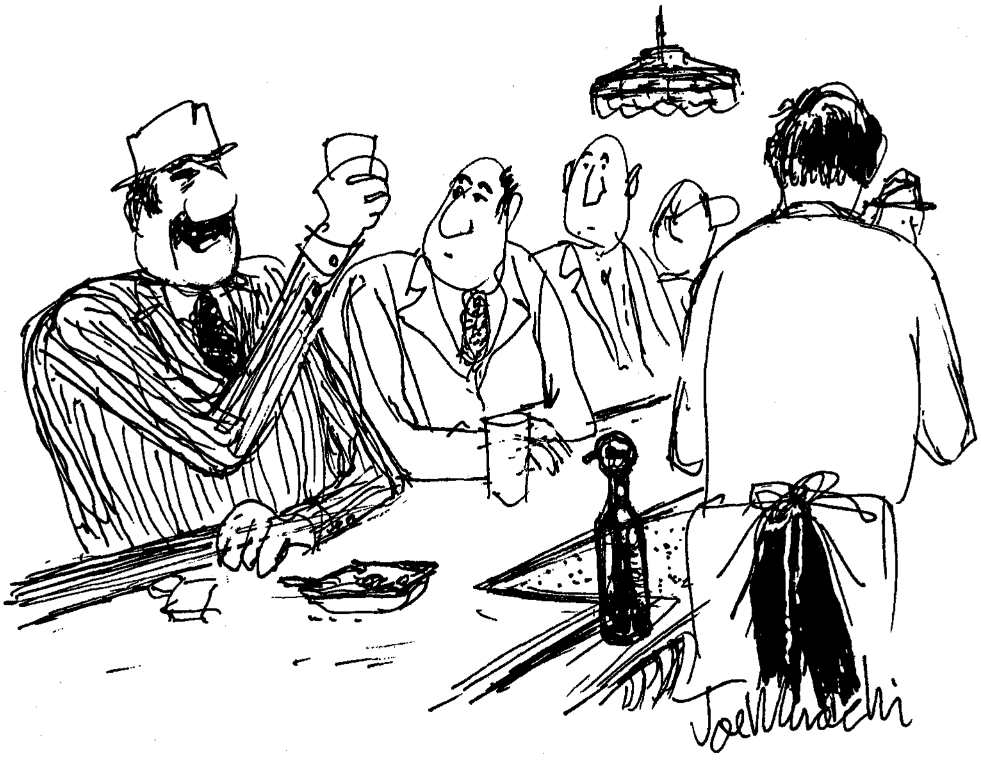
Energy

BY now, we're used to midtown Manhattan—so inured to its sights and sounds and smells and small charms that we can and usually do plunge along the sidewalk head down, following the crack in the sidewalk and thinking about affairs in general, not about affairs on Sixth Avenue. Seldom anymore do we respond to the city as we did when we were a newcomer: astounded, a little overwhelmed, even moved, by the scale and the hubbub, and also by the details—the trash, the arguments, the cops, the men pushing dress racks, the limou-



sines. Having lately realized this, we pestered Brookie Maxwell, a local artist, until she gave in and said we could tag along on one of her periodic expeditions to chronicle the rotting splendor of midtown. Block by block, building by building, Miss Maxwell is photographing, then drawing, and finally sculpting the south side of Forty-second Street—a process that will someday yield a thirty-six-foot-long sculpture, which will be displayed at the Port Authority Bus Terminal. Every sixteen steps along the street (the north side), Miss Maxwell—who knows how to see freshly, and whose eyes never seem to glaze over—stops and takes a photograph. The day we accompanied her, she was concentrating on the south side of the block between Park and Madison, which is, in fact, a dull block; three banks, the Philip Morris company, an OTB parlor, a printer, a cigar store, and an optical establishment occupy the entire street front. But, following Miss Maxwell's example, we looked a little closer, and saw (on one side or the other) a well-stocked shoeshine fellow (he even had a tin of white polish); several posters from the Assassination Information Committee exploring very intricate plots; an unusual sign listing the hours that Grand Central Terminal is *closed* (1:30 A.M. to 5:30 A.M.); people handing out information about Ayatollah Khomeini (against) and about free Kodak film (for); a man sipping a Budweiser and grinning; a woman selling *The Watchtower* ("Earthquakes—A Sign of the End?"); a typhoon pipe, apparently for use in heavy weather; and a man who was pretending to read the *Times* but instead was watching Miss Maxwell in action. Indeed, she and her sidekick, David Korman, who is taking pictures of her taking pictures, in order to document the project, did resemble slightly berserk tourists whose friends back home had told them, "Make sure you don't miss the Dry Dock Savings Bank on Forty-second. Cohen's Fashion Optical, too. And don't forget to bring plenty of film." One genuine sightseer emerged from Grand Central and saw Miss Maxwell snapping away. Compulsively, the visitor lifted camera to eye and pointed it so that he could get a picture of whatever she was shooting. He looked a little puzzled when he saw through his viewfinder that her target was a 104 bus on its way to First Avenue, but he snapped a dutiful shot and walked away, shaking his head. A few moments later, as if to prove her point about the value of close observation, Miss Maxwell leaned over into the gutter and picked up a pearl. Sixteen or so steps up the block, though, we noticed a fellow selling pearl necklaces ("Checkemout, one dollar, checkemout"). This, after all, was Forty-second Street.

Miss Maxwell took us back to her Seventeenth Street studio to show us the one block that has already made the transition from photograph, through drawing, to clay-and-wood sculpture—it's the block between Eighth Avenue and Ninth Avenue, which includes the bus terminal and the whimsical green tower that used to be the McGraw-Hill Building. "Let me turn the lights on for you," Miss Maxwell said. When she flicked a switch, tiny headlights appeared on all the three-inch-long cars in the block, and many of the windows brightened. "This block took me a month and a half of solid work," she said. "I had to learn to do a lot of things, like soldering. Anyway, what's going on here is these cops are running up the street because this woman of dubious character has had her purse taken, and in this doorway there's a guy trying to talk a woman into doing dubious things. I'm interested in the architecture and all, but mainly I'm interested in the life energy. There's an incredible life energy—especially in those sleazy West Side blocks near Times Square—and it may not be there once the city gets them all cleaned up. That's why I wanted to do this project now. I've never had any trouble over there, by the way, even though I've been out on the street at all hours of the day and night. It's pretty easy to tell the tough people, the ones you have to be polite to—all the regulars have knife cuts on their faces." She chatted with us for a good while about how Forty-second Street shifts from the cool East Side to the hot West, and about the Public Art Fund, a private outfit that is helping to bankroll the project, and about how long it will take to finish the sculpture and start on a new project, like maybe the north side of the street. And then we left, and walked back to our office, paying close attention to the people we passed. Most, we are sorry to report, were staring straight ahead.



"Who said 'Drinking well is the best revenge'?"

Flavors

CHOCOLATE was big at the National Stationery Show (for the trade only), which occupied all four floors of the Coliseum last week. We saw a writing pad that was shaped and colored like a chocolate bar and smelled like chocolate; some erasers that were shaped like chocolate candy and smelled like chocolate; and some bars of soap that looked like chocolate cupcakes. (Affixed to some of the dis-

“*You win some, you lose some. How about Mussolini?*”

plays were signs reading “NOT TO BE EATEN.”) Other flavors were available, too. For example, Philip David & Company was exhibiting something called Pop-a-Point Pencils—capped plastic pencils with scented graphite tips—that smelled like chocolate, apple, bubble gum, or grape. At a booth run by Platignum, a man named Peter Griffin showed us some Scented Mini-Marker pens, which were chunky-looking acrylic-tip pens in yellow, red, black, or blue. The yellow pens smelled like lemon, the red ones smelled like strawberry, the black ones smelled like blackberry, and the blue ones smelled like plum. “The colors are washable,” Mr. Griffin told us. “And they don’t mess.”

Moving past things like pocket flashlights, musical toothbrushes, and sundials, we arrived at a booth run by a company called Butterfly Originals. There we saw some erasers shaped like stars and hearts, which were pink or lavender and had a fruity smell, and which were stamped with any one of a hundred and eight girls’ names. At the same booth, we saw some Sweet Stuff Ice Cream Erasers (shaped and colored like ice-cream cones and smelling like chocolate, vanilla, or strawberry), Chunky Fruit Erasers (shaped like grapes, bananas, strawberries, or oranges and smelling appropriately), and some scented glue sticks (smelling like strawberry, orange, grape, or sour apple). The company was also offering fruit-scented glitter nail polish, fruit-scented crayons, fruit-scented eraser sticks, and scented stickers representing things like fruit, fruit drinks, and desserts. We proceeded to a booth run by Oh Dawn!, Inc., where we saw some soap shaped like a helping of French-fried potatoes. We picked up some literature there and read, “Popsicle Soap—Sweetly scented in three wonderful Popsicle flavors: Orange, Cherry, Grape. Same size, shape and colors as the real thing.” We walked past booths run by Herlitz, Inc., whose display featured a set of pens and pencils inside a case that looked like a slice of watermelon; Mary Louise & Associates, which was selling Hershey’s Chocolate Lovers Pencils; C. R. Gibson, which offered pencils in a cylinder designed to look like a bunch of asparagus; and Leadworks, which was displaying a ballpoint pen that had one end shaped like a pea and was called Petit Pois.

At Singer Studios, a young man in a blue blazer told us that the company’s newest item was called Tootsie Roll Pop Pens. “They will look exactly like real Tootsie Roll Pops,” he explained. “We’re going to include a free plastic candy jar with each order, so that the dealer can display them just like candy. The ones you see here are only plaster mockups, because the item is so new.”

We asked him whether the pens would smell like real Tootsie Roll Pops.

“Naturally,” he said.

Next, we stopped at a booth run by Retail Sales East, where we spoke with a young woman in an apricot-colored dress named Patricia Duerr. She showed us some ballpoint pens that were shaped like candy sticks, candy canes, or lollipops and were scented with lime, plum, cherry, pineapple, raspberry, blueberry, orange, grape, bubble gum, or mint. “These pens are selling incredibly well,” she said. “Of course, there have always been scented stationery products—floral scents—but *candy*-scented items are fairly new. The trend started in Japan—Japanese children are just crazy about school supplies—and a few items were imported eight or nine years ago, but for some reason they didn’t sell well here. Then, within the last year, the market simply took off, and the business hasn’t peaked yet. Apparently, modern chemistry can produce almost any kind of scent synthetically, and now they’re even coming out with scents like popcorn and pickle. I’m not kidding. You see, the stationery business is as much a gift-and-novelty business as anything else. If the average stationery store had to rely on selling only stationery—well, it would have a hard time staying afloat.” She held out a pink lollipop-shaped pen, removed its cap, and asked. “What flavor is this?”

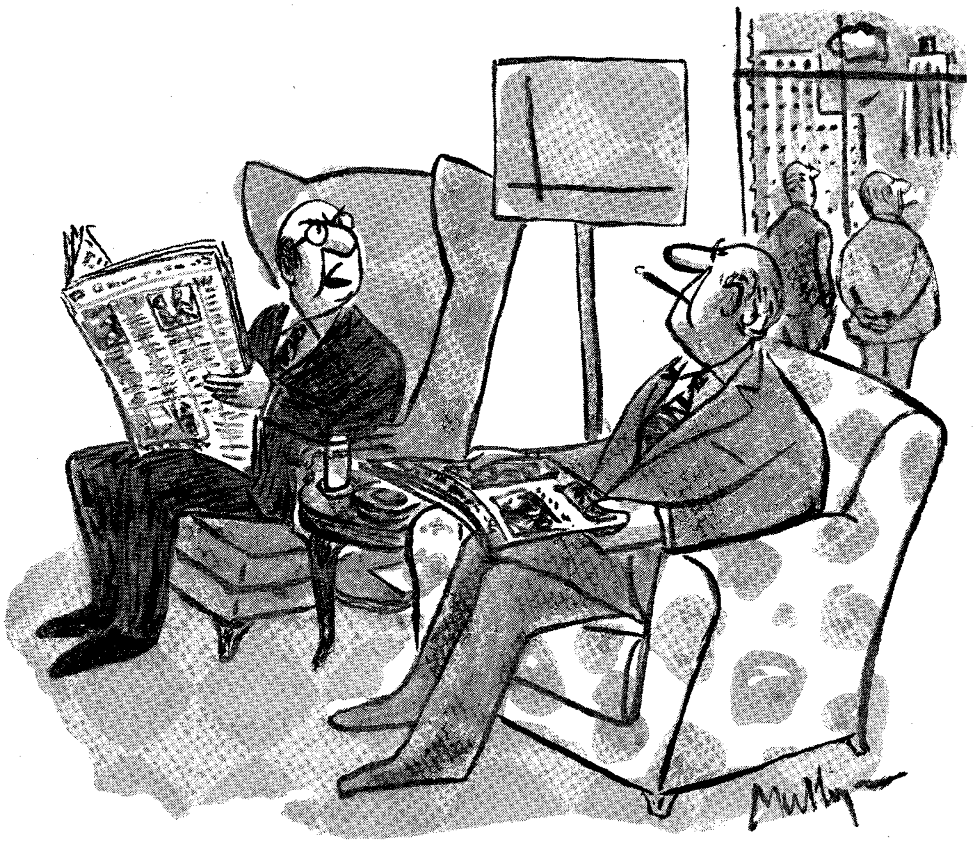
We were stumped.

“It’s bubble gum,” she said. “I’m surprised you didn’t know that.”

We thanked Mrs. Duerr and proceeded to a booth run by the Case Manufacturing Company, which had shelves filled with candles that were dead ringers for ice-cream sundaes.

Solzhenitsyn

THE other Tuesday afternoon—we were in London, and it was a blustery spring day when well-dressed city types in the neighborhood of the Bank of England were prudently carrying umbrellas—we joined a steady stream of people who were making their way into the paved courtyard in front of the Guildhall. Mrs. Thatcher had announced the June election date the day before, and passersby may have thought vaguely that some political gathering was afoot. But we were going to hear Alexander Solzhenitsyn deliver his address as this year's winner of the nondenominational Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion. The award, given annually to an outstanding man or woman who has been chosen by a panel of eight international judges, was founded in 1972 by John Marks Templeton, a seventy-year-old Tennessee-born multimillionaire who is a devout Presbyterian and whose home is now in Nassau. The first to receive it, in 1973, was Mother Teresa, of Calcutta. In cash, it is larger than the Nobel Peace Prize. Alexander Solzhenitsyn had been to Buckingham Palace that morning to receive a check for a hundred and ten thousand pounds (at the moment, about a hundred and seventy thousand dollars) from Prince Philip, who has made the presentation each year. Ticket holders had been asked to be in their seats by four-twenty, but people were flocking into the Guildhall before the hour struck. We passed the time studying some of the memorials on the walls of the great building—confused tableaux of bewigged statesmen among a clutter of allegorical figures and plunging horses—and watching the guests of honor being conducted to their places in the front rows. The photographers made a beeline for an impressively robed black-bearded prelate of the Russian Orthodox Church and for the Archbishop of Canterbury, a tall, cheerful-looking man with puffs of gray hair fanning out at his cheekbones, who crossed over to greet an African cleric warmly. At last, the occupants of the platform seats began to file in. Our neighbor said that the hatless blond woman at the end of the row was Mrs. Templeton; Mrs. Solzhenitsyn had preferred to sit in the audience. Mr. Templeton, whose neat, clean-shaven face appeared to wear an unalteringly benevolent expression, sat at the right of Lord Pritchard, the master of ceremonies. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, sitting impassively on Lord Pritchard's other side, seemed to have filled out solidly since we last saw him, in 1976. The beard looked darker and flowed over his chest with an Old Testament luxuriance. He wore a severe black tunic. After Lord Pritchard had made his introductory eulogy and asked us to stand for a short prayer from Bishop Mann, Dean of Windsor—one of two award judges who were on the platform—Solzhenitsyn rose and made a brief adjustment to the microphone between him and a slight, pleasant-looking man who rose and stood beside him. This was Mr. Lance Kelly, the son of Sir David Kelly, who was British Ambassador to Moscow from 1949 to 1951. As Solzhenitsyn began to speak, in Russian, Mr. Kelly gave us the English translation—carefully prepared, we learned later, by hours of rehearsal with Solzhenitsyn and four other interpreters—one or two sentences at a time. Mr. Kelly's voice was clear and calm, so that the most devastating lines in Solzhenitsyn's oration came over with a softness that the harsh, pelting stream of Russian did not have. After rendering a sentence, Mr. Kelly sometimes turned his head expectantly toward the speaker, like a sensitive accompanist waiting for the singer's voice.



"You want to know what's wrong with the New York 'Times'? No comic strips!"

The theme of the song was deeply sombre, and was sounded in its opening passage. "Over half a century ago, while I was still a child," Solzhenitsyn began, "I recall hearing a number of older people offer the following explanation for the great disasters that had befallen Russia: 'Men have forgotten God; that's why all this has happened.' " His adult life of sifting and recording the history of the Revolution would today, he said, make him formulate its main cause unhesitatingly in the same words. "And if I were called upon to identify briefly the principal trait of the entire twentieth century, here, too, I would be unable to find anything more precise and pithy than to repeat once again, 'Men have forgotten God.' " We in the West began our spiritual decline when we yielded to "the satanic temptation of the 'nuclear umbrella' " and at the same time opted for the pursuit of happiness. "If danger should threaten us, we shall be protected by the nuclear bomb; if not, then let the world go to hell! The pitifully helpless state to

"Tim looks the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man."

• •

which the contemporary West has sunk is in large measure due to this fatal error: the belief that the only issue is that of nuclear weapons, whereas in reality the defense of peace reposes chiefly on stout hearts and steadfast men. . . . Dostoevski predicted that 'the world will be saved only after it has been possessed by the demon of evil.' Whether it will be saved . . . will depend on our conscience, on our spiritual lucidity, on our individual and combined efforts in the face of catastrophic circumstances. But it has already come to pass that the demon of evil, like a whirlwind, triumphantly circles all five continents of the earth."

Solzhenitsyn spoke grimly and dispassionately, with few gestures. His voice rose somewhat when he denounced the relentless Soviet persecution of the Church (any slight indications of more tolerance there were for tourist consumption only) and noted the "deplorable" statement of the last Templeton Prize winner, Dr. Billy Graham, that he had observed no such persecution when he visited the U.S.S.R. "Before the multitude of those who have perished and who are oppressed today, may God be his judge. Even with the most sophisticated of political maneuvers, the noose on the neck of mankind draws tighter and more hopeless with every passing decade, and there seems to be no way out for anyone—neither nuclear nor political nor economic nor ecological. The primary key to our being or nonbeing resides in each human heart, in the heart's preference for specific good or evil." Men have forgotten God and must find the way back. Solzhenitsyn's message seemed little different, we reflected, from the one brought by John the Baptist when he came out of the wilderness crying "Repent," and the thought of how this message had gone on echoing warningly through the centuries made us feel a little lightheaded. Solzhenitsyn concluded, "If we perish and lose this world, the fault will be ours alone."

There was a moment's silence, in which everyone gazed at him—a man who has triumphantly fought the whirlwind. Then applause broke out. Members of the audience rose to their feet, applauding loudly. Solzhenitsyn reached over and shook hands with Mr. Templeton and Lord Pritchard, smiling with a sudden, surprising radiance, which made him look much younger. The platform emptied, and so, more slowly, did the Guildhall. People headed toward the door chatting in many languages. They sounded exhilarated. No breasts were being beaten. A beaming gray-haired lady said to a distinguished-looking gray-haired man, "Well, this was a marvellous occasion, wasn't it?" Out in the courtyard, people who had gathered to get a glimpse of Solzhenitsyn as he left were moving off, too. We joined the walkers who were wending their way to the underground and the buses and the world of evening papers that would be full of the coming election and its competing promises.

MEMORIAL DAY

I AM eating my grapefruit with a grapefruit spoon my mother bought last summer from a door-to-door salesman on a large three-wheeled bike. My mother and I were sitting on the front steps that day and we watched him glide down the street, into our driveway, and up our front walk. He opened his case on the handlebars, and it was full of fruit appliances: pineapple corers, melon ballers, watermelon seeders, orange-juice squeezers, and grapefruit spoons. My mother bought four of the spoons, and the man pedalled himself out of our lives.

That was about a year ago. Since then, a lot has changed, I think as I pry the grapefruit pulp away from the skin with the serrated edge of the spoon. Since then, my mother has remarried, my father has moved to California, and I have stopped talking. Actually, I talk quite a lot at school, but never at home. I have nothing to say to anyone here.

Across the table from me, drinking Postum, is my new stepfather. He wasn't here last year. I don't think he was anywhere last year. His name is Lonnie, and my mother met him at a Seth Speaks seminar. Seth is this guy without a body who speaks out of the mouth of this lady and tells you how to fix your life. Both Lonnie and my mother have fixed their lives. "One day at a time," my mother says every morning, smiling at Lonnie and then, less happily, at me.

Lonnie is only thirteen years older than I am; he is twenty-nine but looks about fourteen. When the three of us go out together, he is mistaken for my brother.

"Listen to this," Lonnie says. Both Lonnie and my mother continue to talk to me, consult with me, and read things to me, in the hope that I will forget and speak. " 'If gypsy moths continue to destroy trees at their present rate, North America will become a desert incapable of supporting any life by the year 4000.' " Lonnie has a morbid sense of humor and delights in macabre newspaper fillers. Because he knows I won't answer, he doesn't glance up at me. He continues to stare at his paper and says, "Wow. Think of that."

I look out the window. My mother is sitting in an inflated rubber boat in the swimming pool, scrubbing the fibre glass walls with a stiff brush and Mr. Clean. They get stained during the winter. She does this every Memorial Day. We always open the pool this weekend, and she always blows up the yellow boat, puts on her Yankees hat so her hair won't turn orange, and paddles around the edge of the pool, leaving a trail of suds.

Last year, as she scrubbed, the diamond from her old engagement ring fell out and sank to the bottom of the pool. She was still married to my father, although they were planning to separate after a last "family vacation" in July. My mother shook the suds off her hand and raised it in front of her face, her fingers flat as if she were admiring a new ring. "Oh, Stephen!" she said. "I think I've lost my diamond!"

"What?" I said. I still talked then.

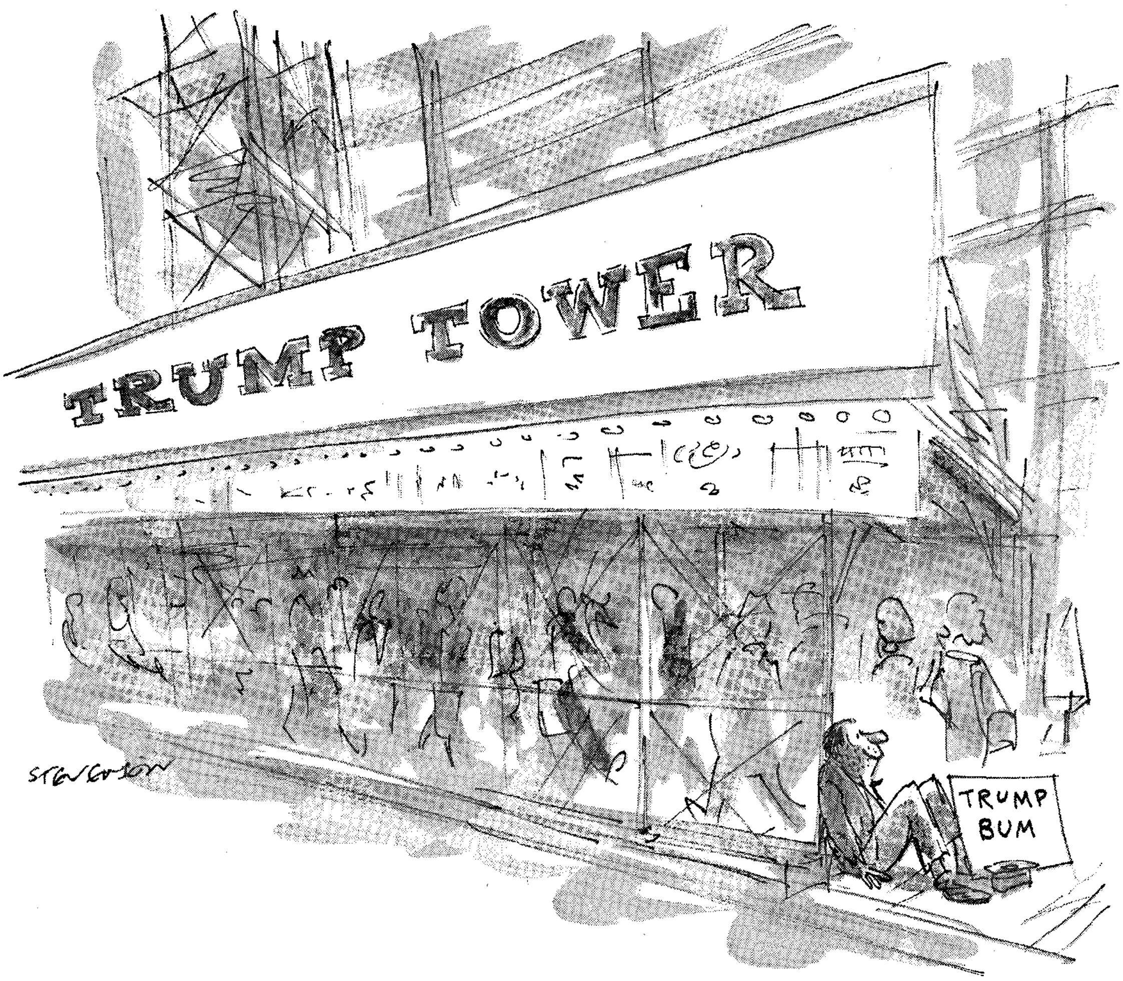
"The diamond fell out of my ring. Look."

I got up from the chair I was sitting on and kneeled beside the pool. She held out her hand, the way women do in old movies when they expect it to be kissed. I looked down at her ring and she was right: the diamond was gone. The setting looked like an empty hand tightly grabbing nothing.

"Do you see it?" she asked, looking down into the pool. Because we had just taken the cover off, the water was murky. "It must be down there," she said. "Maybe if you dove in?" She looked at me with a nice, pleading look on her face. I took off my shirt. I felt her looking at my chest. There is no hair on my chest, and every time my mother sees it I know she checks to see if any has grown.

I dove into the pool. The water was so cold my head ached. I opened my eyes and swam quickly around the bottom of the pool. I felt like one of those Japanese pearl fishers. But I didn't see the diamond.

I surfaced and swam to the side. "I don't see it," I said. "I can't



see anything. Where's the mask?"

"Oh dear," my mother said. "Didn't we throw it away last year?"

"I forget," I said. I got out of the pool and stood shivering in the sun. Suddenly I got the idea that if I found the diamond, maybe my parents wouldn't separate. I know it sounds ridiculous, but at that moment, standing with my arms crossed over my thin chest, watching my mother begin to cry in her inflatable boat—at that moment, the diamond sitting on the bottom of the pool took on a larger meaning, and I thought that if it were replaced in the tiny clutching hand of my mother's ring, we might live happily ever after.

So I had my father drive me downtown, and I bought another diving mask at the five-and-ten, and when we got home I put it on—first spitting on the glass so it wouldn't fog—and dove into the water, and dove again and again, until I actually found the diamond, glittering in a mess of leaves and bloated inchworms at the bottom of the pool.

"So, Griswold, how are things in the trenches?"

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I THROW my grapefruit rind away, and go outside and sit on the edge of the diving board with my feet in the water. My mother watches me for a second, probably deciding if it's worthwhile to say anything. Then she goes back to her scrubbing.

Later, I am sitting by the mailbox. Since I've stopped talking, I've written a lot of letters. I write to men in prison, and I answer personal ads, claiming to be whatever it is the placer desires: "an elegant educated young lady for afternoon pleasure," or a "GBM." The mail from prison is the best: long, long letters about nothing, since it seems nothing is done in prison. A lot of remembering. A lot of bizarre requests: Send me a shoehorn. Send me an empty egg carton (arts and crafts?). Send me an electric toothbrush. I like writing letters to people I've never met.

Lonnie is planting geraniums he bought this morning in front of the A. & P. when he did the grocery shopping. Lonnie is very good about "doing his share." I am not about mine. Every night I wait with delicious anticipation for my mother to tell me to take out the garbage: "How many times do I have to tell you? Can't you just do it?"

Lonnie gets up and walks over to me, trowel in hand. He has on plaid Bermuda shorts and a Disney World T-shirt. If I talked, I'd ask him when he went to Disney World. But I can live without the information.

Lonnie flips the trowel at me and it slips like a knife into the ground a few inches from my leg. "Bingo!" Lonnie says. "Scare you?"

I think when a person stops talking people forget that he can still hear. Lonnie is always saying dumb things to me—things you'd only say to a deaf person or a baby.

"What a day," Lonnie says, as if to illustrate this point. He stretches out beside me, and I look at his long white legs. He has sneakers and white socks on. He never goes barefoot. He is too uptight to go barefoot. He would step on a piece of glass immediately. That is the kind of person Lonnie is.

The Captain Ice Cream truck rolls lazily down our street. Lonnie stands up and reaches in his pocket. "Would you like an ice pop?" he asks me, looking at his change.

I shake my head no. An ice pop? Where did he grow up—Kentucky?

Lonnie walks into the street and flags down the ice-cream man as if it isn't obvious what he's standing there for.

The truck slows down and the ice-cream man jumps out. It is a woman. "What can I get you?" she says, opening the freezer on the side of the truck. It's the old-fashioned kind of truck, with the ice cream hidden in its frozen depths. I always thought you needed to have incredibly long arms to be a good Captain Ice Cream person.

"Well, I'd like a nice ice pop," Lonnie says.

"A Twin Bullet?" suggests the woman. "What flavor?"

"Do you have cherry?" Lonnie asks.

"Sure," the woman says. "Cherry, grape, orange, lemon, cola, and tutti-frutti."

For a second I have a horrible feeling that Lonnie will want a tutti-frutti. "I'll have a cherry," he says.

Lonnie comes back, peeling the

"Dominique is my best friend and severest critic."

• •

sticky paper from his cherry Bullet. It's a bright pink color. The truck drives away. "Guess how much this cost," Lonnie says, sitting beside me on the grass. "Sixty cents. It's a good thing you didn't want one." He licks his fingers and then the ice stick. "Do you want a bite?" He holds it out toward me.

Lonnie is so patient and so sweet. It's just too bad he's such a nerd. I take a bite of his cherry Bullet.

"Good, huh?" Lonnie says. He watches me eat for a second, then takes a bite himself. He breaks the Bullet in half and eats it in a couple of huge bites. A little pink juice runs down his chin.

"What are you waiting for?" he asks. I nod toward the mailbox.

"It's Memorial Day," Lonnie says. "The mail doesn't come." He stands up and pulls the trowel out of the ground. I think of King Arthur. "There is no mail for anyone today," Lonnie says. "No matter how long you wait." He hands me his two Bullet sticks and returns to his geraniums.

I have this feeling, holding the stained wooden sticks, that I will keep them for a long, long time, and come across them one day, and remember this moment, incorrectly.

AFTER the coals in the barbecue have melted into powder, the fireflies come out. They hesitate in the air, as if stunned by dusk.

Lonnie and my mother are sitting beside the now clean pool, and I am sitting on the other side of the "natural forsythia fence" that is planted around it, watching the bats swoop from tree to tree, feeling the darkness clot all around me. I can hear Lonnie and my mother talking, but I can't make out what they are saying.

I love this time of day—early evening, early summer. It makes me want to cry. We always had a barbecue on Memorial Day with my father, and my mother cooked this year's hamburgers on her new barbecue, which Lonnie bought her for Mother's Day (she's old enough to be his mother, but she isn't, I would have said, if I talked), in the same dumb cheerful way she cooked last year's. She has no sense of sanctity, or ritual. She would give Lonnie my father's clothes if my father had left any behind to give.

My mother walks toward me with the hose, then past me toward her garden, to spray the pea plants. "O.K.," she yells to Lonnie, who stands by the spigot. He turns the knob and then goes inside. The light in the kitchen snaps on.

My mother stands with one hand on her hip, the other raising and lowering the hose, throwing large fans of water over the garden. She used to bathe me every night, and I think of the peas hanging in their green skins, dripping. I lie with one ear on the cool grass, and I can hear the water drumming into the garden. It makes me sleepy.

Then I hear it stop, and I look up to see my mother walking toward me, the skin on her bare legs and arms glowing. She sits down beside me, and for a while she says nothing. I pretend I am asleep on the ground, although I know she knows I am awake.

Then she starts to talk, as I knew she would. My mother says, "You are breaking my heart." She says it as if it were literally true, as if her heart were actually breaking. "I just want you to know that," she says. "You're old enough to know that you are breaking my heart."

I sit up. I look at my mother's chest, as if I could see her heart breaking. She has on a polo shirt with a little blue whale on her left breast. I am afraid to look at her face.

We sit like that for a while, and darkness grows around us. When I open my mouth to speak, my mother uncoils her arm from her side and covers my mouth with her hand.

I look at her.

"Wait," she says. "Don't say anything yet."

I can feel her flesh against my lips. Her wrist smells of chlorine. The fireflies, lighting all around us, make me dizzy.

—Peter Cameron

ZIP CODA

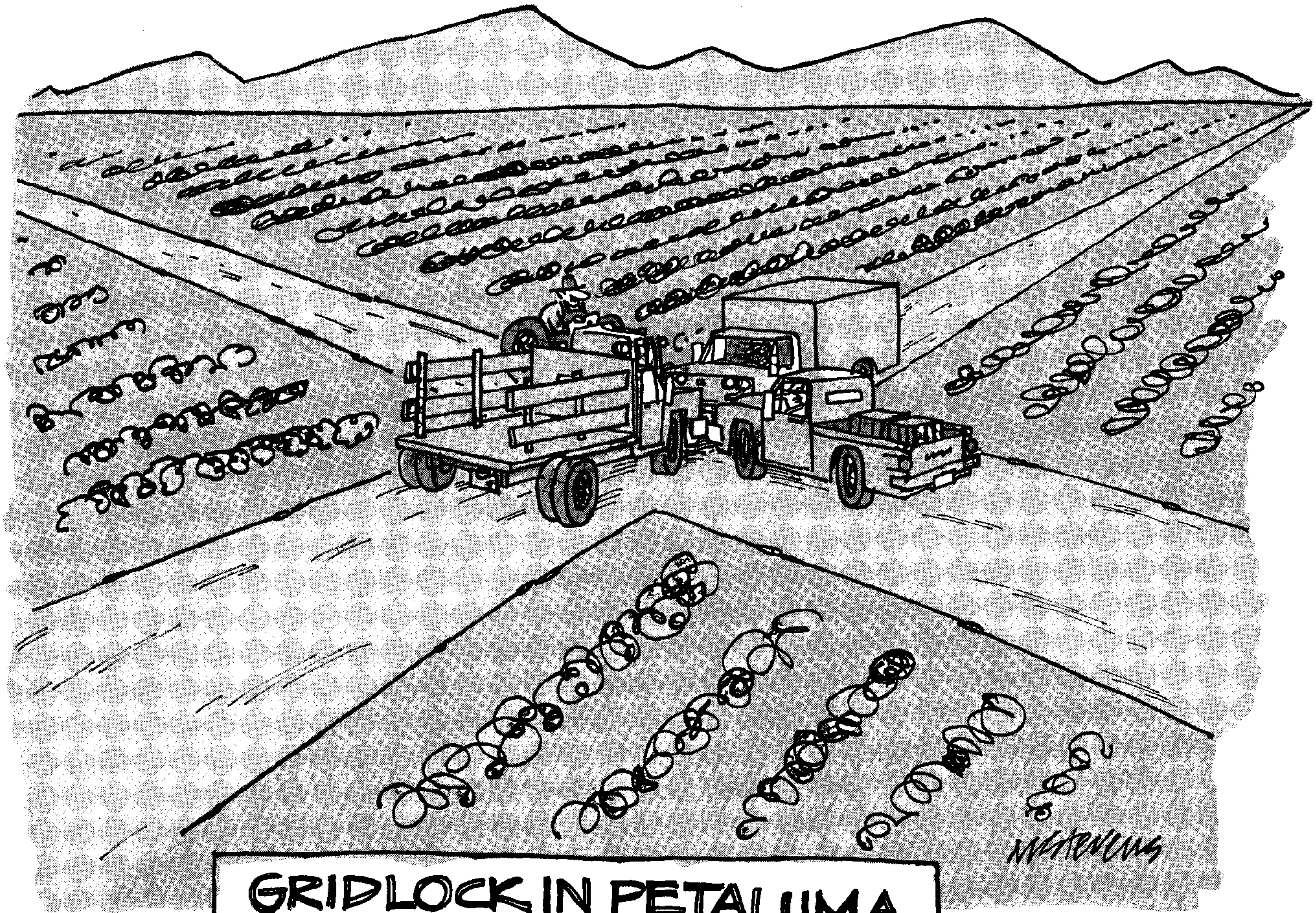
I AM One. I am Many. I am CAR-RTE-SRT Robert Daniel Menaker. I am CAR-RTE-SRT Ms. Roberta Menaler. I am Norbert D. Menniker. I am MENAHER. I am Daniel Menaked. I am PRESORT 1ST CLASS R. Menakken. I am David Menker here. Then I am David Menker there. Then I am David Menker all over the place. I am Dab Menajer today. I am Dab Menajer forever. I am Albert Menscher. My manifestations are without number. My supplicators are legion. Their entreaties resound in an ever-increasing clamor. Harry and David beseech me. Barney proffers richly woven cloths. Sloan with his coupons for SpaghettiOs. Pfaelzer makes offerings of filets. The Annex will teach me party skills. Ted Weiss seeks my favor. Harrington with his cured swine. Madame Rosa will ease my worries and cure my ills. Art Linkletter has hospital insurance for me if Madame Rosa fails. L. L. Bean. Empire House Szechuan and its sliced prawns with seasonal vegetable. Some gallery showing sculptures made of Mylar and pushbrooms. Fortunoff. Jay Iselin for Channel 13. Tote bags are pressed upon me. Umbrellas. Clinique. Screwdriver kits. Two zillion dollars from Publishers Clearing House. Selected broadlooms. LCD penwatches. Legal services. Seeds. I receive all petitions. I answer few.

I'd like to introduce my wife. She is also One. She is also Many. She is CAR-RTE-SRT Katherine Elizabeth Bouton. She is CAR-RTE-SRT Kadstrine Boughton. She is Kahtrenie Boton. She is PRESORT 1ST CLASS Cahterine R. Booton. She is Kathy Burton. She is Katty Boutin. She is Kaplan Boutlin here. Then she is Kaplan Boutlin there. Then she is Kaplan Boutlin all over the place. She is Catharine Boynton today. She is Catharine Boynton forever. Is she not BROUGHTON? She is. Is she not PRESORT 1ST CLASS Mr. Roberta Menaler? She is. Her manifestations are without number. Her supplicators are legion. Many are also my supplicators. Plus a lot more. Vartan Gregorian. Judy Goldsmith. Dr. Helen Caldicott. Ralph Nader. St. John the Divine. Norman Lear. Sally Struthers. Ira Glasser. Estée Lauder. Whales to be saved. Whales to be adopted. She receives all petitions. She answers few.

Together we are One. Together we are Many. We are Occupant. We are Resident. We are Voter. We are Shareholder. We are Addressee. We are Tenant. We are Postal Patron. We are Friend of Riverside Park.

We need a shovel. We need a wheelbarrow. We need a pickup. We need a dumpster. The piles become stacks. The stacks become mounds. The mounds become hills. The hills become mountains. We halloo to each other across the valleys. The cats walk through the canyons. In the spring there are avalanches. Tiny pines spring up around our legs. Gorse and lichens at our waists. Snow is in our hair. We are losing patience. We have had enough. We are moving. Our forwarding address is c/o Crater, Mandalay 00000.

—Daniel Menaker



GRIDLOCK IN PETALUMA

THE FIRST AMERICAN

Ilka Weissnix had been three months in this country when she went West and discovered her first American sitting on a stool in a bar in the desert, across from the railroad. He bought her a whiskey and asked her what in the name of the blessed Jehoshaphat she was doing in Cowtown, Nevada.

"Nevada!" Ilka said. "I have believed I am being in Utah, isn't it?"

"Utah!" The face of the big American turned a sick, gray color. "Where the hell am I?" he asked the barman.

"Hagen," replied the barman, swiping a dish towel at a glass beer mug, "ass end of Noplace, Nevada."

"Aha! So!" Ilka sipped her whiskey and, hiding her smile inside her glass, said, "I do not believe."

"What don't you believe?" asked the American.

"That I sit in Utah."

"Nevada," the man said.

"I do not believe Nevada, Utah, America."

Ilka was twenty-one. It had taken her more than a decade to get from Vienna to New York. She had left in 1938, when Hitler came. The Austrian Weissnixes had known so little of their relations, the Litvak Fishgoppels, Ilka had been unaware that she had an American cousin until some time after the end of the war, when the cousin traced Ilka's whereabouts and sent her a visa and an air ticket.

Fishgoppel had come into New York to meet the new refugee at Idlewild. "*Ich muss nemen ein examen. Ich muss gein back to school,*" shouted Fishgoppel across the roar and shriek of the subway that was carrying them uptown. "*Ihr will stay in mein apartment in New York, O.K.?*"

"Excuse, please?" Ilka had shouted back.

"I'm sorry! My horrible Yiddish!" yelled Fishgoppel and hit herself in the head.

"Yiddish!" shouted Ilka, lighting on the only word she understood. "By us in Vienna has nobody speaken Yiddish outside the Polischen!"

"What?" hollered Fishgoppel, and they laughed and turned out both palms of their hands, understanding each other to mean, "Too noisy. One can't even talk!"

Fishgoppel's small upper-West Side apartment had the simple layout of a dumbbell. The front door opened into the middle of a narrow foyer with a room at each end.

"One for you," said Fishgoppel, "and one for your mother, when we get her to America."

"I don't know where my mother is. I don't know if she lives," said Ilka. She looked around at Fishgoppel's possessions; each object was out of harmony with every other in a way for which the laws of probability did not account. Ilka looked at Fishgoppel: only a persevering spirit could have parlayed that pure skin and wonderful black hair and those sweet, clever eyes into such dowdiness.

"Look at the time!" cried Fishgoppel. "Here is a dictionary. Here is the map of the subway. This is where you get off for the employment agency. Here's where they give English classes. . . . Are you going to manage?"

"Thanks!" said Ilka.

"The butcher on the corner of Broadway speaks German. The shul is two blocks that way."

"Excuse me?"

"Here is my number. Call me. I'll call you. I'll come in for the day as soon as my exams are over. Will you be all right?"

"Yes. Thanks," said Ilka.

"*Don't!*" cried Fishgoppel. "Don't *thank* me!"

Minutes after Fishgoppel had run to catch the train back to New Haven, Ilka took the elevator down and burst into the streets of New York, which looked like the streets of Ilka's childhood Vienna—the same flat, staid, gray façades except that here, right in front of her, walked a real American couple, having an American conversation. Ilka ran to catch up, and walked close behind them. She understood the old man saying, "Because I wear proper shoes in which a person can walk." The old woman said, "Because you don't have bunions." The man said, "Because I wear proper shoes," and Ilka recognized that it was German they were speaking, with the round Viennese vowels cushioned between relaxed Viennese consonants.

When Ilka got back to the apartment the telephone was ringing for Fishgoppel: Would Fishgoppel collect on the sixth floor for the United Negro College Fund?

"I will collect. I am the cousin from Fishgoppel," said Ilka, who wanted to get a look into—to *get* inside—American homes.

The nameplate outside Apartment 6-A said "Wolfgang Placzek." He handed her fifty cents through the cracked door. While 6-B went to look for change, Ilka put her head inside the foyer and saw the little green marble boy extracting the same splinter from his foot, on the same tree stump, on the same round lace doily on which he had sat in Ilka's mother's foyer in Vienna. The woman came back. "Nix! Nothing," she said. It did her grief but her man was not to house. 6-C was Fishgoppel, and 6-D would not open; the voice through the peephole came from Berlin. It did her grief also but her sister had a stroke and was to bed.

"*How?*" Ilka asked the woman at the employment agency when she told Ilka to go away and practice her English. "With *whom* shall I praxis, when *you* are the only American I met in New York? The onlies others that I met in my English class are yet other outlanders, which know always only yet other outlanders, which know yet lesser English as I!"

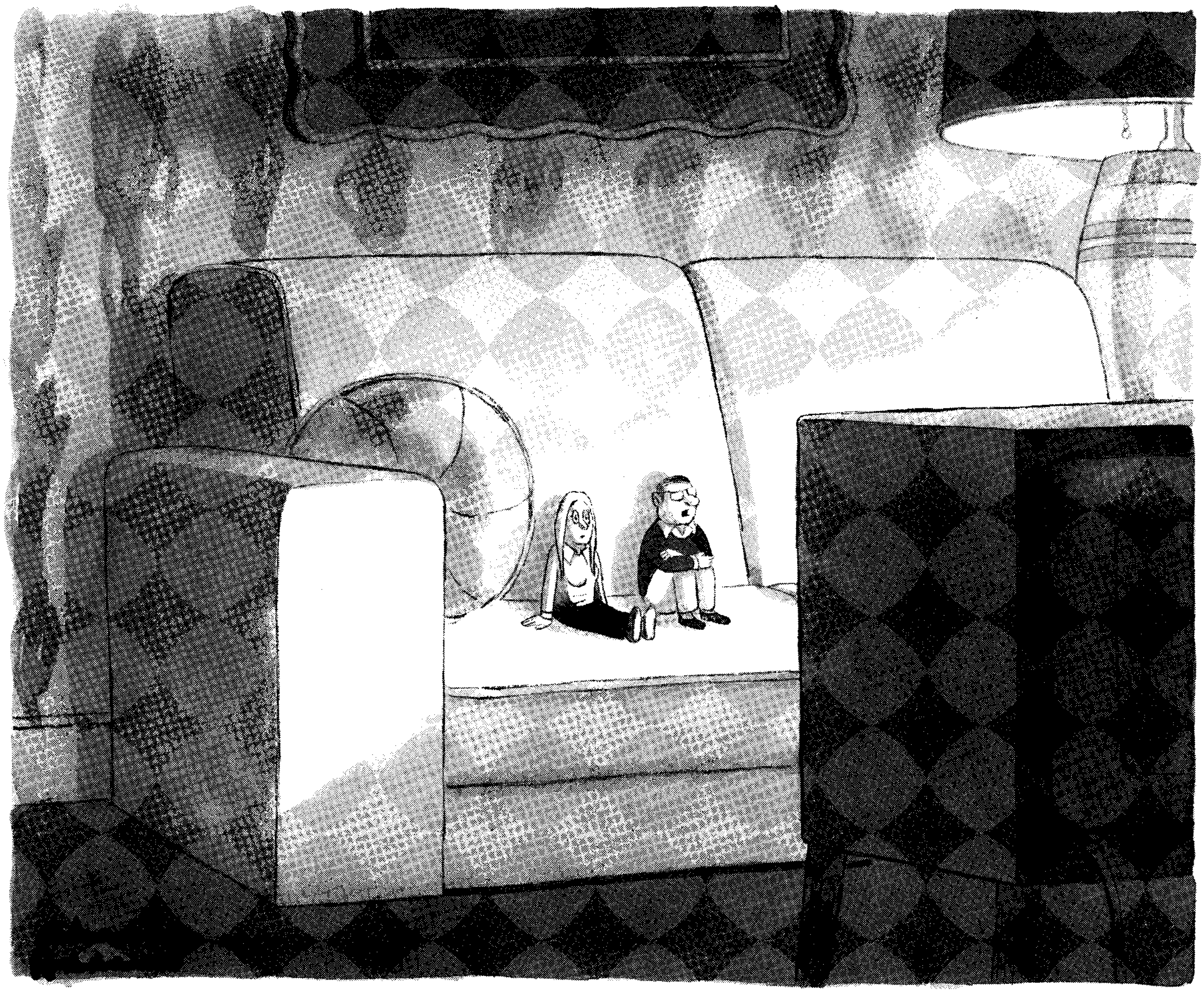
The woman on the other side of the desk drew her head back from the assault of Ilka's complaining. She was a fat woman with a lot of corseted and useless bosom. She looked as if there was some complaining *she* might do, give her half a chance. "New York," she finally said to Ilka, "is not America, like all you people always think."

The next time Fishgoppel came in to see how Ilka was managing, Ilka complained to her that New York was not America.

Fishgoppel frowned, did some mental arithmetic, and offered Ilka the week's trip West.

Fishgoppel returned to New Haven and Ilka went West. She practiced her English with the train conductor. He leaned over the back of the seat in front of Ilka and asked her to guess how long he had been on this Denver–Los Angeles run.

"Excuse me?" Ilka smiled the self-conscious smile she knew from her mirror, and regretted. It exposed her two long front teeth with the little gap between and made her look, she be-



"Good Lord! Not another mini-series."

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lieved, like a friendly village simpleton. She was a thin girl. In certain lights her hair matched the color of her eyes, which Ilka thought of as khaki. She smiled apologetically and sweetly at the round, red-faced conductor; he looked like a healthy old baby. He held up three left and two right fingers. "Thirty-two years!"

"Aha!" said Ilka.

"Know it like"—he pointed to the inside of his pocket, "like the"—and he held up the palm of his hand and pointed at it. "I'll be back," he promised.

Ilka looked out at land as level as the primordial water before the creation of breath disturbed its surface, uninterrupted by any object, manmade or natural, as far as the ruler-straight horizon, except outside the window on her left, where a grid of apartment buildings formed a small, square city whose near perimeter coincided with the railroad platform. The train stopped when it had aligned Ilka with Main Street, at the far end of which stood a mountain, like a giant purple ice-cream cone turned upside down on the perfectly flat world. Ilka wanted somebody to laugh with, to turn to and say, "I don't believe this!" She might have imagined that she had imagined this Atlantis onto the desert floor but for the details, which were not in her experience to engender: bars, bowling alleys, barbershops, numberless eating places with neon signs that ran and jumped and stopped, and switched from pastel greens to pale yellows to pinks leached out by the tail end of daylight.

Ilka's conductor returned. He multiplied his ten fingers by thrusting them into Ilka's face nine separate times: "A ninety-minute stopover." He handed her down the steps.

And that was how Ilka Weissnix from Vienna came to stand in the middle of the New World. Ilka thought she was in Utah, and she thought Utah was dead in the heart of America.

Ilka was very excited. She ran up the platform until it stopped across from the long, low building which formed the northwest corner of the square little town. The building was made of a rosy, luminescent brick and quivered in the blue haze of the oncoming night—it levitated. Its classic windows and square white letters saying "AMERICAN GLUE INC" moved Ilka with a sense of beauty so out of proportion with its object she recognized euphoria. It knocked out her common sense of time. Afraid of being left behind, but more afraid that she might miss what more there might be to be seen, Ilka turned and ran close alongside the train until the platform stopped across from the shack which held the northeast end of town down upon the desert the way one of those little gummed corners fixes your snapshot in place on the page of a photograph album. The shack had a roof like a cocked hat slipped down over one eye. A neon sign said "Larr 's B r nd Eats."

With the reluctance of someone who sticks a foot into an alien element, Ilka stepped off the platform onto the dirt road, crossed to the other side, and with a palpitating heart depressed the handle of the door.

THE thin man behind the bar went on wiping a glass with an agitated white dishcloth, but the elderly American swivelled on his barstool to see who had come in. He was a very large, very stout man with grizzled hair, cut peculiarly short, and flattened against the big skull in a way the girl did not understand. His skin had a yellow hue. The nose was flat, the mouth wide—like a frog's, Ilka would have thought, if it had not been for a look about him of weight, of weightiness. Like a Roman senator, thought Ilka.

Feeling herself looked at, Ilka had ducked into the booth nearest the door. By the time she raised her self-conscious smile, the big American had returned to his conversation with the barman. There were women who got looked at longer—Ilka knew that. Anyway, he was an older man, and what Ilka had come West for was American conversation.

Ilka listened and thought the barman said, "Coming down cats and dogs but I mean something fierce," and, thinking she hadn't been listening properly, she listened harder.

The barman said, "This kid I knew in high school's dad is in a cab coming down Lex I think it was."

The man on the barstool said, "This is in New York?," which Ilka understood. She felt encouraged and leaned closer and listened.

The barman said, "Where else is there? Guess the brakes quit on the guy. This kid's dad. He lost his thumb, busted both legs, left side of his face is all chewed up, and this pip of a shyster out of nowhere is running alongside the stretcher, says he can get him a lump sum in compensation, which is what I'm telling you is what you have to have, once in your lifetime, give you an opportunity."

Ilka was trying to connect "shyster" (the English cognate, presumably, of the German "*scheissen*") and "lump" (as in a mattress) plus "sum" (the mathematical result of totting up), and she had missed everything the barman said after that. She forgot to listen and studied the red plastic booth she sat in. Ilka thought that the back seats of two automobiles had been taken out and placed face to face; three booths times two back seats in each made—six red automobiles!

The barman said, "Got the wife to sue for deprivation of sexual excess or whatever—"

"Access?" suggested the older man on the stool.

"You name it, he sued for it." The barman was coming around the bar and walking toward Ilka saying, "Physicaltormentalanguishdiminishedreproductivity . . . What'll it be?" he asked Ilka.

"Excuse, please?" said Ilka and smiled at him with her apologetic teeth and shook her head. "I cannot yet so well English."

The barman, who seemed worn to bone and nerve by a chronic high of exasperation, picked a shred of plastic off the flaking red seat while his foot kicked the center leg to see if the table held. He raised his chin like a dog about to howl and said, "You want a drink?"

"Please, coffee," said Ilka.

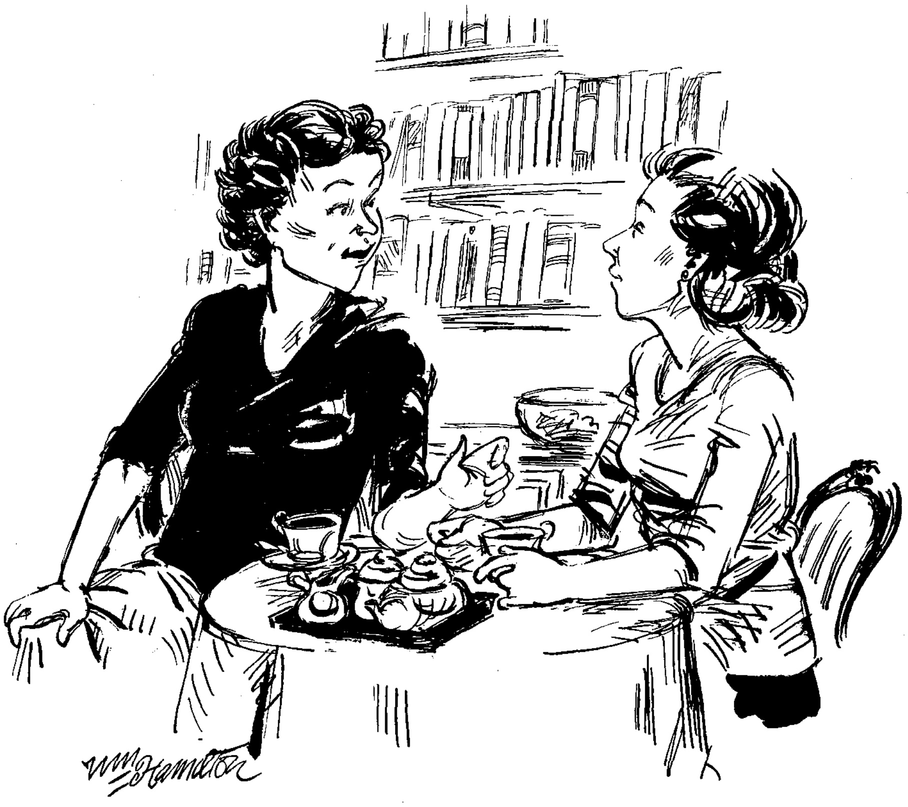
"Coffee!" howled the barman in a voice outside the human range of sound. He walked back around the bar and disappeared through a door into a region beyond Ilka's sight and outside the range of her imagination. She pictured a blackness, out of which the barman's voice went on with what he had been telling the man on the barstool: "This kid's dad comes out the hospital, has lost his hearing in one ear—or *wishes* he lost it, is what he used to tell us kids, so he wouldn't hear this noise all the time like someone pissing inside his ear, loud, like Niagara."

"Jesus!" the man on the stool said. "That could drive a man to drink."

"Only thing could drown it out was trumpets turned with the volume all the way up. See," said the barman, "this is hi-fi coming in. This guy, he buys every damn book, reads up in the magazines, and goes into audio with his lump sum in compensation, and makes a mint. Owns his own home in Bayshead! But you don't get a lump sum," said the barman, coming out with Ilka's cup of coffee, "you don't got a opportunity, I don't care what anybody is going to tell you."

"And that's true, too," said the stout older man. He raised his voice to the tenor pitch that best carried it into the booth by the door, where the young blonde sat and watched him. "The problem, as I see it, is how you're going to put your idea over."

"My idea?" said the barman.



"It really is such a small world. I happen to hate her, too."

"You want me to introduce it in the United Nations for you?"

Ilka was surprised at the high, hilarious note coming from the weighty-looking older man.

"Or were you thinking in terms of an amendment to the Bill of Rights?"

"Was I thinking . . ."

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men have the unalienable right to a lump sum?"

"Once in your lifetime," said the barman, "is all I'm saying to you."

"See if I understand you, now, is this for white only, or Negro as well?"

"Listen! I ain't prejudiced like your local cowboys. I'm from New York!" said the barman. "Ain't I standing here talking to you like a person? You want, I'll make you a sandwich?"

"Jesus God!" the man on the stool said gaily. "Imagine every one of us black sons of a gun going to have an equal opportunity to get our thumbs, legs, and eardrums busted, same as any white man in the land! Let me check *this* out with you: Everybody has to first get pretty much chewed up is what you're saying?"

"That's what it's compensation *for!* The way I figure it you don't get something for nothing, but how it is now you get nothing period."

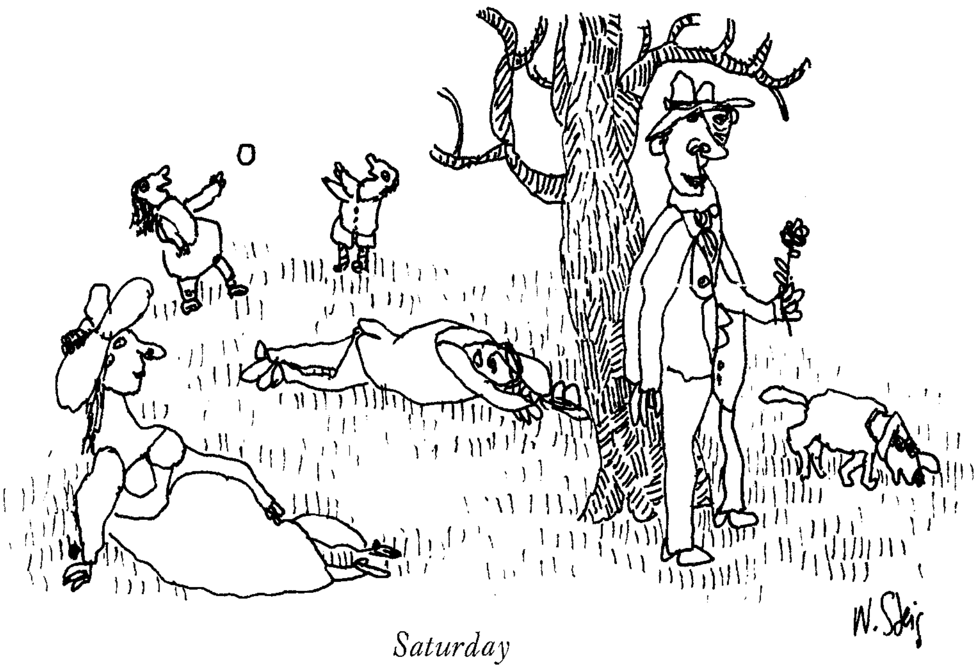
"It's an idea," said the man on the stool, "that will revolutionize the economy!"

"It is? It will?" The barman looked nervous.

"Sure!" the man on the stool said. He crossed one ankle over the other, effecting a quarter turn in Ilka's direction. "Say you take the Social Security money for the year X and, instead of pissing it away on the poor, the old, and the sick, you divvy it up—let's say three thousand bucks apiece, to every baby born that same year, black *and* white—and—stick with me here—the government invests each baby's three thousand at, say, five per cent, till the babies get to be twenty-nine. Or would you say thirty-five?"

"Thirty-five has more horse sense," said the barman.

"O.K. Now," said the man on the stool, "when the babies are thirty-five they cut off their thumbs, break their legs, pierce their eardrums, and give each and every one of them the lump sum of . . ." He patted his breast pocket, took out an envelope, and said, "You got a pencil there? Thank you. Three thousand at five per cent times thirty-five compounded"—the man on the stool did arithmetic for a while—"dollars fifteen thousand seven hundred and sixty!" he said triumphantly.



Saturday

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The barman looked agitated. "And the poor, old, sick folks?"

"*What* poor, old, sick folks!" cried the man on the stool. "*They* got *their* lumps when *they* were thirty-five and made a mint! They own their own homes—Negroes, whites, everybody! In Bayshead!"

"I guess," said the barman.

ILKA had stopped listening. She studied the expanse of the older man's tweed back. It was an autumnal mixture of heather flecked with rust, mauve, green. . . . Ilka had observed that same easy angle of the wrist of the hand which held the cigarette in other men, and women, too. She thought it connoted the carnal know-how she despaired of for herself. Ilka could see the man's tongue laughing inside his enormous mouth. She had never seen a grown person laugh so loudly for such a long time, with the mouth so wide open. Now he raised his eloquent right hand; he beckoned. Ilka turned to see who might have come in the door behind her, but there was no one to claim the gesture and she turned back with a conscious smile, trusting it to double for an acknowledgment, in case he meant her, and a general complaisance if he hadn't.

"You ever get yours?" the man asked the barman.

"Worse luck," said the barman. "I was in construction, damn near killed in a cave-in. Man, what a mess! See now, here's what I'm telling you. When they used to give me my thirty bucks Saturday night, by Monday morning—like you said—I pissed it away, what else is there? But you put five thousand smackeroos *into* my hand, I'm a capitalist! I'm going to hang on to every lousy buck! I'm going to *make* something out of myself."

"What did you do?"

"I read where they were building this four-lane highway, and I come out here, I see the surveyors with my own eyes! Outside this window! I figure I buy this place cheap—the big money wants to be *on* Main—and do it up nice, like New York. You can't tell anymore now, but ten years ago this place was, I mean sharp! I figure every one of the fellers be coming in here for his breakfast, lunch, a home away from home, and booze it up nights for the three or whatever years it's going to take them to build me a highway up to my front door, I sell out at a price, go back, and open a classy place on Third Avenue—how can I lose?"

"What happened?" the man on the stool asked.

"They built the highway four miles the other side of town is what happened."

"You going to sell out, then?"

"To who? You going to be fool enough to take my monkey and put it on your back? Are you? No, you are not!"

"You got the custom from the railroad," the man said.

"Oh, right!" the barman said. "There's the 10:45 A.M. Denver-L.A. and the 12:15 L.A.-Denver, and the

5:40 you got off of, and the 8 P.M. the lady came on"—he indicated Ilka, listening in her booth—"maybe a couple rednecks drop in for a beer and put two nickels in the juke. You want another bourbon?"

"Maybe the lady will join me?"

He did mean me, thought Ilka, gratified. It was me he beckoned.

"Will you have a drink?"

"Thanks, no," said Ilka. "I must soon back in the train. Thanks!"

But the man had risen and was standing, with a nice formality, next to his stool. It took Ilka time to extricate her feet from under the table and walk across the floor. The man waited until she had seated herself before resuming his own stool. He offered her a cigarette. "Thanks, no." Ilka did not smoke. What would she like to drink? Ilka did not drink.

"No, thanks. *Likör* makes me—how do you say it in English '*sich übergeben*'? To overgive the self . . . You can maybe German?"

"A little Swahili?" the man offered.

"Excuse, please?"

"I don't know German. I'm sorry."

Ilka did a charade, and he said, "Liquor makes you throw up? No it doesn't." To the barman he said, "The lady will have a Black & White diluted with a little water, start her off nice and easy. I'll teach you how to drink," he told Ilka.

"You are living here?" Ilka asked him.

"Christ, no!" the man said. He told Ilka that he was en route from California to New York for a brand-new start and had stopped off to have himself one, last big bender.

"Speak, please, slower," said Ilka.

"I'm going to tie one on," explained the man, and it was here he had asked Ilka what in the name of the blessed Jehoshaphat she was doing in Cowtown, Nevada, which Ilka had mistaken, and was, for the years to come, to persist in mistaking, for Utah.

Ilka said, "I search for Americans. Except the woman from the employment office, you are my first real."

"Real . . . ?" the man leaned his ear toward her.

"A real American," said Ilka.

"Of the second class," said the big man.

Ilka shook her head and said, "I think every moment I am understanding lesser and lesser."

It was here that Carter Bayoux introduced himself. He said, "I'm a wonderful teacher."

"My name is Ilonka Weissnix," said Ilka. "And I want to learn"—she made a large, inclusive gesture—"this all."

They shook hands. He said, "Let me buy you a sandwich. What do you like?"

Ilka smiled inside her glass and said, "I cannot the names of the American sandwich."

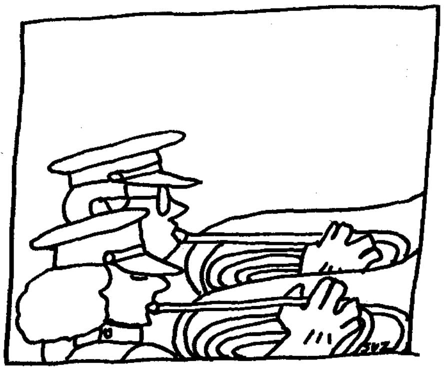
"You make Reubens?" the man asked the barman.

"Do fish swim?" is what Ilka thought the barman replied before he disappeared back into his private darkness.

"You don't look like a teacher," said Ilka and blushed: she thought she was flirting.

The man regarded Ilka with his bright brown stare and asked, "Like what do I look?"

"That," said Ilka, "is what I am not understanding. When I walk on Broadway and see an old Viennese pair I can understand already from behind what the man has worked in Vienna, how it looked in their room . . ." Ilka stopped, appalled at the number and complication of the English sentences ahead.



"Go on," the man said.

She shook her head. Ilka meant that she recognized the proportions, height by width, of the old man's Jewish back, which fit and failed to fit, in the same places, into the same suit Ilka's father wore to the shop. The fabric that upholstered the fat old wife was the navy cotton, patterned with the same full-blown roses, bows, garlands, and violins, of Great-Aunt Mali's Sunday dresses. Those German prewar cottons wore like iron and had outlasted Great-Aunt Mali, as well as Ilka's father and three aunts, five uncles, and two of the cousins who used to gather for Aunt Mali's afternoons of *Kaffee und Gugelhupf*. Aunt Mali's oversize table had stood square in the middle of the room; the tile stove in the left corner gave off too much heat. The walls were dark and striped, the curtains lace, and the drapes flowered and fringed with black wooden beads, which little Ilka, lying on the Turkey carpet—cozy, too hot, bored, more than half asleep—had pulled off one after the other. Aunt Mali had sat drinking coffee, and watched Ilka.

Ilka shook her head and said, "It is too complicate to tell it. But I look at you and . . ."

"Yes?"

Ilka shook her head. She meant that she did not understand his hair; that the size of his mouth and his laughter did not go with the urbane bend of his wrist and the way he crossed his ankles; that the luxurious tweed of his

COMMELINA VIRGINICA

Sky-high, the light would be gold already,
the morning having come down part and piecemeal:
gentian, violet, forget-me-not, a ladder's
length of blue. Breakfast and bitching and the first
big trees swallowing, it seemed, the sound of everything—
I was so close to the ground all I could
hear was falling. That was nineteen forty-
three, almost the first year I remember.
I loved rising early among these men
my father loved—coffee and biscuits,
bacon on the grill,
the smoke from the fire the same as the air.
I loved the way the air took color from the leaves.
The dayflowers I picked because they were blue
and delicate, almost, as ash drifting,
and had two petals larger than the third,
and disappeared in hand and left no stain.
I picked them again and again, and let

them go, or thought I did.

—STANLEY PLUMLY

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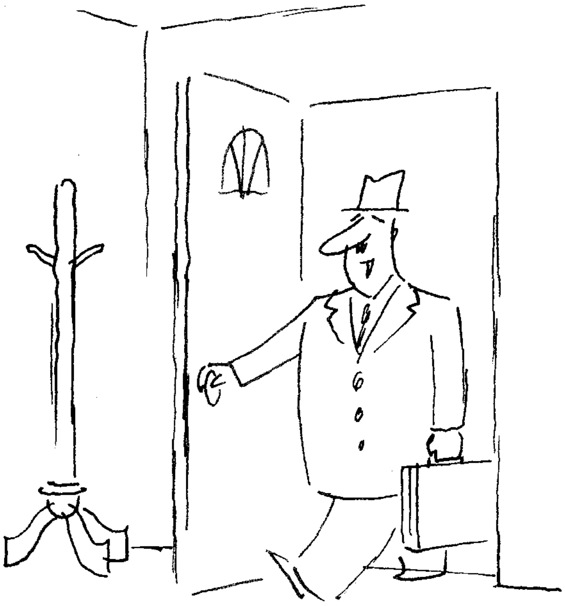

"Honey, I'm home!"

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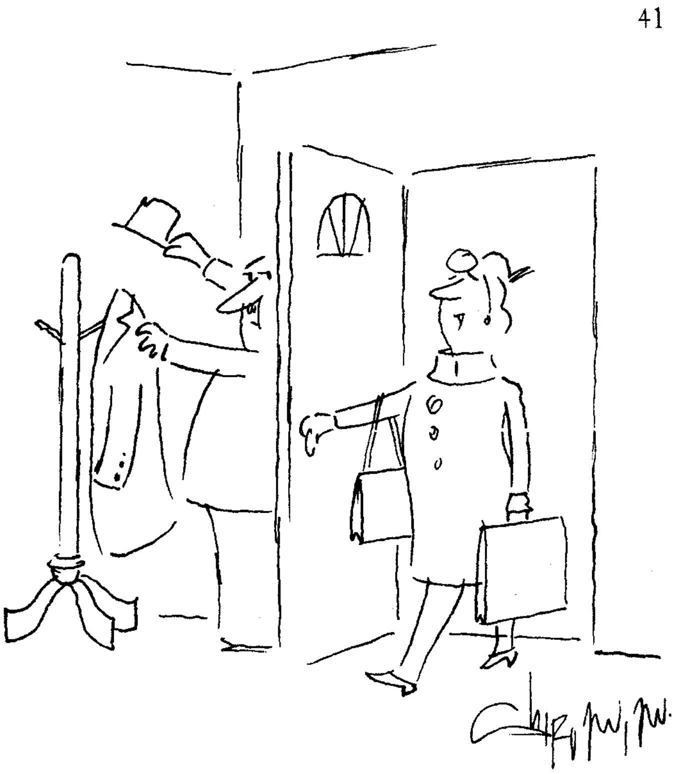

"Honey, I'm home!"

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jacket contradicted his wide nose and mouth.

Ilka said, "Take for an example these two Americans which are coming in by the door." She swivelled on her stool and watched the newcomers settle into the booth she had recently vacated. They called for Larry. "Couple beers, Larry!" One was a little shorter, with a big chest, the other a few years younger perhaps. Both were in their thirties, of middling height, and wore, it seemed to Ilka, their undershirts. They had ruddy arms and blunt, round heads and they looked underdone, as if they had been taken out prematurely and put down in the world.

Ilka said, "I look, and I am seeing two men, but I cannot imagine what they are making for a living, or how dress their wives, or how it looks in their rooms . . ."

The one who was perhaps younger shouted, "Larry? What's with Larry?" and stuck his head out of the booth; he looked around the room, and the American on the stool said, "Keep talking," in a different, high voice Ilka had not heard before. She turned to see what had happened. Nothing had happened. There was nothing different in the way he sat, with his ankles crossed, his right hand around the glass on the bar; he had not moved so much as his eyes to take in the newcomers, but sat very still; only his left arm, pivoting at the shoulder, brought the cigarette to his mouth and took it away again. In his new voice, pitched in the high, thin register of the castrato, he said, "I'll buy you dinner on Main Street."

"Oh! But," said Ilka, "Larry makes already our sandwich, isn't it?"

And here came Larry with two foaming mugs, which he carried around the bar and across the floor. He set them on the table between the two men and slid into the booth, next to the one with the big chest. (This aborted and unexplained sandwich Ilka laid away in the patient back part of the mind where a child keeps things it doesn't know what to make of, and other things it doesn't know it doesn't understand; there they lie forgotten, but available to join with future information that will elucidate some but not all.)

The man on the stool smoked his cigarette down to a nubbin, then took his wallet from his breast pocket. He said, "We leave separately."

"Excuse me?"

"Go out the door, turn left, walk to Main Street, and wait for me."

"I can wait in here," said Ilka.

The man did not say anything. Ilka looked at him. Was it that his neck had thickened—or shortened? Or withdrawn into his shoulders? Had the ears retracted? The head and shoulders had streamlined; some outside pressure, failing to eliminate his person, had compacted it, and reduced its size without affecting its bulk. He looked like a high-calibre torpedo. Ilka saw what she saw and stored it away in her mind. She said, "Yes, so then, I will wait at the corner."

He did not raise his head; he was busy with his wallet. Ilka collected her things and rose.

"We are not all white" was what she thought one of the men in the booth had said. She stopped and looked in and the man with the chest was looking her straight in the eye. It was to her he was talking.

Ilka said, "Excuse me?" The other, younger man, too, was looking at her. Ilka said, "I am new in America, and cannot so well understand." She smiled her sweet, apologetic smile, and leaned closer to listen harder, and the man, looking her in the eye and enunciating very clearly, said it again: "We are not all white."

Ilka smiled. She shook her head.

"Either one of you fellows once in your lifetime got a lump sum? Did *you* ever have a opportunity?" the barman was asking the two men as Ilka walked out of the door.

THIS end of town was deserted and dark, the way the blacked-out wartime cities of Europe had been dark, except for that same curious pink glow Ilka had observed in the night sky over Manhattan. She imagined that it emanated from the noisy neon lights of every Times Square or Main Street, floated upward and spread like a comforter of rosy and possibly noxious haze over America.

Ilka walked to Main Street and waited. Presently the big American from the bar stood at the curb beside her. He kept a slice of the night air between them. The purple mountain had been assumed into the blackness, which had pepped up the colored lights. Over the restaurant across the street a blue cow blinked glamorous Disney lashes once, twice, and went out. "THE BLUE COW" spelled itself in yellow capitals. Ilka felt excited and hilarious. On both thronging sidewalks everyone was male and young.

"I don't *believe!* I think this I have imagined!" Ilka laughed. She turned to the American.

He was looking at her; he looked deliberately across the street, and back at Ilka, and said, "We're standing here, side by side, but how do I know what you see?"

"This," Ilka said with a sensation of bliss, "is what I am meaning." She was afterward to identify it as the moment in which she fell in love; it coincided with a break in the traffic and his first, slight touch under her elbow—an anachronistic courtesy that assumes the woman cannot step down into the street or make it safely to the other side without the man's supporting hand. He withdrew it as soon as he had helped her up the curb.

"Where would you like to eat?"

"I would like that you are choosing."

"Right," he said. He walked her past "THE BLUE COW" and past the "Bar and Beef." "Are you afraid?" he asked her.

"No," said Ilka, "because I am with you."

"With me. Ah," the big American said, walking past the "Steak and Swill" and past "Harry's Hash," but at "The Versailles"—no better, it seemed to Ilka, and no worse than the others—he opened and held the door.

"Here by the window is good for looking," said the insatiable Ilka, but the man walked her past the window table, walked past a second and a third empty table, and made a U-turn around a table from which three men had raised their eyes. The three men watched a large middle-aged yellow-skinned Negro march out the door, followed by a thin young blonde.

Back in the street, he asked Ilka if she was hungry.

"Not so hungry," said Ilka.

They walked past Harry's Hash, and he turned and looked behind him. Ilka turned also. She said, "I don't understand what for men are all these . . ."

"Men!" said the man. They passed the Steak and Swill. "Good enough fellows, as fellows go—care for their kids, satisfy their wives some of the time, do their work well as can be expected, and pay their taxes, mostly, go to church, or not, and will string me up as soon as look at me."

"String you?" Ilka did not understand him. She said, "I think soon I must again instep in the train, isn't it?"

"I'll wait with you," said the man. They walked past the Bar and Beef, past the Blue Cow. He held her elbow across the dirt road and assisted her up onto the platform.

"Aren't you afraid of me?" the big American asked Ilka as they walked alongside the empty, darkened train.

Ilka thought about this, and said, "No."

They sat down on a bench underneath one of the half-dozen lamps, weak and unsteady as gaslight, that made no inroads upon the darkness.

"I would have liked to make love to you," said the American gloomily.

Ilka, who was not in the habit of receiving propositions, understood this one as a courtesy, intended as a compliment. The man said, "When a man hasn't so much as managed to buy a woman dinner, it's not conducive."

"I'm not so hungry," said Ilka.

"Well well well well well," the American said. "I owe you."

They exchanged addresses. He wrote Fishgoppel's telephone number into a well-worn leather-bound address book. On the corner of an envelope he wrote the name of the hotel in New York where, he said, he used to live and might take a room, if they had one, until he figured out what the hell he was doing.

"There is my conductor," said Ilka.

"When do you get back to town?"

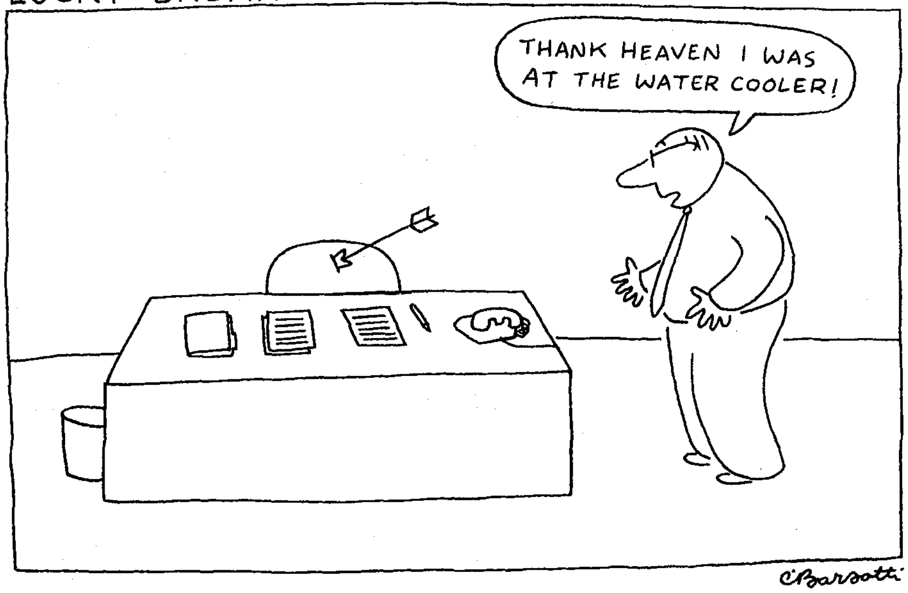
"Sunday," said Ilka. "Monday I must go again to—I call it the agency of unemployment."

"Ah, yes, indeed," the man said. He handed her up the steps, into the train.

When Ilka turned to say goodbye she saw the droop of his face, and the sad expanse of his cheek grew large, larger, blurred; it filled Ilka's eyes, and Ilka's lips touched and depressed the male softness of his flesh, while her mind went scampering after something funny, in English, with which to unsay what she was doing here. Ilka laughed and said, "This also I do not believe! You, I know, I imagined!" and withdrew her head to the distance at which the features of his face resumed their surface and outline with a difference: his wide-open, unblinking eyes looked without a hint of irony, and shameless with emotion, full into Ilka's face.

Ilka ducked up the stairs, found her seat, and let the window down. When had the platform filled with so many people saying their goodbyes and getting onto the train? It took her a moment to identify the back of the American from the barstool, already walking away. —Lore Segal

LUCKY BREAK


THANK HEAVEN I WAS AT THE WATER COOLER!
CBarsotti

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TUSCAN SPRING

THE train from Rome to Florence passes through beautiful country. I rode it in March of last year, after a long, cold winter in London. My wife was tired from travelling and had fallen asleep in her seat, so I bought a can of Peroni beer from a vender, walked to the rear of the car, and looked out an observation window at vineyards and farms. Every now and then, a river came into view. It was high and muddy, carrying its spring payload of melted snow. I was considering whether or not I could afford to buy a fishing rod when a conductor in a neatly pressed uniform asked for my ticket. He did this casually, with the nonchalance that many Italians reserve for dispatching their duties. I asked him if there were trout in the river, and he said that of course there were trout. He spoke not like a fisherman but like a person who was proud of the rivers of Italy, certain that they could not be lacking in anything a tourist from America might desire.

"Are we in Tuscany yet?" I asked.

"No. Still Latium." He consulted a schedule of tariffs. "I'm sorry, *signore*, but you must pay a supplement for the *rapido*."

The *rapido* was the train we were on, the fastest kind in Italy. It cost a bit more to ride than other trains. It rocked from side to side as it sped along the tracks. At first, the rocking was bothersome, but once you got used to it you felt as secure and comfortable as a baby. My wife was not the only passenger it had put to sleep. I took some lira notes from my pocket. The notes were old. Several of them were held together with tape.

"Do you know what kind of grapes they grow here?" I asked.

"Nothing special."

"The wine from them is no good?"

"*Non c'è male*," he said, meaning "Not bad." Then he said, "You can drink any wine when you're thirsty, but that won't make it Chianti."

I realized then that he must be Tuscan. There are some fine wines—Frascati, Colonna—produced in southern Latium, below Rome, but Tuscans don't like to admit this. For them, only Chianti will do—preferably Chianti from the rocky Classico district, between Florence and Siena. The soil there is ancient clay schist covered with flint, limestone, and pebbly sand. It is not duplicated anywhere in Italy.

"Have you visited Florence before?" the conductor asked.

"Almost twenty years ago," I said. "I was a student there."

He nodded. "Many students in Florence. This time, will you stay?"

"If we can find a place to live."

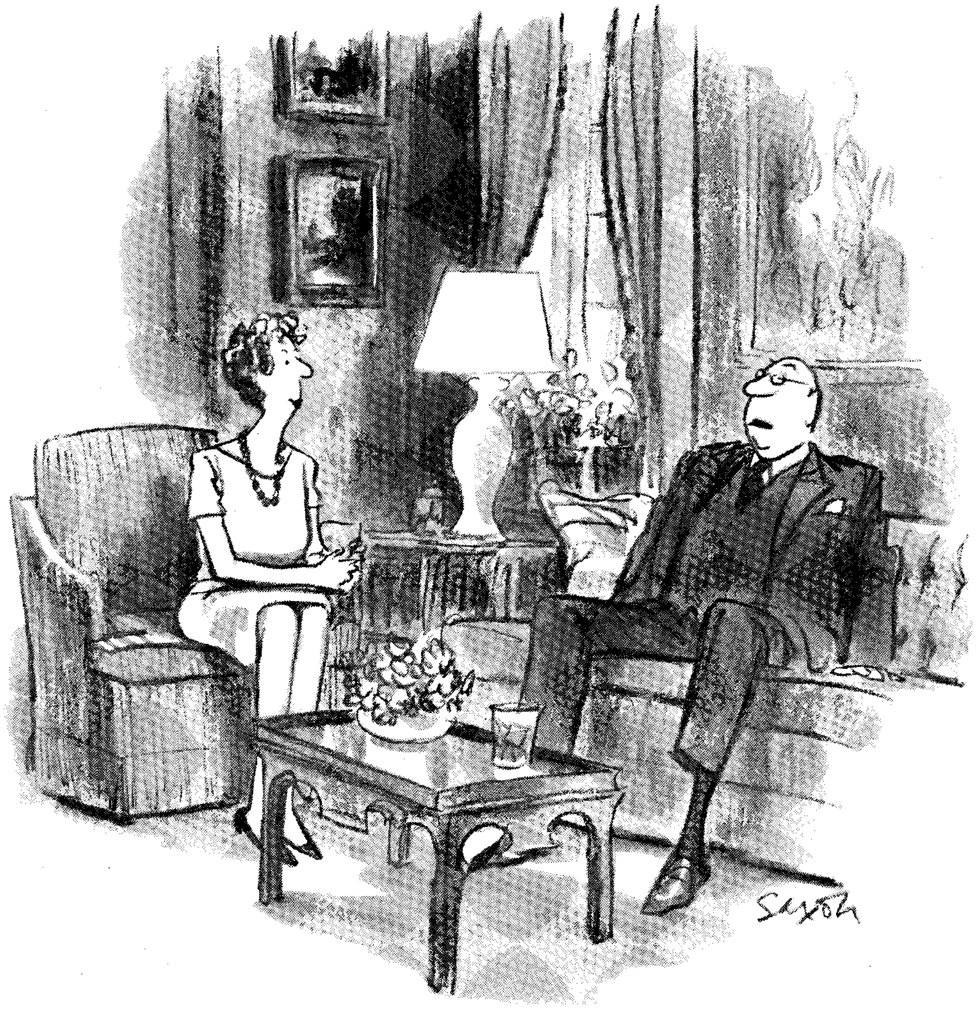
"You will stay long?"

"Until the money runs out."

The conductor wrote something on his pad. "A restaurant," he said, handing me a piece of paper. "The best for eating. My cousin Angelo works there." I thanked him for the information. He smiled, gave me a mock salute, and moved on to the next car.

The vineyards and farms finally gave way to the outskirts of Florence. I saw two-story and three-story apartment houses with small yards that contained the universal junk of the poor. The city looked cramped and inconsequential after the warm expansiveness of Rome. The people in the train station seemed to be trying to become invisible by drawing into themselves. They had none of the blatant narcissism of Romans, who treat Rome as an extension of their bodies, gliding through it at their ease.

We took a taxi to our *pensione*, in the Santa Croce district. It was on the fourth floor of an old palace. The ceiling in the foyer had a mural of cherubim and seraphim blowing trumpets, but the rates were still low—less than thirty dollars a night. The manager was a slight, elegant, friendly man who had the impeccable manners of a true Florentine. In the crowded



"I'm sorry, Elizabeth. I've been charming and amusing all day, and I have no more to give."

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streets, these manners are often disguised, or transformed into brutal aggressiveness, but in the sanctity of a home—a good *pensione* is like a home—the graciousness of Florentines is manifest.

"O.K.?" the manager asked, showing us a very clean room with two metal-frame cots, like the cots you see in monasteries.

"Breakfast is included?"

"Of course," he said, sounding hurt.

I lay awake that night listening to the traffic and wondering if Florence would be able to live up to the version of it I'd imagined over the years. In my mind, it was a golden city—probably because I'd come to it when I was young and inexperienced, before I knew anything about suffering. Ever since my student days, I had wanted to return, but I'd never had the cash until quite recently, so I'd contented myself with talking schoolboy Italian to delicatessen clerks and staring at reproductions of Renaissance art in oversized books I borrowed from the library. The books were always missing a key plate, since anybody who has been touched by Italy is always trying to steal a piece of it. All around California, there were stolen Madonnas tacked up on apartment walls. I had a Madonna on my bedroom wall, and also a print that I'd bought on that first trip—a Giotto fresco that shows some anguished monks gathered at the deathbed of St. Francis. The monks kiss his fingers and toes, they weep and moan, they throw their arms toward the sky in an outraged way. The fresco was just across the street from me now, in the Church of Santa Croce, but I wasn't ready to look at it. I didn't want to be measuring things, doing comparisons—not so soon.

EVERY morning, we ate breakfast in the dining room of the *pensione*. A maid in a blue housecoat brought us coffee and hot milk, fresh rolls, butter, marmalade, and packets of cherry jam. The manager always waved to us. He sat at a table by a window, feeding spoonfuls of sugar into his espresso. This is the Florentine vice—not sex or drink but sugar, a palliative sweetness, a tiny secret on the tongue. I would linger awhile to read the daily paper in the hope of finding a short-term rental, but none were ever advertised. The Italian government has enacted strict rent-control laws, and vacancies are rare except in summer, when people escape the heat by going to the seashore.

A friend in the States had given me the name of a woman who knew about things—real-estate things. When I phoned her, she told me that she did not in fact know of anything in the city proper, but that there was a villa to rent in Arcetri, a hilly suburb south of Florence, a couple of miles from the Arno River. We went to look at it the next evening. It belonged to an elderly Austrian couple who were out of the country. A Swiss hotelier took care of it for them, because it was on his property—about three acres that formed a compound behind walls and fences.

The hotelier was generous, soft-spoken, with a polyglot's sensitivity to nuance. He led us downhill from his own house through a field strewn with wild flowers. In the distance we could see the villa—a boxy three-story structure with a fieldstone exterior. The stones were tan and light gray, set off by brown window shutters. Olive trees were planted around the villa, along with cypresses and fruit trees. The rooms inside were furnished with heavy pieces in oak and mahogany. Everywhere was a stale fragrance of inoccupancy, of dust and history. The hotelier told us we could have the place for five hundred dollars a month, half the usual price, since it was not yet the season for tourism and, besides, the house needed some repairs.

Almost as soon as we moved in, the need for repairs began to reveal itself. The tiles on the terrace off the master bedroom were broken, and so was the furnace, and so were two of the four burners on the stove, and so was the oven in the stove. The wooden angel in the guest bedroom had two broken wings. The oil paintings in the living room, a cardinal and a Madonna, had scratches and tears. The nineteen-fifties hi-fi console didn't work, and the television set worked only intermittently. The fireplace flue was broken. Several volumes of the complete

Photo Pesin

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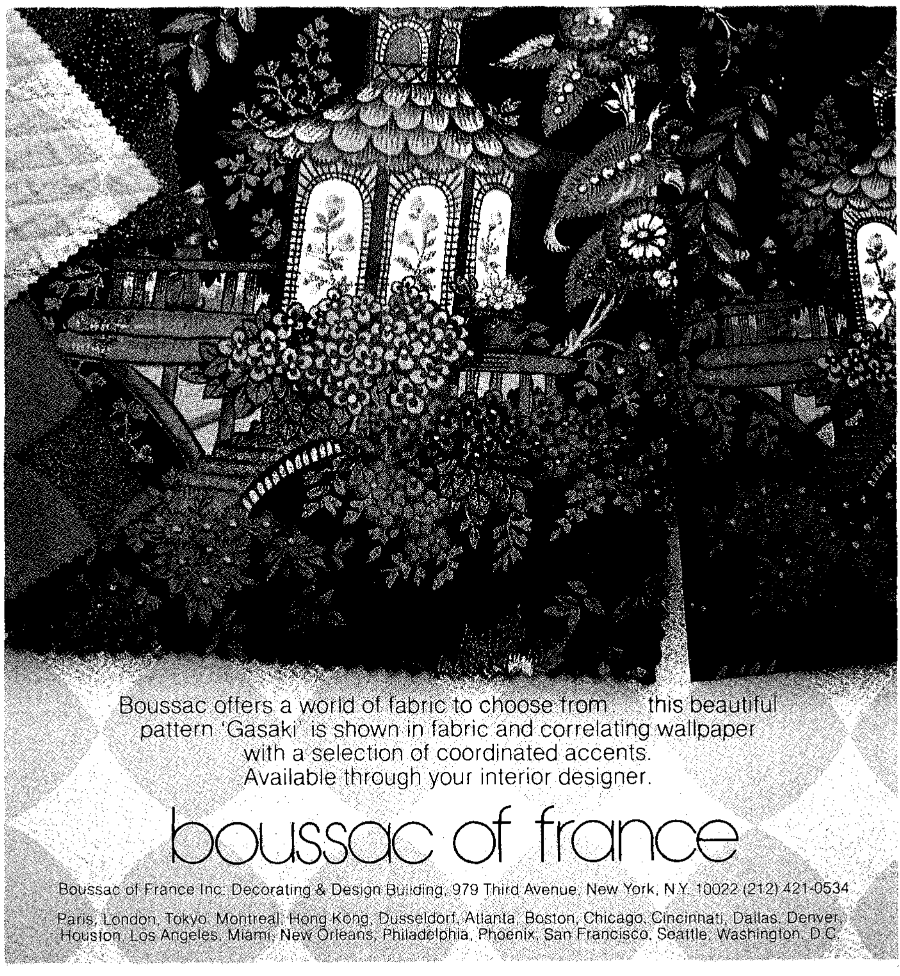

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Thomas Mann, in German, had suffered water damage and seemed about to burst with immemorial prose. The five bathrooms were in fair shape, but three of the six escritoires were wobbly. The door that was supposed to open from the third-floor study onto another terrace was stuck, so we had to climb out a window if we wanted to take in the view from there.

I must have climbed out the window about a dozen times, and my wife climbed out once, on a warm, sunny, brilliantly clear afternoon just after we'd arrived. We sat together not on the terrace but on the orange-brown ceramic tiles of the roof. There were hundreds of bees buzzing around the lavender blossoms on our rosemary bushes. The olive trees were silvery green, almost iridescent. The cypresses among them had the stern, dignified presence of sentinels. All the wild flowers were open, a sea of color in waving grass. Beyond them, on the city plain, the buildings of Florence stretched out in shades of yellow ochre toward the mountains. If you can picture that moment and how it pierced us, then you will understand how we were able to live quite happily in the villa all that spring without ever being troubled by its imperfections, thinking what a fine bargain we had got.

ARCETRI is a quiet district of narrow, winding streets and lush vegetation. Almost every lane or path discloses a panoramic view, and that's part of the reason that Florentines think so highly of it. Many of them prefer it to Fiesole, the more famous hill town to the north. Arcetri is closer to the *centro*—the city center—and is less rugged and agricultural. In Fiesole, you still get hints of wildness and mystery, of something inexpungeably weird, but Arcetri has been tamed. You can go for weeks without seeing a trace of animal life—no deer, no rabbits, no squirrels. The birds in the fields are common and domestic—blackbirds, sparrows, chickadees, pigeons. There are still vineyards and olive groves, but a few of them are rank and untended—a change from the old days in Tuscany, when nothing was ever wasted. Florentines ignore such faults and value Arcetri for its beauty and silence, for its fresh air. "*Ah, aria fresca,*" they say whenever the hill is mentioned, waving their arms to show how the gentle breezes blow. On Sundays, after Mass and a big meal, they drive up to Arcetri from the smog-laden *centro* and stroll along

Pian dei Giullari, the district's main street, taking in the sunshine and the leaves, and breathing deep.

Although there are a handful of cottages and apartments in Arcetri, villas are the primary dwelling units. The word "villa" means simply a house with a plot of land, but in Tuscany it carries a connotation of "country place." Florentines did not start building villas in the countryside in earnest until the fourteenth century. Before that, the hills were the province of robbers, murderers, and renegade soldiers from various warring communes. Wealthy citizens were safer in town. The Florentine police were very efficient. They imposed a curfew at sunset, and nocturnal crime was rare. Florence was the fifth most populous city in Europe at the time—larger than London, Athens, or Munich. According to the chronicle of Giovanni Villani for 1338, more than a hundred thousand people were jammed in among the damp stones and filthy running gutters. They formed an excellent culture for the breeding of infectious diseases, including the plague. The Black Death struck Florence in 1348 and killed off about forty thousand people, but it was unique only in its numbers. Other plagues had preceded it, and others would follow, on the average of once every decade. Areas like Arcetri and Fiesole became increasingly attractive as an escape from contagion and social unrest.

Early villas in Arcetri resembled fortresses. Their towers and battlements were functional, and so were the strategic hillside sites on which families liked to build. Gradually, the need for protection decreased, and architects had more freedom to experiment. They began to evolve the basic design that you still find throughout Tuscany—plaster walls almost three feet thick, a tile roof, high, beamed ceilings, and red brick floors. Leon Battista Alberti, who wrote a classic treatise on architecture during the Quattrocento, offered a detailed analysis of villa construction, down to such minutiae as the wine cellar. The windows of the cellar ought to face north, he said, so that the tramontane winds would provide ventilation and keep the wine casks dry. Alberti also praised the educational properties of a villa, its capacity for moral suasion. He believed that it was a wonderful place to bring up children, because they worked and played in the sun and grew up stronger than children who were left to lan-

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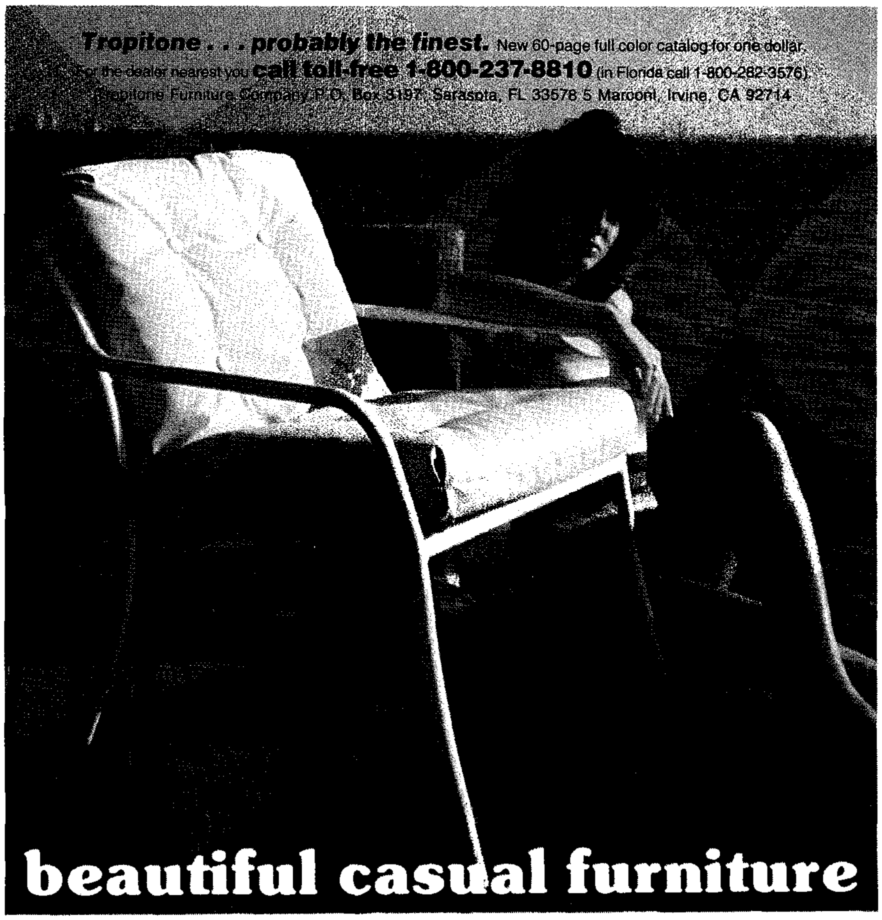

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guish in the city shade. For adults, a villa was a sanctuary from the evils that were always brewing in Florence. "You can hide yourself to avoid seeing . . . the great quantity of wicked mankind," Alberti said.

The best seasons to be "in villa" were spring and fall, when the weather was neither too hot nor too cold. Villa life was a contemplative affair, involving study, meditation, learned conversation, and long, healthy walks. Florentines at their pastoral leisure played chess and other board games. They strummed lutes and sang popular songs. They watched fish swimming in ponds and streams. They sat in gardens. They kicked soccer balls around. They read Pliny and Cicero, and composed epigrams, ballads, and elegiac verses. They talked to nightingales. Sometimes there was a party, with food and wine and dancing, and perhaps a lecture by a renowned scholar, but most villa residents were satisfied with their isolation, since they did plenty of socializing in the city. A notable exception was Niccolò Machiavelli, who lived in exile at San Casciano. He thought the countryside was tedious and positively rural. He called his farmhouse L'Albergaccio—the wretched hotel—and said that he had nothing better to do than to indulge in games of cards and backgammon with a butcher, a miller, two bakers, and the innkeeper at the local inn. "Thus wrapped up with these fleas," he wrote, "my brain is steeped with mold."

WE had trouble settling into the villa. Ten rooms, five baths—all the space and grandeur intimidated us. Ordinary conversations of married life turned into shouting matches.

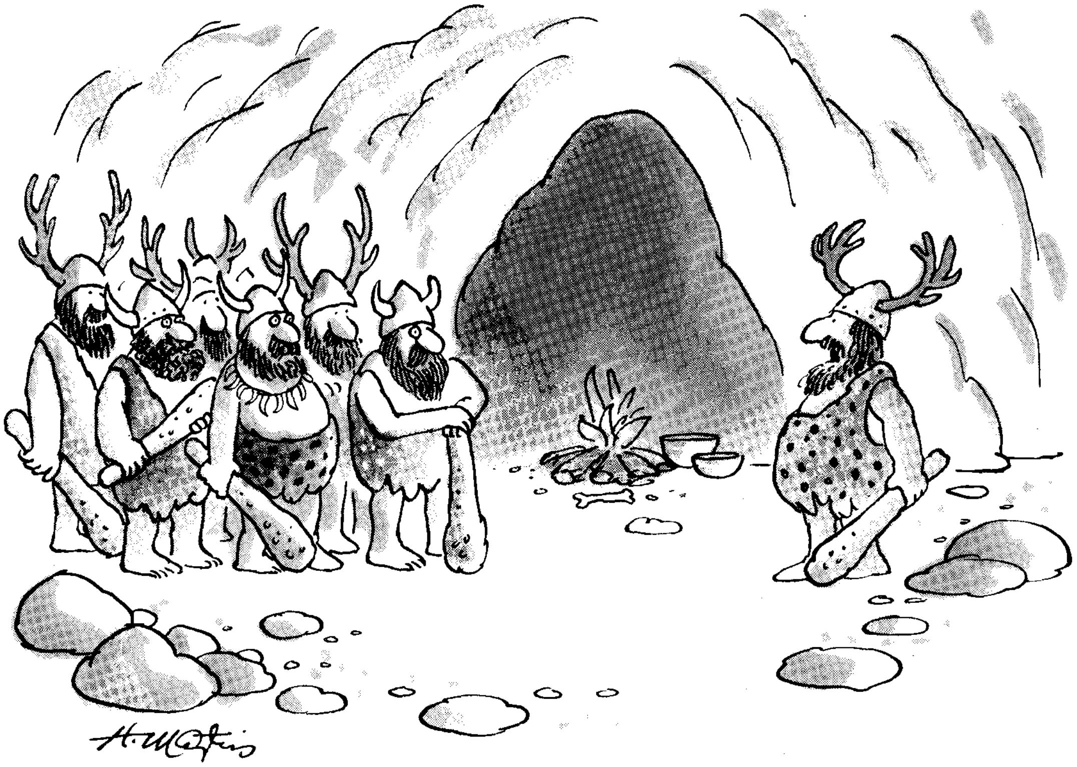
"Where are you?"

"Here."

"Where?"

"*Here!*"

Too many echoes, too many potential ghosts. I think it helped us most to work in the kitchen—a small kitchen, meant for a maid—washing the pots and pans and making a list of necessary provisions. Food tends to center a person, to serve as a point of reference. A fat man is comfortable anywhere. We had no car, so we rode a rickety old bus from Pian dei Giullari down to the city to buy what we needed. Again, there were the views, the hazy air, the muted golds and yellows. Our shopping was parcelled out among several merchants—one for produce, one for fish, one for poultry, one for staples.



"All those in favor of establishing government regulatory agencies say 'Aye.'"

Everything was expensive except the most basic items—bread, coffee—whose prices are controlled by the government.

We bought bottles of extra-virgin olive oil, pressed not far from Piazzale Michelangelo. It was thick, dark green, redolent of olives. When it coated lettuce leaves or thin slices of fennel, it elevated them from the rank of mere vegetables into the realm of gastronomy. Tuscan cuisine is based on just such transfigurations of the patently simple. A new artichoke is nothing special if you steam it and eat it with lemon butter, but if you break off the raw leaves and dip them in *pinzimonio*—olive oil, coarse salt, freshly ground pepper—you discover subtleties you've never tasted before. The same is true of fava beans. In season, bowls of them are available in every trattoria. You grab a bunch of pods, split the seams with a fingernail, then dip the beans in the sauce and pop them into your mouth, one by one. Each seed strikes the palate like a revelation.

Our wine merchant was a shy man with prematurely gray hair. He wore a gray smock. Two gray cats were always prowling his shelves. They ate from his hand. The scene in the store reminded me of Yeats' account of Ezra Pound feeding the cats of Rapallo, taking bones and pieces of meat from his pocket. "He knows all their histories," said Yeats. The wine merchant sold us Chianti Classico in plastic-covered flasks. (Tuscans don't use straw much anymore; it tends to rot.) The best flasks had three stars on their labels, beneath the black cock that serves as the Classico logo.

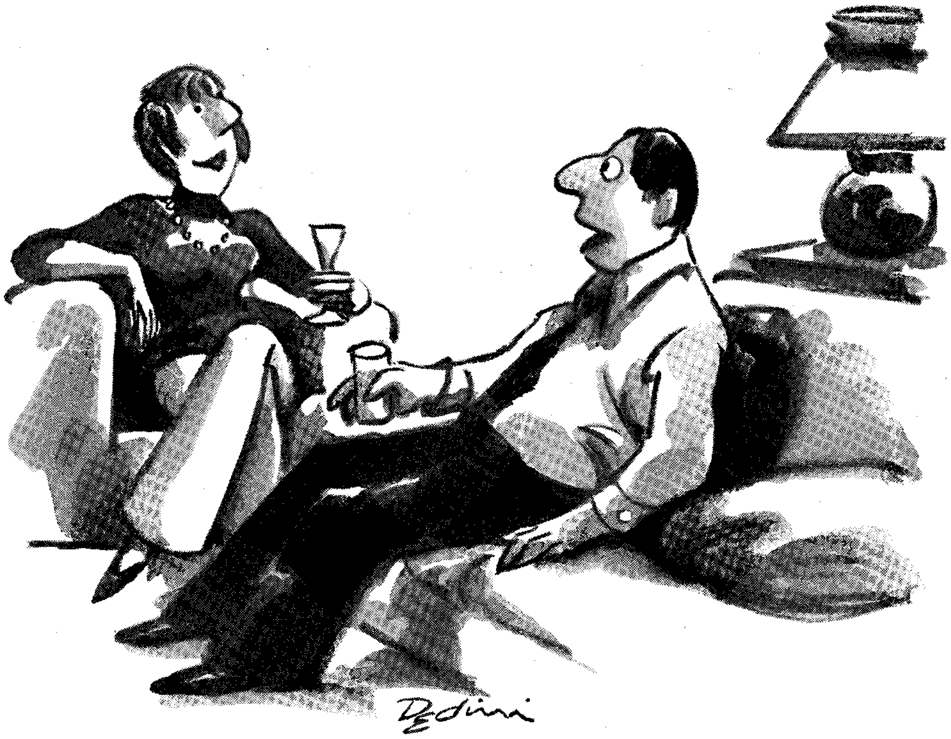
The fish we bought were taken out of a bin of crushed ice at the *pescheria*. We had snapper, shark, some type of bass. Once, we tried mullet. It was awful—the worst fish I've eaten anywhere. Mullet are bottom feeders, muck lovers. They ingest mouthfuls of mud, then sift through it for microscopic particles of animal or vegetable matter. That explains their flavor—muddy, with a soupçon of algae bloom. Better to stick to beef or chicken, or even rabbit. One of the produce ladies had a hutch in her back yard. If we ordered an execution on Thursday, we could pick up the dressed corpse on Friday morning. For those too faint of heart to give the necessary command, there are always sausages, including strongly scented links made of *cinghiale*, or wild boar. And there are all kinds of pasta:

anelli, rings
anellini, little rings
anellini rigati, little grooved rings
cannellini, little reeds
cannelloni, big reeds
cappelli di prete, priests' hats
farfalle, butterflies
linguine, little tongues
maruzze, seashells
mostaccioli, little mustaches
penne, quills
stelle, stars
vermicelli, little worms
ziti, bridegrooms.

A comprehensive list can be had from the Museo Storico degli Spaghetti—the Historical Museum of Spaghetti—in Pontedassio, near the Italian Riviera.

ONE morning when I was gathering wood to burn in our fireplace, I met our neighbor, Signor Mancini, who lived, with his wife, in a cramped little cottage near the hotelier's house. Mancini was in his seventies, a tall, handsome, cheerful man who often wore a black beret. He had a garden that was about the size of a parking spot in any municipal garage. The residue of his winter crop was tossed onto the tilled earth, left to mulch into the soil—onion tops, cabbage leaves, decaying Brussels sprouts. I watched him digging with a spading fork, preparing the ground for some tomato plants he'd started in his greenhouse. He had an apron tied around his waist in the manner of a Tuscan *paesano*—somebody who had been born and bred in the countryside and had been taught as a child how to work in the fields with the most basic of tools.

We talked for a while, quite pleasantly, but then we reached a point beyond which we could not continue. There were limits to what I could say and understand. I felt bad about this, because it made Mancini impatient. He wanted to tell me things, *tried* to tell me things, and there I stood, as unresponsive as the wood in my arms. "*Ma, non so*," he'd say, after repeating the sentence in frustration—"I just don't know." I think he was relieved when I walked away. After this, we were always friendly when we met, discussing the weather or the price of food, but there was a tension beneath the interchanges. Mancini had the Tuscan peasant's contempt for anything frivolous. Instead of words, he



"Something spooky is going on. Have you noticed how fast 1983 is slipping by?"

• •

gave me heads of lettuce from his garden, occasionally three at a time.

Communicating with Signora Mancini was easier. She seemed to have no use for complexity. She was the hotelier's former maid, and she still did some housekeeping for a family on Pian dei Giullari. I'd run into her at the foot of the steep lane that led to our compound. She would wave, she would smile. "*Buon giorno, signore!*" she'd cry. Her voice was the voice of old Italian women in movies—the ones who survive. Her face was round, pretty, unscarred by expectations. Whenever she looked at me, she took all of me in without blinking. It was like being embraced, forgiven—a kind of nourishment. Signora Mancini trudged uphill. She was a happy soldier. She spoke of people, trees, old age, careless drivers who went ripping past. If I understood her, fine; if not, also fine. One afternoon as we were trudging along, she found a blue plastic spaceman in the grass by the path. "*Tesoro*," I said—treasure. Signora Mancini thought this was the funniest thing she'd ever heard.

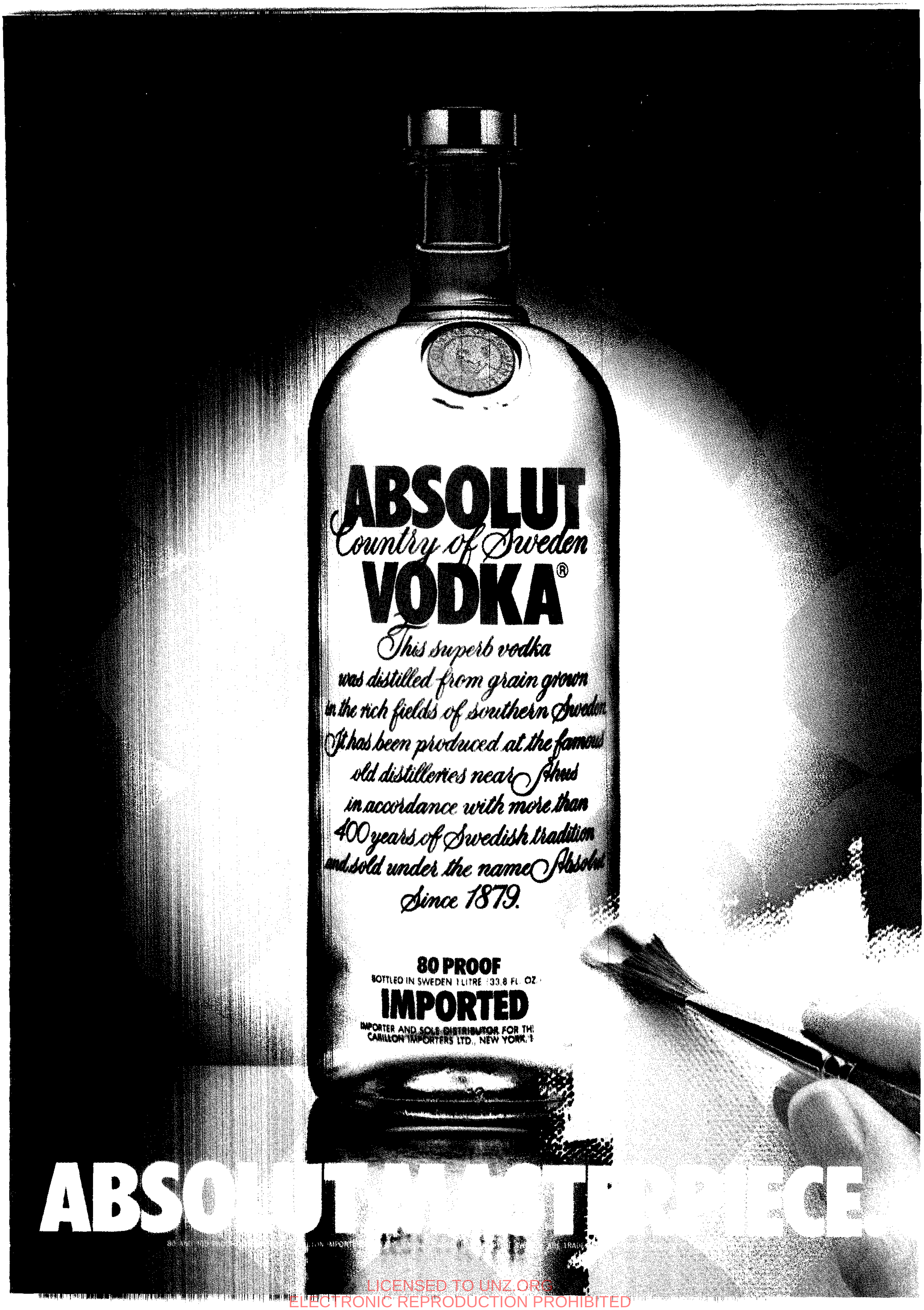
Sunday was family day for the Mancinis. I'd see them outside the cottage in their best clothes, waiting for the arrival of relatives, or for their daughter to drop off her only child—the *nipote*, the grandson. The boy was eight or nine. He had glasses and a homemade haircut—blondish hair, as if he were a stranger from the north. He sat on the ground and played in the dirt, drawing pictures with a stick. The Mancinis sat in straight-backed chairs and watched the *nipote* play, glad just to be near him. When the *nipote* went home at night, the Mancinis would go back to their routine, turning down the lamps in the cottage to save on electricity—this happens everywhere in Italy, an entire country reducing itself to a dull Continental glow—and switching on the TV.

SOMETIMES after dinner, I fiddled with the TV in the villa and got it to work. The picture was in black-and-white, grainy, snowy, starring faintly transmitted figures who could have been beamed in from another planet. The shows I saw were simply conceived, with a premium placed on production values. I watched many *spettacoli*—multipart programs that often go on for weeks. The *spettacoli* feature singing, dancing, comedy routines, midgets in cars—the very essence of Milton Berlismo. Every *spettacolo* has a theme. I watched one called "What Do You Drink?" Each segment was devoted to a different beverage—wine, beer, vodka. In the beer segment, the dancers dressed like Germans. In the vodka segment, they dressed like Russians. The set remained the same.

I always tried to watch the two most popular shows in Italy—"Portobello" and "Flash." "Portobello" broadcasts live from various spots around the country. Its set is unique—about six spacious isolation booths with windows and telephones. Guests sit in the booths and take calls from the viewing public after they've told their story to the host, Enzo Tortora. A woman from Piacenza, say, might be looking for somebody to finance the production of a new kind of cheese grater she has invented. Some nuns from Abruzzi want to sell their collection of Steuben glass to help the orphans. A lonely Milanese pharmacist might wish to meet and perhaps marry a nice woman, not too big. *Va bene*, all of you—get into the booths. While the phones ring, two men stripped to the waist sit down at a table for a wrist-wrestling contest. Maybe Enzo sings. Miracles are happening.

"Flash" is a quiz show with musical interludes. The host is Mike Buongiorno, a Roman with a perpetual tan and a lacquered look. Mike Buongiorno pronounces "Flash" as "Flesh." Every week, he asks a variety of questions—on current events, films, politics—of three contestants. If a contestant is slow to answer, Mike Buongiorno teases him. "What's the matter, Corleone?" he might say. "You didn't sleep last night? You can't remember anything?" The winner of the preliminary round goes for the grand prize in a category of his own choosing. One champ, Mignini, was an expert in the history of the Ascoli soccer team. Mignini was about twenty. He dressed in knickers and hoped to become a movie star. He and Mike Buongiorno had an argument one night when they disagreed about a question's pertinence. Mignini said the question had nothing, *niente*, to do with Ascoli. Mike Buongiorno said that it did. Shortly after this, Mignini lost his title to a retired police officer, Gubellini. Gubellini's category of expertise was the life of Jesus.

EVERY day that spring, I took a long walk, for both the exercise and the fresh air. Branches of wisteria trailed over the high walls along our lane, falling between shards of broken glass that had been set into the concrete to ward off thieves and terrorists. The lane joins Pian dei Giullari near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the villa where Galileo lived under house arrest after the Inquisition ordered him, in 1633, to recant his heliocentric theory of the universe. Just down from the villa is the only business in Arcetri—Omero, a restaurant. Omero used to be a classic Tuscan roadhouse, offering an uncomplicated menu of regional specialties at modest prices, but it has been discovered, and the prices have gone up. The waiters dress in white shirts and black bow ties and know how to intimidate tourists.

I liked to stop at Omero to have a glass of beer at a small delicatessen at the front of the restaurant. I liked the deli clerk, Alvaro, very much. Alvaro is a symmetrical person, firmly situated in time and space. A certain part of the community revolves around him. He's the *helios* of staples—bread, wine, sugar, cold cuts. He always seemed to be preoccupied with a chronic complaint, either physical or metaphysical, and his behavior was never faked, so I was pleased whenever he chose to share a confidence with me or sell me a loaf of the heavy, multigrain bread—*integrale*—that he reserved for regular customers when it was in short supply.

If I was hungry for a snack, Alvaro would make me a sandwich. With a big bread knife, he'd slice the *integrale* thick, then slap whatever I wanted between the slices.

"*Prosciutto*?" he'd ask, touching a perfectly cured haunch that dangled from the rafters.

"*Sì*."

"*Pecorino*?" Pecorino is sheep's-milk cheese. It comes in three varieties. The oldest and driest, for grating, is what's known as Pecorino Romano, or Romano cheese.

"*Sì*."

"*Finocchiona*?" A fatty Tuscan sausage that tastes of fennel.

"*Sì*."

Alvaro would smile, symmetrically. "*Si mangia bene*." One eats well.

The restaurant smelled of meat and poultry grilling over a wood fire. Alvaro turned the prosciutto haunches, turned the waxed balls of Pecorino, seeking just the right amount of exposure for each. The waiters kept ducking into the deli for cigarettes. They'd defy their uniforms, becoming street-corner boys again, *ragazzi*, laughing and scratching themselves, discussing the girls inside.

Across from Omero is a working vineyard that's separated from the street by a low stone wall. I often sat on the wall and let the beer settle. Arcetri is not in the Chianti zone, but the grapes in the vineyard were probably Chianti grapes anyway—Sangiovese or Canaiolo, the wine's primary constituents. Vintners use Sangiovese for its body and alcohol. Canaiolo imparts a mellowness that tempers the bite of the wine without destroying it entirely.

The landscape in the vineyard resembled the landscape you find in the background of Renaissance paintings, where it shines in miniature, like a diamond seen through a keyhole. Artists could not bring it to the fore, of course, because they were locked into a system of patronage that demanded predominantly religious subject matter. The landscape was not well served when it did shift to center stage. You can see what happened to it if you go to the Gallery of Modern Art at the Pitti Palace. Painters blew it up in size and populated it with peasants they'd borrowed from Millet. The peasants toil and toil ceaselessly, in peasanty costumes, shouldering chubby infants who all have the same expression of weary resignation on their faces. How the infants learned to be resigned at just ten months of age is a mystery, but there is no mistaking the expression.

The worst aspect of these genre paintings is that they fail to capture the wonderful quality of Tuscan light you encounter in the countryside. This light—gold, yellow, always muted—has a tendency to soften the edges of things but not to deprive them of their actual rootedness in the world. Once you've been exposed to it, you'll notice it over and over again—in Ghirlandaio, in Fra Angelico, in almost every great artist of Tuscany. It is completely different from the hard blue marine light of Venice, which draws its strength from the Adriatic. Venetian light is cerebral—as analytical, in its way, as the work of Giovanni Bellini, who could not have painted with such precise intensity if he'd been Florentine.

I usually ended my walks at Torre del Gallo, a nineteenth-century reconstruction of a medieval tower with battlements. Torre del Gallo looks like a fairy-tale castle, the sort of place where a hunchback ought to be ringing bells. Next to it is La Gallina (The Hen), a ruined villa that once belonged to the Lanfredini family, ambassadors for Lorenzo the Magnificent. I met a glassblower here, while I was leaning against the gate. He was old but fit, with lung power that he kept up by riding his bicycle through Arcetri. The hills were no obstacle to him, he said, although he sometimes had to pause to wipe his brow and say hello to a friend. No more glassblow-

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ing, he said—the industry's shot. "*Macchine, macchine*"—machines, machines.

THE longer we lived in Arcetri, the more oppressive Florence began to seem. The city was distasteful, crowded. The air really wasn't fit to breathe. Twenty years ago, the expensive dress shops, the purveyors of truffle sandwiches and two-hundred-dollar shoes were confined mostly to the area around Via Tornabuoni, near the *centro*, but now pockets of refinement turned up among the old stones in unexpected districts, driving away the tripe sellers, the rag dealers, the men who sharpen knives on grinding wheels. Everywhere, I saw boutiques, neon, shiny plate glass, the spacy mannequins of Giorgio Armani. I heard as much swooning over Missoni as over Masaccio. The statues in the Piazza della Signoria had become backdrops for tourist snapshots, a means of validating one's presence in a foreign land. The Grand Canyon, the Eiffel Tower, Michelangelo . . .

Somehow, the art that is the essence of Florence, its true reason for being, manages to withstand the various pressures put upon it. In the Uffizi, in the Bargello, in churches and chapels, I discovered that twenty years had taught me to see with my own eyes instead of the eyes of my teachers. Take Raphael, for instance. True, he was a great painter, but he was a joker as well, always darting in and out of the frame, sending up his subjects. Look, he says, confiding, this fat, foolish, hypocritically pious man has paid me to do his portrait, and he won't have the nerve to complain when I give him an image that shows every wart and pimple. This Madonna, says Raphael, the one who's about to giggle? I made love to her last night. Leonardo da Vinci pays no attention to his Madonnas. He leaves them stranded, half finished, on insubstantial rocks. He's a dreamer, an eternal schoolboy, with a gyroscope for a mind. It spins from one idea to another, never stopping. Goodbye, girls, Leonardo's off to help some duke win a war.

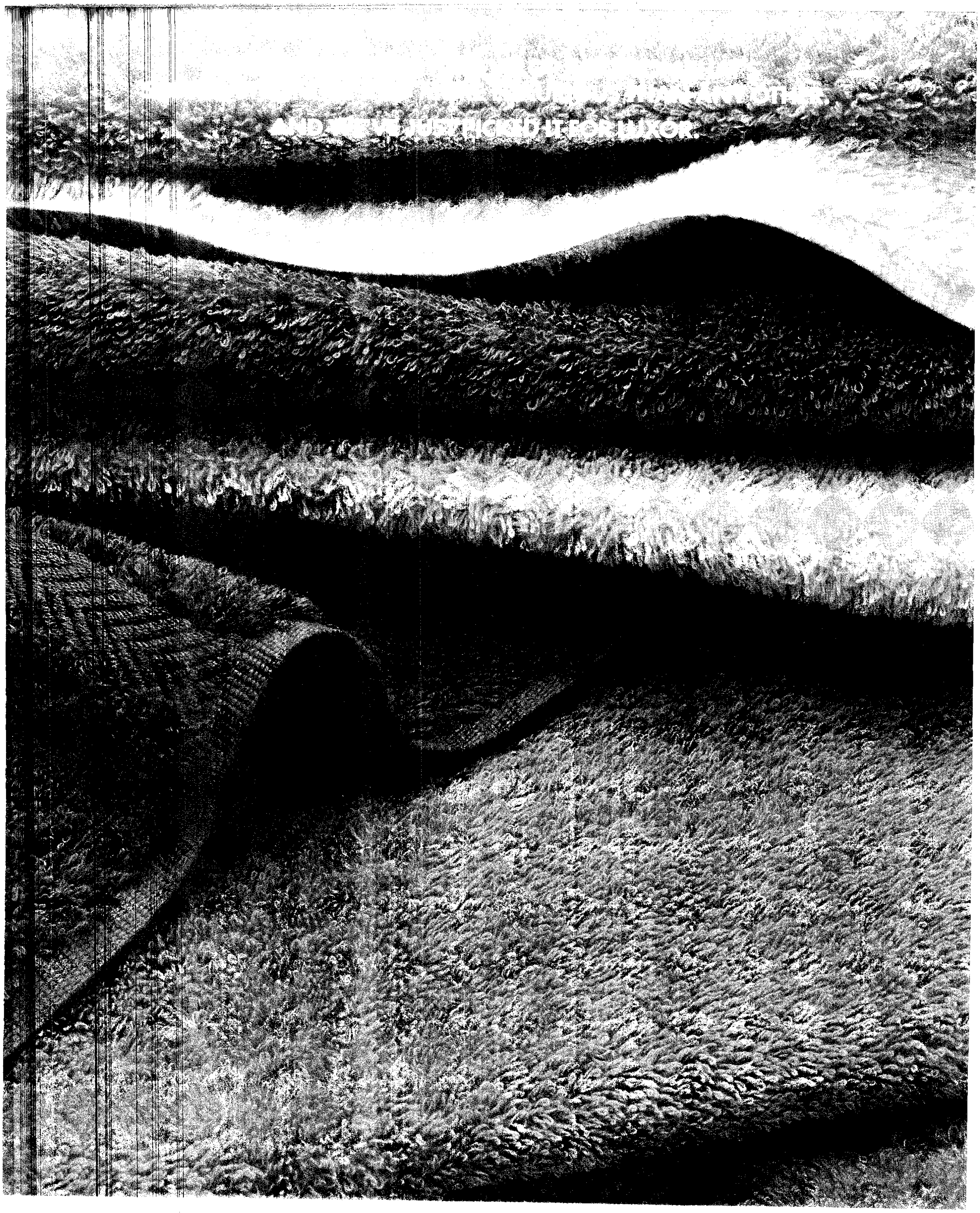
Some of the most famous paintings in the Uffizi, including many Botticellis, had recently been restored. I found them hard to look at, because they were so different from what I'd come to think of as the "originals." The colors were bright, glowing, K Mart clean. I thought they'd been tampered with, touched up, but I was wrong. Only dark coats of varnish, of soot and grime, had been removed. The man who takes care of this work for the museum, Umberto Baldini, made his name by supervising the restoration efforts that followed the terrible 1966 flood. His studio is at the Fortezza da Basso. Baldini is a sophisticated theoretician, a believer in the relevance of technology, but he has a profound respect for an artist's integrity. Any portion of a canvas or fresco that Baldini has restored must show the restoration, not hide it. (In the past, some restorers tried to improve upon the Masters, adding details and brushstrokes, erasing one color to add another.) Baldini uses *colore neutro*—a blend of red, yellow, and blue—to patch the trouble spots. If the blend is applied next to a strong red, the red in it becomes stronger; the same holds for yellow and blue.

One afternoon, I went to the Church of Santa Croce, to the Bardi Chapel, to visit Giotto's monks. The chapel was quiet, cool. Candles were burning. The monks were still mourning, still throwing their arms to the sky. I could remember that twenty years ago their grief had seemed exaggerated, even cute, but now I couldn't look at them without being reminded of my own irrevocable losses.

FLORENCE was distasteful, yes, but it was still Florence. I couldn't avoid it for more than a day or two. I'd ride the bus to Ponte di San Niccolò, then walk the banks of the Arno, oblivious of traffic. Men sat on the banks fishing with long poles—maybe thirteen or fourteen feet. The poles had no reels. The men caught ugly fish, mullet cousins. I never saw any trout. If the fishing was slow, the men took slingshots from their pockets and scattered pellets of bait in the water.

My wife bought a leather purse at a shop near the Pitti Palace. The price was good. The man who'd made the purse was named Silvano. He was proud, a little irascible, definitely from the old school of Florentine craftsmen. To the strap of the purse he attached a leather tag: "Made by hand, Silvano."

Students from Italian high schools came to the city on their Easter break. They dressed with great panache, throwing together wardrobe items to create a lexicon of international teen. On the buses, they behaved abomina-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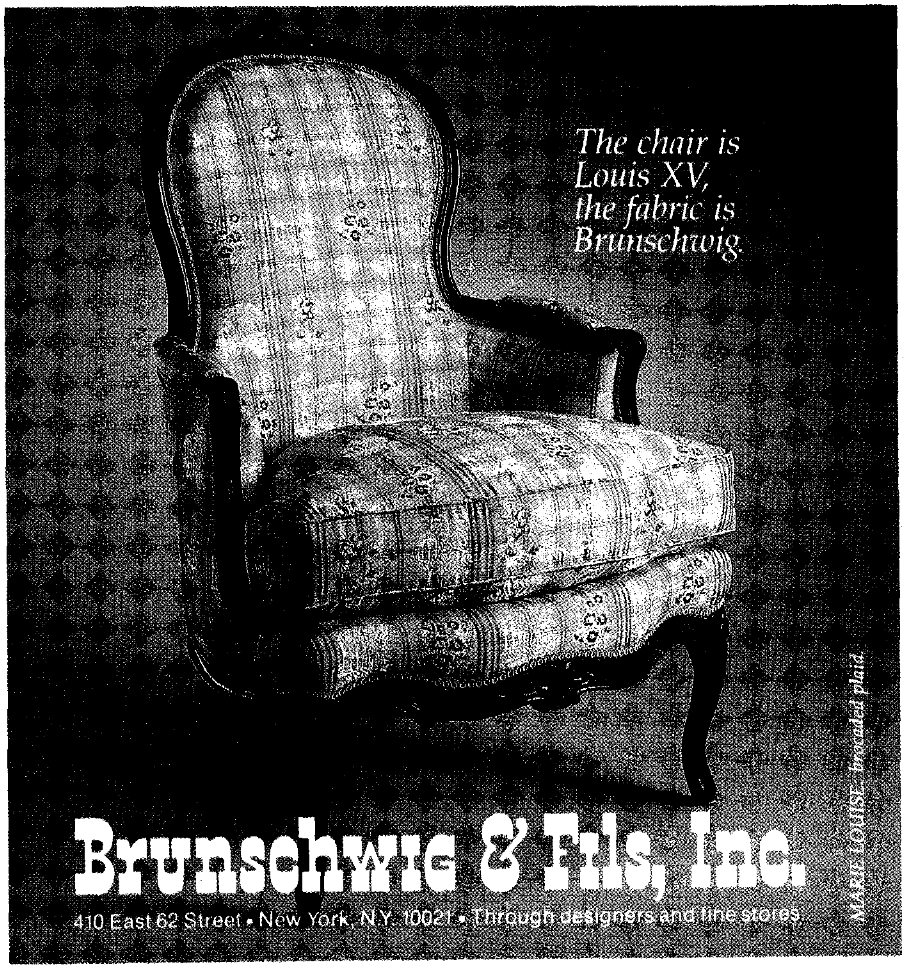

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bly, pushing past old people and cripples, singing, causing scraps. Nobody ever scolded them. In Italy, children are sacred, forever indulged.

We learned the word "*sciopero*." It means "strike." There were several bus drivers' strikes. Often, we didn't know about them, because there were several journalists' strikes, and newspapers stopped publishing. There was a big general strike.

Terrorists were active in the south. In Naples, they stole some diamond-tipped bullets from a government armory and used them to assassinate a high-ranking police official, shooting him through the bulletproof windows of his car.

We ate at a fine little restaurant, Da Noi, and had a risotto made with squid ink. It was so good that we ordered another version of it a week later, at a fancier place. The cook substituted tomatoes, onions, and garlic for the squid. The dish was like Spanish rice. I complained to the manager. The manager said, "You think we have time to make a real risotto? Don't be absurd!"

We ate at a pizzeria where a dwarf was sitting on the back of a German shepherd.

The best place we ate was the trattoria that the train conductor had recommended. It was extremely busy, extremely cheap. The menu was handwritten, with many misspellings. It changed daily, depending on what was in season. The tables were pushed in one against another, jammed with Florentine grotesques. We shared ours with a gangly man in a black suit who did not speak to his two daughters during the meal. We had:

pappardelle sulla lepre, broad noodles with wild-hare sauce
arselle, delicate steamed clams
lombatine, grilled veal chops
spinach
mixed salad
Pecorino and fruit
a litre of Chianti
cappuccino.

The bill, with service included, came to less than twenty dollars. Feeling expansive, I asked our waiter if he knew the conductor's cousin. The waiter had never heard of him, but the gangly man had. "Angelo?" he asked. "Sure, I know him." Angelo had had a fight with the boss, and now he worked at another trattoria, across the river.

SUDDENLY, it was summer. The changeover had nothing to do with the calendar. The calendar said it was May, but the morning haze suddenly vanished, and it was hot all day long. Even Arcetri had smog. The wild flowers wilted, the ground wasn't damp anymore. I sat outside the villa naked to the waist, like a wrist-wrestler, reading Italian poetry in translation. Salvatore Quasimodo. Eugenio Montale. Then Giuseppe Ungaretti, the son of Tuscan peasants who'd moved to Egypt and opened a bakery in Alexandria.

> I know a city
> that every day fills to the brim with
> sunlight
> and in that instant everything is
> enchanted.

From Ungaretti, I went on to Henry David Thoreau. I took this as a sign of homesickness. Thoreau infuriated me one minute, gripped me the next. He was an American, talking to himself, chanting truths he wanted to believe in.

I remember an afternoon late in the month when I walked through the field and stood among the olive trees and stared at the villa, not quite believing that I'd ever lived in it.

I phoned the woman who knew about real-estate things and told her we'd be leaving in June. She had a client in mind for the villa, a painter who'd decided to leave his wife for the girl who'd been modelling for him since she was a child. The girl was a young woman now. I thought this was a fine story. I developed an elaborate fantasy about the model—her long, shiny hair, her perfect complexion, her breasts, her legs—but when she came to see the house she turned out to be round and totally suburban, with plans for redecoration in hand.

Florence, how you deceive!

THE train station at Santa Maria Novella was swarming with people. The porter I hired to carry our bags tried to overcharge us. There was a mixup about seats, and then an argument about something else. I was fed up with the rudeness, the clamor, glad to be leaving. I thought I'd never want to see Florence again, but then the train pulled away and I recalled the afternoon when we'd sat on the roof of the villa, lost in glorious imperfection.

—BILL BARICH

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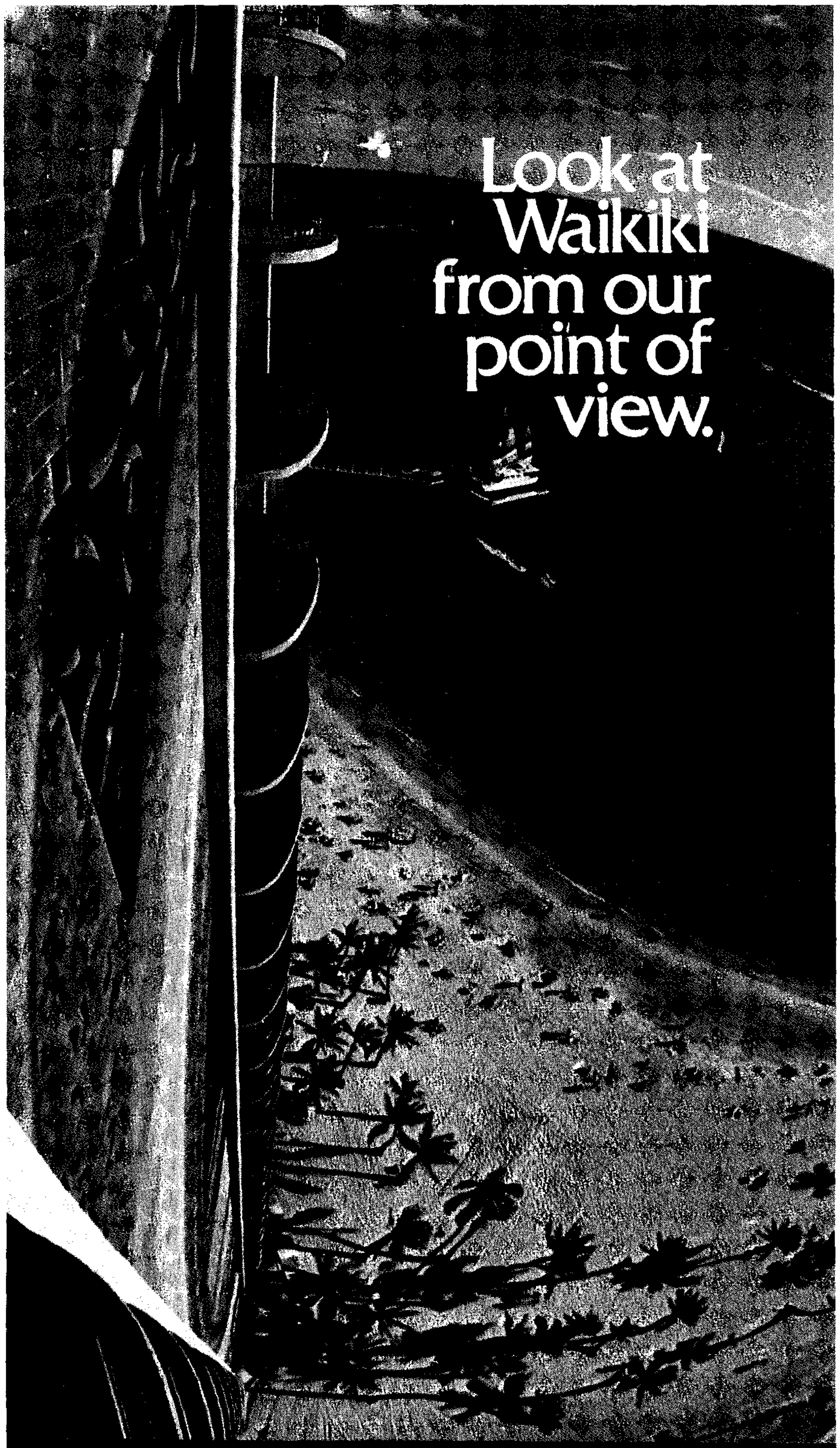
CLEAR DAYS ON THE MEDICAL SCENE

[*From the Lahey Spectrum, newsletter of the Lahey Clinic Medical Center*]

Due to the "Spring into Fitness" kickoff event, a portion of the smoking section of the Cafeteria will be closed on Wednesday, May 4, at 1 p.m.



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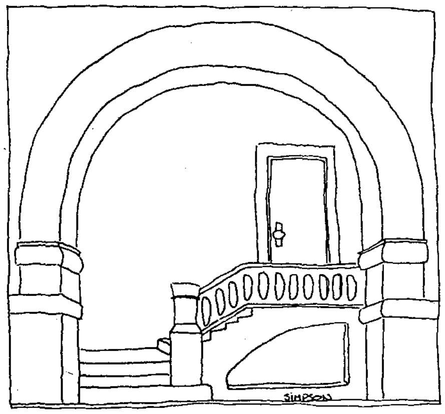
THE SPORTING SCENE

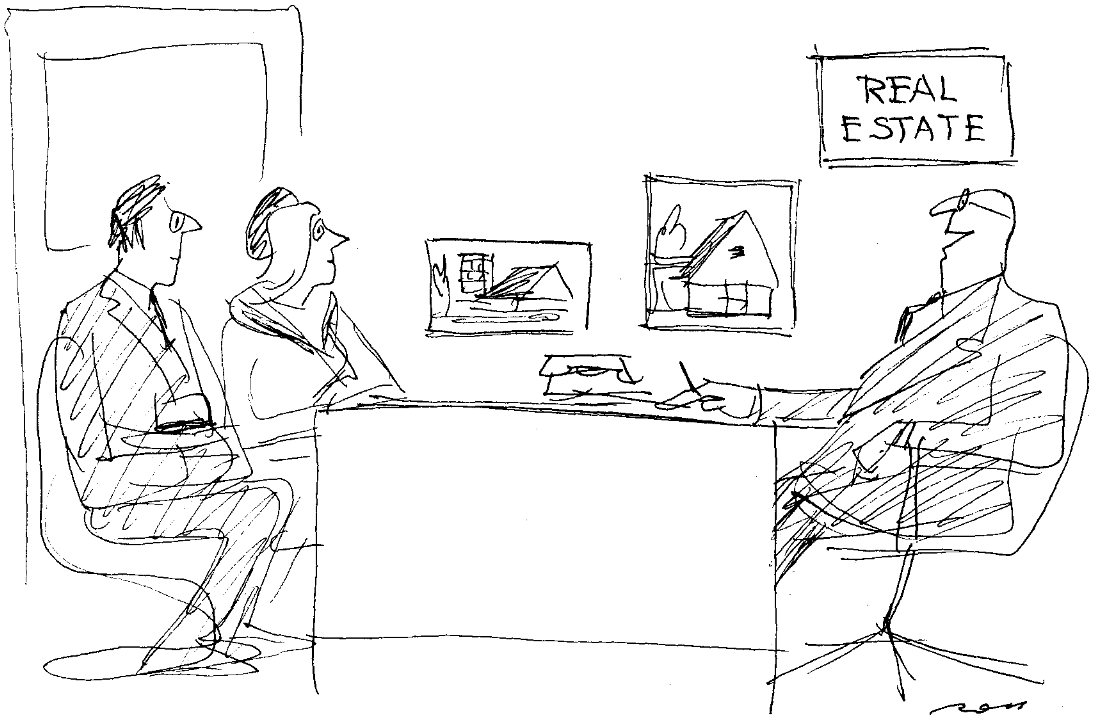
MOSTLY ABOUT NICKLAUS

THIS past winter, my thoughts, like those of others in the North, often raced ahead to the Masters, the annual early-April tournament in Augusta, Georgia, which has come to signal the arrival of spring for golfers everywhere. This year, I found myself thinking not only of balmy weather, azaleas and dogwood, and the rolling green fairways of the Augusta National golf course but also about the incredible career of Jack Nicklaus, who, twenty years ago this April, when he was twenty-three, won the first of his five Masters titles—the most that anyone has won. When golf authorities rank the great golfers of all time, a sizable percentage of them place Nicklaus on the top level, along with Harry Vardon, Bobby Jones, and Ben Hogan, who were as preëminent in their eras as Nicklaus has been over the last two decades. While I am inclined to go along with this point of view, I can readily understand why many people close to the game consider Nicklaus nothing less than the greatest golfer ever. To a large extent, a golfer's place in history has traditionally been determined by his achievements in the major championships. Played on long, rigorous courses that require expert shotmaking, these championships are the British Open (established in 1860); the British Amateur (1885); the United States Open and United States Amateur (1895); our Professional Golfers Association (1916); and the Masters (1934). Professional golfers, of course, cannot play in amateur championships, and amateurs cannot play in the P.G.A. Before Nicklaus came along, the highest number of major championships any golfer had won was thirteen. This mark was set by Jones in the eight-year period between 1923 and 1930, and was thereafter believed to be out of reach. Nicklaus, who should be competing for several years to come, has already won nineteen. To my mind, the most effective way to convey what Nicklaus has done is simply to set down the dates of those nineteen victories, championship by championship. Before turning professional, in 1961, he won the U.S. Amateur twice, in 1959 and 1961. He has won the British Open three times, in 1966, 1970, and 1978; the U.S. Open four times, in 1962, 1967, 1972, and 1980; the P.G.A. five times, in 1963, 1971, 1973, 1975, and 1980; and the Masters five times, in 1963, 1965, 1966, 1972, and 1975. Moreover, Nicklaus has been close to victory in these events on many other occasions. He has finished second or in a tie for second three times in the P.G.A., four times in the Masters, four times in the U.S. Open, and no fewer than seven times in the British Open. It is hard to believe, but for fifteen straight years, from 1966 to 1980, he finished among the top six players in the British Open. Altogether, in a total of eighty-four major championships he played from 1962 through 1982 he failed to finish in the first ten only twenty-three times. And Nicklaus has been as all-conquering and consistent in tournaments other than the majors. A golfer who travels well, he has, for example, taken the Australian Open six times. He has won sixty-nine tournaments on the P.G.A. tour—a total approached by none of his contemporaries. He is the only golfer who has earned more than three million dollars in prize money, and this February, by finishing sixth in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, he passed the four-million-dollar mark—not that this concerns him much. One could go on and on, but I think that these statistics are sufficient to indicate the enormous scope of his oeuvre. One wonders if there has ever been an athlete who has accomplished more in any sport.

Golf may be the most difficult of all games to play well. For one thing, it is the only major outdoor game in which the player must generate his own power as he strikes a stationary ball from a stationary position. To do this and at the same time hit the ball accurately toward a target requires mastery of a very sophisticated technique. For another thing, since the game is played on natural terrain the player must continually adjust his hitting action to the lie of the ball, not to mention the wind and weather. All the great champions have necessarily been extremely sound shotmakers, but what really separates them from the talented golfers on the level just below them is their deep, unshakable belief in themselves. This engenders the determination and the self-possession that enable them, in this game where the slightest faulty movement can lead to a costly error, and even to disaster, to rise to the occasion and produce their finest golf at the most important moments. For all the gracefulness of his swing, Jones was a high-strung young man who felt the stress of tournament play so acutely that during one championship he lost eighteen pounds. He had the ability, however, to gather his concentration as he prepared to play each shot. Hogan, from the beginning to the end of a round, could insulate himself from the world and go about his golf with white-hot intensity. He was oblivious of everything else. Nicklaus's mind works unceasingly during a tournament round, but at the same time he appears to be cooler and calmer than any other golfer of the modern era. He seems to actually thrive on pressure. Out on the fairway, surrounded by thousands of exuberant fans, he wears the tournament golfer's invariable frown of concentration, but he seems completely relaxed—as much at home as if he were taking a solitary walk in the country over a pleasant stretch of land he has known all his life.



In a word, Nicklaus has the ideal temperament for a golfer, and, combined with his physical stamina and phenomenal will to win, it helps to explain the miracles he has performed at many critical moments. Let me briefly describe three that come to mind. In the playoff for the 1970 British Open at St. Andrews, he held a one-shot lead over Doug Sanders as they came to the eighteenth, a straightaway par 4 only 354 yards long. When there is a good following wind, as there was that afternoon, a big hitter like Nicklaus can drive the green. Sanders, with the honor, played a fine tee shot that ended up a few yards short of the green. Nicklaus then removed the sweater he was wearing—he did not mean this action to be as dramatic as it was—and swatted a huge drive dead on line for the pin. He had, in fact, hit the ball too well. It bounced onto the green and rolled over the back edge into some fairly high rough. Sanders had his birdie all the way, so it was up to Nicklaus to get down in two to win. From a difficult downhill lie in the rough, he played a delicate wedge chip that stopped eight feet from the hole. His putt looked as if it might be slipping a shade too much to the right, but it caught a corner of the cup and fell in. By and large, Nicklaus has been a very solid putter throughout his career—an invaluable asset.



"The two hundred and eighty-five thousand includes a nice wood-burning stove."

• •

In the 1972 U.S. Open, at Pebble Beach, Nicklaus, with two holes to go, apparently had the championship won, for he led the nearest man by three strokes. Still, anything can happen on the last two holes at Pebble Beach. The seventeenth, a par 3, 218 yards long, is tightly bordered on the left by Carmel Bay, and the green is severely bunkered. With the wind in his face, Nicklaus chose to play a 1-iron. He ripped a beautiful shot through the wind which almost went into the hole on the fly. The ball landed inches short of the cup, bounced up and struck the flagstick, and came to rest inches away. He tapped it in for his birdie, and that was that.

Three years later, in the Masters, Nicklaus was involved in a tremendous battle in the fourth, and last, round with Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf. Throughout the long afternoon, all three played some of the most spectacular golf shots imaginable, and the outcome was not decided until the final green, where both Miller and Weiskopf, who were the last twosome, missed makable birdie putts that would have tied them with Nicklaus. In retrospect, Nicklaus had played the winning shot on the sixteenth. When he came to that hole, a 190-yard par 3 over one of the largest and loveliest water hazards in golf, he trailed Weiskopf by a stroke. The pin was set that day, as it usually is on the fourth round of the Masters, in the hardest position—near the front of the narrow terrace at the back right-hand corner of the green. It takes a superlative shot, with true backspin on it, to hit and hold that terrace, because there is little margin for error: a large bunker sits in wait just beyond the green. Nicklaus, going with a 5-iron, played a so-so shot that ended up on the left side of the green well below the slope of the terrace and some forty feet from the pin. He took a long time studying his putt, to make certain he had read the line correctly. He then rapped the ball firmly up the slope and watched it break some eighteen inches to the left in a gradual curve and dive into the cup. That birdie put him in a tie for the lead with Weiskopf, and when Weiskopf three-putted the sixteenth for a bogey 4 Nicklaus was out in front to stay.

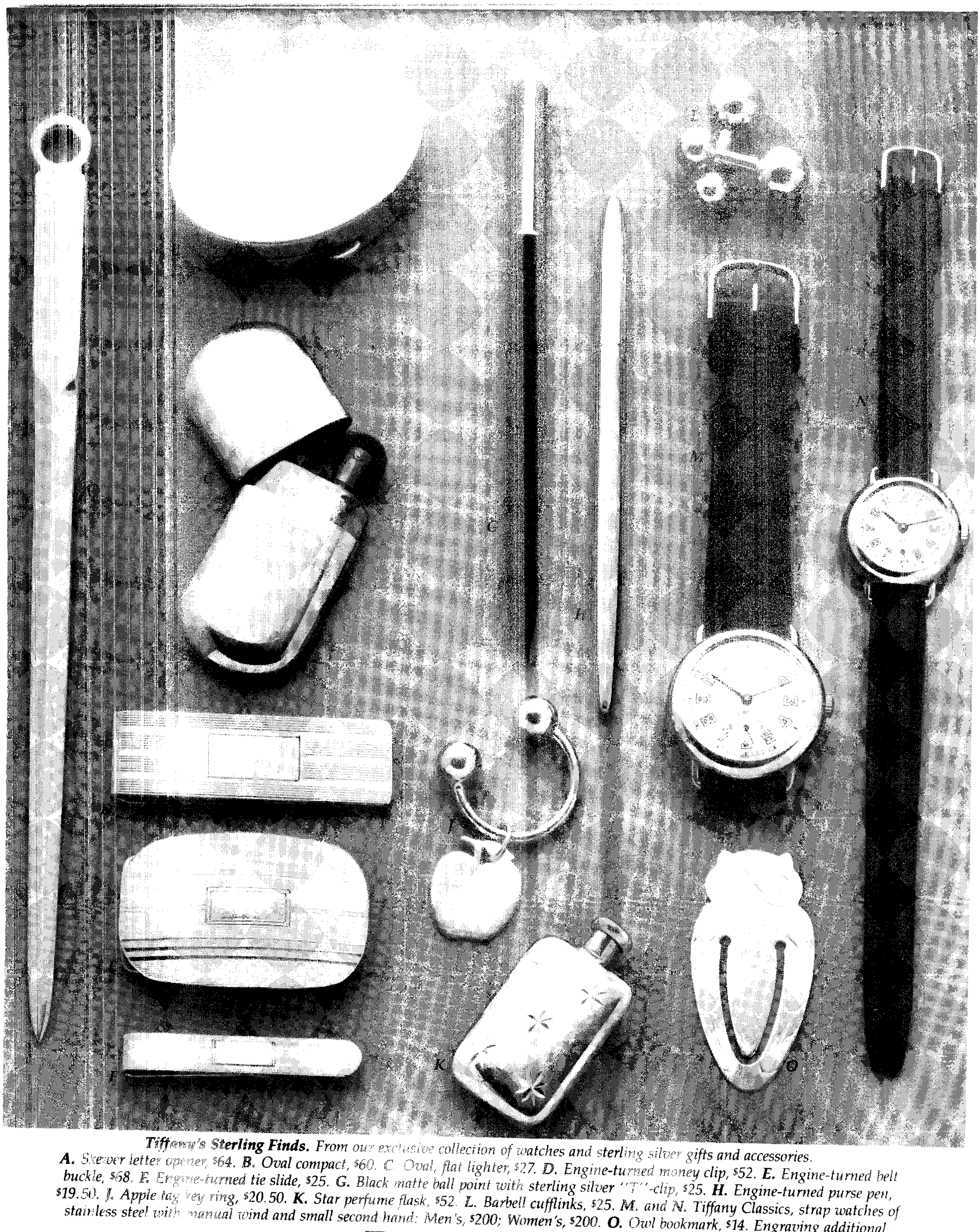
Nicklaus is unquestionably the best fourth-round golfer there has ever been. Even when he starts the last eighteen so many strokes off the pace that his chances seem hopeless, it is not his nature to think for a moment of conceding the tournament to anyone else. He is never more dangerous than at these times, and it takes a stout-hearted competitor, such as Lee Trevino or Tom Watson, to stand up to the threat that Nicklaus poses. For most golfers trying to protect a lead on the last day, there is nothing more rattling than to look up at one of the leaderboards positioned around the course and see that Nicklaus, who has slowly mounted one of his celebrated rushes, has picked up three birdies in a row and, now in full flight, is within striking distance of overtaking them.

NICKLAUS'S awesome career impresses on one how valuable it is in golf, or anything else, to start with the proper fundamentals. His father, Louis Charles Nicklaus, Jr., a warm, companionable man who was a successful pharmacist in Columbus, Ohio, made his home in the suburb of Upper Arlington, and was a member of the nearby Scioto Country Club, the scene of Jones' victory in the 1926 Open. His son began golf at ten. Jack played some with his father; he joined the Friday-morning class for junior members that Jack Grout, the Scioto professional, held in the summer; and every two or three weeks he took a private lesson from Grout. Grout, a gifted student of the golf swing, had spent three years as an assistant to Henry Picard, who was then one of the top players on the tour, and, through Picard, he had been exposed to new theories on golf technique that had been advanced in the nineteen-twenties and thirties by Alex Morrison, a controversial West Coast professional. In many respects, Morrison, who courted publicity, was well ahead of his time. So, in his own quiet way, was Grout. In 1950, when he started to work with Nicklaus, he had arrived at a very sound understanding of the golf swing—a plexus of Morrison's ideas, Picard's ideas, and his own. As he saw it, there were three main fundamentals. First, the head must be kept still throughout the swing. It is the balance center, and if a golfer allows it to move it throws everything else off: the movements of his body, his arc, his timing. Second, balance also depends on footwork. The basis of footwork is rolling the ankles correctly. On the backswing, the left ankle and heel roll in toward the right foot, and the right foot remains firmly planted. On the downswing, the left ankle and heel roll back to their original position, where they remain planted, and the right ankle and heel roll in toward the left foot. Golfers with analytical minds, such as Jones, realized early that good golf is played on the inside of the feet, but Morrison was far more explicit and emphatic about this point, and it may have been his most significant contribution to modern golf technique. Third, when a golfer is young and limber he should try to develop the widest possible arc by making a full shoulder turn and fully extending his arms on the backswing, downswing, and follow-through. That way, he will be able to utilize all his latent power. The boy who learns to hit the ball hard and far can work on improving his accuracy when he is older. Nicklaus learned very quickly from Grout. The two not only communicated well but liked and respected each other, and they became fast friends.

Like Jones, who was only nine when he won his club's junior championship and only fourteen when he first played in the U.S. Amateur (and won his first two matches), Nicklaus was a prodigy. At twelve, after shooting eight straight rounds of 80, he broke the barrier with a 74. At thirteen, he broke 70 at Scioto for the first time. To do this, he had to eagle the eighteenth, a good par 5, which he did by reaching the green with a drive and a 2-iron and holing a thirty-five-foot putt. That was also the year he made his début in the U.S. Junior Amateur championship. At fifteen, he qualified for the U.S. Amateur. He played well in his first-round match but lost on the last hole to Bob Gardner, a golfer of Walker Cup calibre. At sixteen, he won the Ohio State Open from a field of experienced professionals after taking the lead on the third round with a 64. At seventeen, he qualified for the 1957 U.S. Open, which was held at Inverness, in Toledo. He played two loose 80s and failed to make the thirty-six-hole cut by ten strokes. In the summer of 1958, he strengthened his chances of making the Walker Cup team the next year by winning the Trans-Mississippi Amateur, a top tournament, and finishing twelfth in his first P.G.A. tour event—the Rubber City Open, in Akron, in which he was paired with such stars as Julius Boros, Tommy Bolt, and Art Wall. Many boy wonders in sports fade away when they are still young men. Sometimes they lose the precocious skill that had set them apart. Sometimes they lose their enthusiasm—they have had enough of the spotlight and wish to lead an altogether different kind of life. When Nicklaus, at nineteen, was named to the American Walker Cup team for the 1959 match in this biennial series against a team representing Great Britain and Ireland, it was as clear as could be that here was one young man who, given his background in golf and his ardent and justified ambition, would almost surely mature into a much more proficient player and possibly go on to become an authentic champion. In that Walker Cup match, which was played at Muirfield, outside Edinburgh, he adjusted splendidly to the demands of linksland golf and won both his singles and his foursomes. That summer, he captured his first national championship, the U.S. Amateur, at the east course of the Broadmoor Golf Club, in Colorado Springs. In the final—a classic final—he defeated the defending champion, Charlie Coe, on the last hole of their thirty-six-hole match by sinking an eight-foot birdie putt that broke just a hair to the right. He was on his way.

ENTERING
WASHINGTON
WEEK
IN
REVIEW
D.Fradon

During his middle and late teens, Nicklaus remained as close as ever to Grout, and at this time Grout worked especially hard with him on two phases of shotmaking that were to become outstanding characteristics of Nicklaus's style of play: hitting the ball in a high parabola, and hitting it so that it moved in its flight from left to right. Thoroughly aware of Nicklaus's vast potential, Grout was looking ahead, as he had been from the start, to the years when his protégé might be competing against



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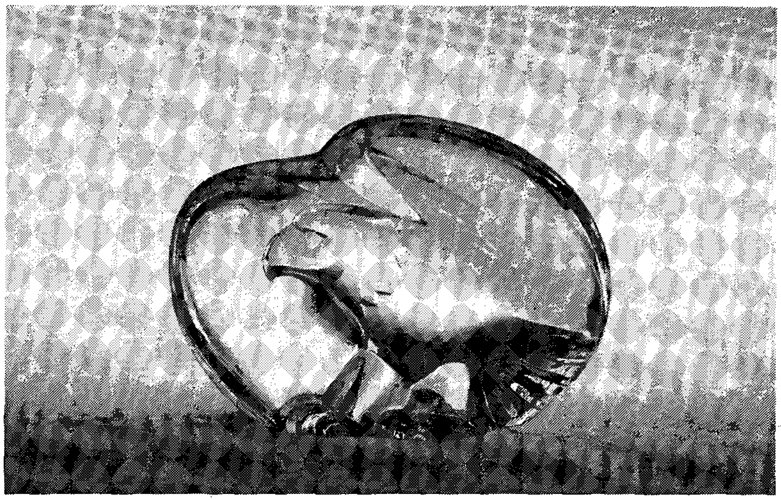

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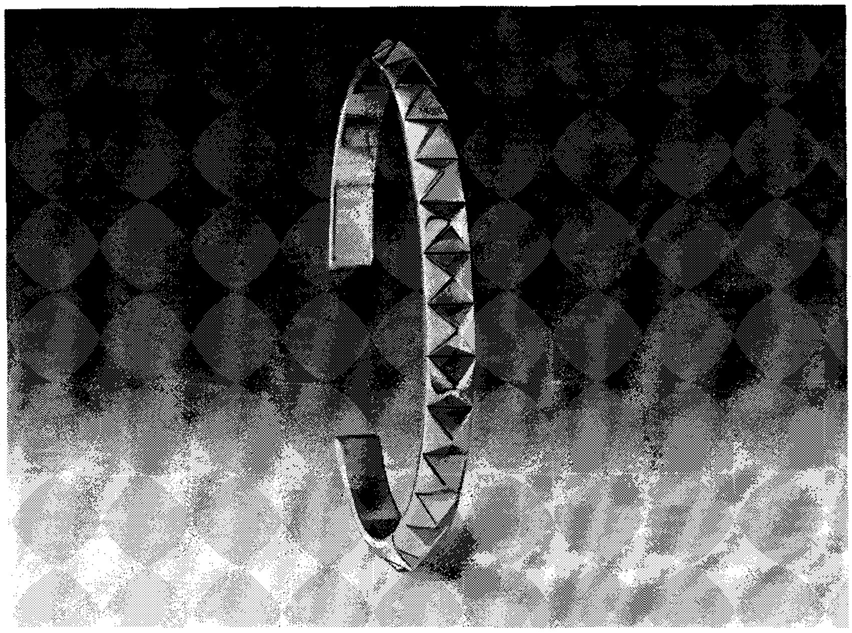
the finest players in the world. He thought it important that Nicklaus learn to hit the ball high, because this would be to his advantage when he was faced with playing long irons to resilient greens on which the pin was placed in a tight position that offered little margin for error. A ball that flies in a high parabola comes down softly and at a more nearly vertical angle than a long iron rifled on a low line, and so has a much better chance to hold the green and not run over it into heavy rough or a bunker. The value of fading the ball from left to right is that it is much safer than drawing the ball from right to left. When a golfer's timing is off—something that can frequently happen under tournament stress—a draw can easily turn into a hook, and there is nothing more costly to a golfer than a quick hook that darts into high, thick rough, or even out-of-bounds. Compared with the heavy sidespin that a hook carries, the sidespin on a badly hit left-to-right shot—a fade that turns into a slice—is relatively mild. The ball neither breaks as sharply in the air nor runs as fast when it lands. The very best golfers are able to play the ball either from right to left or from left to right, depending on the shot that is called for by the design of the hole and the way the wind is blowing at that moment. However, over the long haul, as Grout emphasized to Nicklaus, the man who fades the ball is bound to have better control than the man who draws it.

Grout is the only teacher Nicklaus has had. Since boyhood, Nicklaus has understood the workings of his swing extremely well, and as a rule he has been able to take care of small adjustments himself. He is one of the few golfers who can often do this even during a vital tournament round. There have been times, though, when he has accepted knowledgeable friends' suggestions, and these have proved helpful in correcting some faulty movement of a minor nature which he had been unable to pinpoint himself. This has been true especially in regard to his putting—a part of the game in which a player can easily lose his stroke without knowing just what has gone wrong. Then, too, early in 1980, recognizing that his execution of touch shots to the green and in the green area had never been up to the level of the rest of his shotmaking, Nicklaus went as far as to arrange for some instruction in pitching and chipping from Phil Rodgers, a master of the delicately cut lob and the rest of the short game. The last three winters, he has taken refresher courses with Rodgers. But down through the years, whenever something basic about the way he was hitting the ball was bothering him, or if he simply wanted to have his setup at the ball or his swing checked out, he has always gone to Jack Grout. When they are on the practice tee together, it generally takes Grout no time at all to spot the minutest departure from Nicklaus's customary swing pattern, suggest a remedy, and begin to work on it with Nicklaus. Grout remained at Scioto until 1961, when he became the professional at La Gorce Country Club, in Miami Beach. He stayed at La Gorce the year round for fifteen years, and during this period he and Nicklaus held most of their sessions there. Since 1965, Nicklaus has made his home in North Palm Beach, so getting down to La Gorce was an easy matter. In 1975, Nicklaus asked Grout to become the professional at the Muirfield Village Golf Club, in Dublin, Ohio, outside Columbus. Muirfield Village is a real-estate development in which Nicklaus has an interest; he was a co-designer of its golf course, the venue each May of the Memorial Tournament. Grout has been at Muirfield Village since 1975, except in the wintertime, when the course is closed. In 1976 and 1977, he spent the winter teaching at Cheeca Lodge, a resort in Islamorada, in the Florida Keys, that has a nine-hole course designed by Nicklaus. The last six winters, Grout, who is now seventy-three, has been teaching at Frenchman's Creek Golf Club, in the northern reaches of North Palm Beach. Frenchman's Creek is only a ten-minute drive from Nicklaus's home, so during the winter Grout and Nicklaus, who have been devoted friends for over thirty years, get to see a lot of each other.

WHEN old golf hands discuss when it was that it first occurred to them that Nicklaus might turn out to be not just a first-class golfer but a rare champion, more often than not they cite his performance in one or another of three events that took place early in his career: the 1960 World Amateur Team championship, at Merion, an exacting course near Philadelphia, in which his four-round total of 269 (66, 67, 68, 68) was thirteen strokes lower than the runner-up's; the 1960 U.S. Open, at Cherry Hills, outside Denver, in which he was second, only two strokes



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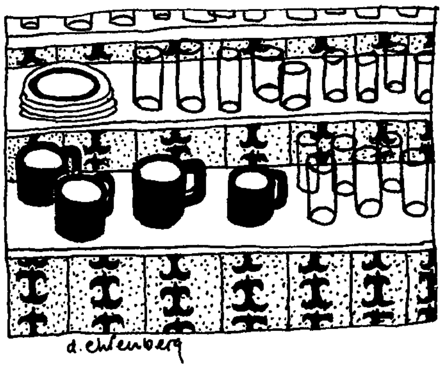
behind Arnold Palmer, then the premier golfer in the world; and the 1962 U.S. Open, at Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh, where he caught Palmer with an almost flawless last round of 69 and defeated him the next day in their playoff. While I concur that this cluster of events was significant, I would like to add some personal comments. At Merion, Nicklaus hit the ball so squarely and sweetly over the seventy-two holes that I thought he must be having one of those improbable streaks in which people play way over their heads—no one could be that good at twenty. I failed to appreciate the significance of Nicklaus's showing at Cherry Hills, because a large share of my attention was appropriated by Hogan's gallant bid for a fifth Open title and by Palmer's dashing last round of 65. And I must confess that Nicklaus's victory at Oakmont also surprised me. It was as if it had happened a bit ahead of schedule: I'd thought that it would take even a Nicklaus a year or two more to win the Open. I had underrated not only his skill but his fortitude.

Perhaps this is one of the reasons his victory in the 1963 Masters made such a profound impression on me: At Oakmont, he had patently arrived; after that every golf enthusiast, including laggards like me, realized that he could win whatever there was to be won. The other reason is that Nicklaus was tested in the 1963 Masters as he had never been before. With only seven holes to go on the final round, he was leading the tournament—a stroke ahead of Sam Snead, who was playing three holes in front of him, and two strokes ahead of Julius Boros, with whom he was paired. Then, as he was reading the line of his approach putt on the eleventh green, he looked up at the large leaderboard near the green and saw that Snead had birdied the fourteenth and was now tied with him. After getting his par on the eleventh, he shut out everything from his thoughts except the hazardous twelfth, a 155-yard par 3, where the narrow green is perched beyond the far bank of Rae's Creek. A steep slope of rough rises behind the green, and, for good measure, two bunkers are cut into this rough. A third bunker lies to the front right of the green just over the creek. That day, the pin was placed in the front part of the green—a relatively easy position. Boros, with the honor, played a handsome shot twelve feet past the pin. Nicklaus followed with a thinly hit 7-iron that barely carried the creek and landed in the front bunker. He was lucky to escape from the twelfth with only a bogey 4: his recovery from the bunker—the sand was soggy from the heavy rains the day before—had no backspin on it and ended up over the green in light rough; he misread the speed of the green on his third, which he putted, and ran it nine feet past the cup; after studying this nine-footer from all angles he read it to break about half an inch from right to left, and hit a perfect putt that veered left at the last moment and fell into the cup. Boros, meanwhile, had made his birdie. This moved him into a tie with Nicklaus. On the thirteenth tee, Nicklaus composed himself and got things in perspective. He decided that he would now think only about Snead, who was leading him by a stroke. Snead, he figured, would more than likely birdie the long fifteenth, which he was then playing. Nicklaus felt, however, that even if this happened the situation was far from hopeless, provided he could summon his best golf down the stretch. There are two par 5s on the last six holes of the Augusta National, the 485-yard thirteenth and the 520-yard fifteenth, and a long hitter like Nicklaus can usually reach the green on both with two well-played shots. If he could birdie them, he would be back in the hunt. Radiating cheer and assurance, he made his birdie 4 on the thirteenth, and was not at all fazed when he heard that Snead had indeed birdied the fifteenth. He parred the fourteenth. He had to settle for a par 5 on the fifteenth—he missed a four-footer for his birdie—but this wasn't very costly, because Snead had meanwhile bogeyed the sixteenth, the picturesque 190-yard par 3. At this moment in the long, exhausting afternoon, Nicklaus and Snead were again tied for the lead. On the sixteenth, as was to be expected, the pin was set on the terrace at the back right-hand corner of the green. Nicklaus went boldly for it and came through with a high, full-blooded 6-iron that dropped softly on the terrace and finished about fourteen feet from the hole. His putt was in from the moment he struck it. It proved to be the decisive shot, for Nicklaus protected his one-stroke lead with airtight pars on the last two holes. It was a tremendous triumph for him. The hardest way to win a tournament is to falter when you are in sight of victory, and still have the resolution to surge back and regain the lead. It doesn't happen very often.



At this point in his career, Nicklaus had established himself as a golfer who could play all the shots, but, understandably, it was his thunderous power off the tee that attracted the most attention. He was the Snead of his generation—the longest driver among the players who were regularly in contention in the big events. He lacked the ineffable rhythm and tempo that made Snead an aesthetic treat, but he was thrilling in his own way. Watching him unload on the ball and smash it three hundred yards down the fairway packed an excitement that never lessened, no matter how often an admirer had been in his gallery. Until 1969, when he went on a diet that radically altered his appearance, Nicklaus, who stands five feet eleven and three-quarters inches, weighed about two hundred and ten pounds. This young Percheron had especially heavy legs and thighs, which helped to explain his power, but the distance he hit the ball was not the result of brute force. Growing up under Grout's guidance, he understood from an early age the four main sources of power. He listed them like this in his book "The Greatest Game of All," which was published in 1969: "1. a club of proper weight and balance; 2. a long, wide arc; 3. speed of movement from the right side to the left at the start of the downswing; 4. the speed with which the left hip, having stopped its move forward, spins to the rear in the hitting zone." As goes without saying, the body movements involved in a power swing are infinitely complicated, and few players succeed in mastering them. Nicklaus was able to because of his extraordinary talent and his willingness to put in the untold hours on the practice tee that finally make the synchronization of the multiple movements almost instinctive.

When Nicklaus's colossal power comes up in conversation, golf fans tend to recall different tournaments. Some go back as far as the 1960

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(October 15, 1982)

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(April 23, 1982)

On Disney World:

"I didn't have a great time. I ate food no self-respecting mouse would eat, stayed in a hotel that could have been designed by the Moscow corps of engineers and suffered through entertainment by smiling, uniformed young people who looked like they had their hair arranged at a lobotomy clinic. Somehow the plastic heart of Disney didn't beat for me..." *(July 2, 1982)*

On television:

"I am watching David Attenborough's 'Life on Earth' carried over PBS...while I am not ready to venture forth and call the worm my sister, as Charles Darwin once demanded, I am becoming pleasurably acquainted with the worlds of squids, moths, lemurs and gorillas, only some of the creatures in Mr. Attenborough's extraordinary series..."

(January 29, 1982)

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"The (Boston) Museum of Fine Arts is a noble building designed in 1909 by Guy Lowell in the neo-classical style... you feel you are in a special place. Your spirits are lifted and you lower your voice. Such sentiments fled speedily as I recently visited the museum's new west wing...so undistinguished as to be beyond controversy. The granite for the facade comes from the same quarry Lowell used. But, oh boy, what a difference a little time and a little talent make." *(April 2, 1982)*

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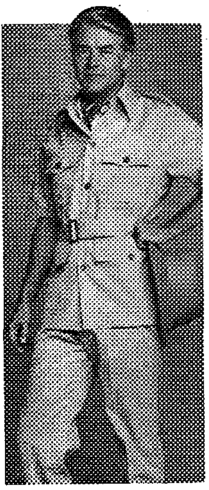

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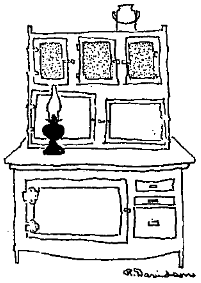
World Amateur Team championship. (It was then that people started to speculate about Nicklaus's possibly being the longest driver in the game.) Others immediately think of the 1965 Masters—perhaps the most popular choice. That April, Nicklaus flew the ball such great distances that he made the Augusta National, which measures 6,905 yards from the back tees, seem like one of those little nine-hole courses that used to be operated at old summer hotels in New England. He broke the previous Masters record total of 274 by three strokes, with rounds of 67, 71, 64, and 69, and finished nine strokes ahead of his nearest competitor. On his third round, in particular, he was driving the ball so far that on the ten par-4 holes—only two are under four hundred yards long—he had only a pitch left on his second shot: he used his 6-iron once, his 7-iron once, his 8-iron three times, his pitching wedge four times, and his sand wedge once. Jones, the founder of the Masters, and its host, summed up Nicklaus's performance perfectly when he said at the presentation ceremony, "Jack is playing an entirely different game—a game I'm not even familiar with." When I think of his power, as a veteran Nicklaus watcher, I think of the shots he tore through a bitter wind off the North Sea when, in a losing cause, he chased Gary Player down the final holes at Carnoustie in the 1968 British Open.



Nicklaus's victory in the 1966 British Open, at Muirfield, also comes vividly to mind. This takes a little explaining. That summer, Muirfield was modified a bit to keep the big hitters in check. At about the 250-yard mark, the fairways, which were narrow to begin with, were gradually pinched in so that at the 275-yard mark they were scarcely twenty yards wide. Furthermore, the rough bordering the fairways was allowed to grow almost two feet high. Nicklaus made the adjustments called for. Over the seventy-two holes of the championship, he used his driver only seventeen times. He drove with his 3-wood ten times, and the rest of the way he went with either his 1-iron or his 3-iron off the tee, depending on how the wind was blowing. His decision to put accuracy ahead of distance and his discipline in refusing to stray from this strategy was the basis of his victory. At the same time, from the point of view of power the most sensational single hole I have ever watched Nicklaus play was the seventeenth hole of that 1966 British Open. The seventeenth at Muirfield is a 528-yard par 5 that bends sharply to the left about two hundred and twenty yards from the tee and then runs more or less straight to a smallish green tucked in a hollow beyond a daunting mound. As Nicklaus stood on the tee, he knew that he would have to birdie either the seventeenth or the eighteenth to win. With the wind blowing from right to left, he drove with a 3-iron, to make sure the ball didn't carry too far and end up in the rough on the right-hand side of the twisting fairway. On his second shot, with the wind directly behind him, he selected a 5-iron. He played a superb shot. The ball landed on the small front apron about fifteen feet short of the green, as he had planned; it then hopped up and rolled to within eighteen feet of the pin. He was down in two for the crucial birdie. Even allowing for the helping wind and the lively British ball, imagine reaching a 528-yard hole with a 3-iron and a 5-iron!

While Nicklaus has a genius for hitting a golf ball, it should be brought out that he possesses uncommon physical coördination for sports in general. He got his size early: at thirteen, he stood five feet ten and weighed a hundred and sixty-five pounds. In junior high school in Upper Arlington, he was the quarterback, punter, and placekicker on the football team; the center on the basketball team; the catcher on the baseball team; and, surprisingly, a sprinter on the track team, who could run the hundred-yard dash in eleven seconds flat. He might well have had a career in baseball or football, but in high school he gave both of them up and concentrated on basketball, his favorite team sport. (Basketball hysteria has long been almost as rife in Ohio as in Indiana.) Switched to forward from center, he was a regular starter for Upper Arlington his last three years, and as a junior and senior he was named to the all-league team in the Central Buckeye League. In college—he went to Ohio State, his father's school—he limited himself strictly to golf. His range of sports interests is wide. He has been a devoted fisherman since boyhood. In conjunction with his golf travels, he has fished the world over.

(For example, before playing in the 1978 Australian Open he fished for black marlin off the Great Barrier Reef, and last summer he stopped off in Iceland after the British Open to fish for salmon.) At his home in North Palm Beach, he has two grass tennis courts—a rarity in Florida. They are part of a grassed-over plot adjoining his house which serves Nicklaus, his wife, Barbara, and their five children as a playground. After the golf season ends, he plays a lot of tennis. The workout he gets from a couple of sets helps to keep him in shape, but, in addition, he is fascinated by the game, and he plays it well. (On most Saturday mornings in the autumn and early winter, Nicklaus and seven middle-aged friends, each wearing a special "Day Camp" T-shirt, assemble at his courts for doubles and singles.) At the side of the house, attached to the garage, are a basketball backboard and hoop. When the spirit moves him, Nicklaus still goes out and practices shooting by himself or with his kids. He also still enjoys throwing and kicking a football. He can be called, with no exaggeration, a brilliant passer and an astounding punter. (I have seen him boom kicks that were forty yards high and carried sixty yards.) During the last decade, he has developed one new sports passion—skiing. Since 1975, the Nicklaus family has spent nearly every Christmas holiday skiing at Vail, Colorado, or Park City, Utah. All seven Nicklauses are of one mind: skiing is the ideal family sport.

Nicklaus inherited both his love of sports and much of his athletic ability from his father. In high school, Charlie Nicklaus—he was always Charlie to his friends—starred in football, basketball, and baseball. He worked his way through college, and in his sophomore year he brought in some money by playing linebacker for the Portsmouth (Ohio) Spartans, one of the pioneer teams in the National Football League. The year he graduated from college, he won the Columbus Public Courts tennis championship. A low-handicap golfer, he had a long, smooth hitting action modelled on the swing of his idol, Bobby Jones. He and Jack, his only son, were close friends. (Jack has a younger sister, Marilyn.) They seldom stopped playing, watching, or talking sports. When Jack was six, his father started taking him to Ohio State football games. In fact, Jack didn't miss an Ohio State home game during the next fourteen years—not until Saturday, October 1, 1960,

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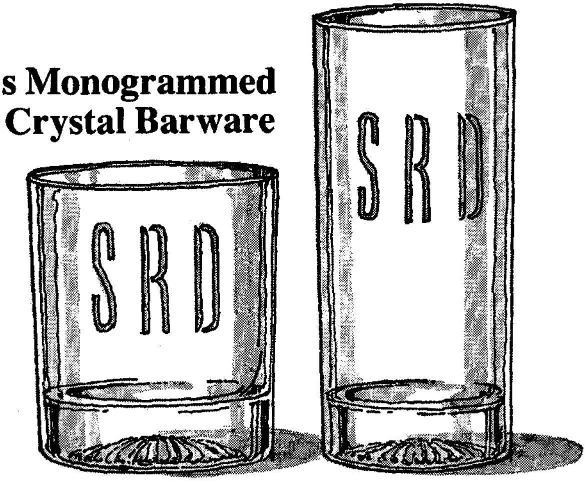

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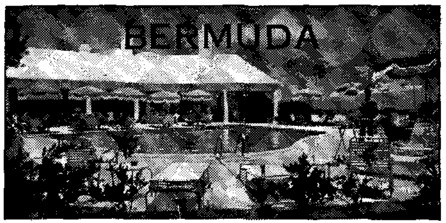

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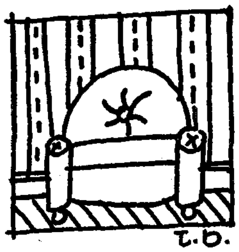
when he had to be at Merion to play on the American team in the World Amateur Team Championship. From the start of Jack's career, his father was always on hand at major events. His greatest joy was to watch his son play golf. Until his death, in 1970, he was a familiar figure at the championships, his name purposely removed from his tournament badge as he hurried along in Jack's gallery with his pals from Columbus. Of all the stage mothers and sports fathers I have met, I would put Charlie Nicklaus right up at the top. He was careful, for instance, to inculcate a deep sense of sportsmanship in his son. "My dad knew how to get his points across," Nicklaus recalled not long ago. "One day when I was eleven, I was playing with him at Scioto. We were on the fifteenth, and I had an 8-iron to the green. I put the shot in a bunker, and then I threw my club almost to the bunker. My father turned to me and said, very clearly, 'Young man, that will be the last club I'll ever see you throw or hear of you throwing, or you're not going to be playing this game.' I've never thrown a club since." He was silent for a moment, started to laugh, and added, "I must admit that I've tossed a few over to the bag, but never with any kind of force behind them."

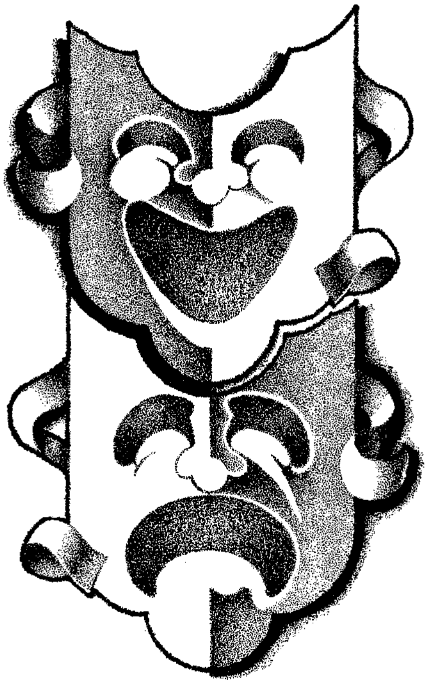


JACK NICKLAUS and Barbara Bash were classmates at Ohio State—her father was a mathematics teacher at South High School in Columbus. They met the first week of their freshman year and began going steady that winter. They were married in July, 1960, the summer before their senior year. A tall, slim, fine-looking woman with an instinctive graciousness, Barbara Nicklaus is as exceptional in her way as Jack is in his. She is one of those people who, with no apparent effort, can keep a great many balls in the air at the same time. Over the last fifteen years or so, whenever the wives of young golfers have begun to attend tournaments, it has been standard practice for their husbands to tell them, "Just watch Barbara Nicklaus and you'll know exactly what to do." When Barbara is at a tournament, she walks the full eighteen holes each day in her husband's gallery. She knows golf, she knows Jack's game inside out, she knows the state of the tournament at every moment, and she knows which golfers are playing really well, and even why they are. She manages to keep her mind on all this while chatting with friends of the Nicklauses' who spend part of each round in Jack's Pack and meeting the stream of Nicklaus idolaters who come up to her and introduce themselves. She is at least as impressive at home. With her talent for organization, she knows what things have to be done that day, that week, and that month, and, with no bustle whatsoever, she is nearly always in the process of taking care of three or four matters exceedingly well.

I came to know Barbara Nicklaus in the late nineteen-sixties, not long after the family moved from Arlington Heights to Lost Tree Village, a North Palm Beach real-estate development built around a first-rate golf course that extends from the Atlantic, on the east, to Lake Worth, a segment of the Intracoastal Waterway, and Little Lake Worth, on the west. The Nicklauses first came to Lost Tree Village in the winter of 1965-66. They lived in a modest house that fronted on Little Lake Worth, and had Cary and Edith Middlecoff as their next-door neighbors. At this time, the Nicklauses had three children: Jack William II (Jackie), approaching five; Steven, three; and Nan, one. The family had originally planned only to winter in Florida. However, Jackie was scheduled to start kindergarten the next autumn, and as they came to realize the full implications of this they decided to live the year round in Lost Tree Village. As Nicklaus puts it, "We wanted our kids to be able to grow up right—in one place, with one set of friends, rather than having to shift from one school to another each year." The thing I probably remember most clearly from my look-ins on the Nicklauses in the late nineteen-sixties is how early in his children's lives Jack introduced them to fishing. As soon as they were able to stay in a boat, he would take them out with him when he fished in Lake Worth or Little Lake Worth. In 1970, needing more space, the Nicklauses moved to their present house—a spacious one-story dwelling that looks out on the southern tip of Lake Worth. When I saw them there this February, the two oldest children were away at college. Jackie, who is twenty-one, is a junior at the University of North Carolina at

Chapel Hill. A tall (six feet four and a half), serious young man with a nice independent quality, he is a member of the college golf team. Last autumn, he won the Campbell College Invitational tournament, in Buies Creek, North Carolina, in which the members of twenty college teams from Virginia and the Carolinas competed. He tied for first with rounds of 74 and 67, and won the playoff with a birdie on the second extra hole. Back in 1976, when Nicklaus's regular caddie in the British Open became ill on the eve of the championship, Jackie, who had come over with his parents, stepped in and caddied for his father. He has since caddied for him in two U.S. Opens and in a number of tour tournaments. Steve turned twenty this April. Rugged in physique—he stands six two and a half and weighs a hundred and ninety-five pounds—he is at Florida State University on a football scholarship. A wide receiver, he is in his sophomore year. Steve has never been interested enough in golf to work on his game, but the four or five times a year he plays Lost Tree he shoots around par. He occasionally caddies for his father on the tour, and had the thrill of sharing in his victory last year in the Colonial Invitation tournament, in Fort Worth. The middle child, Nan, is eighteen and charming. Like her parents and all four of her brothers, she is blond and blue-eyed. She is in her senior year at the Benjamin School, a private junior high and high school in North Palm Beach, and plays on the girls' soccer, volleyball, and softball teams. Then comes Gary, an eighth grader at Benjamin. Bright, disciplined, and determined, he is more like his father than any of the other children are. A versatile athlete, he took to golf when he was extremely young. When he was ten, it was his habit to go out by himself on the Lost Tree course, and he approached the game with the utmost gravity. He became very good very early. Last summer, when he was thirteen, the committee members at Lost Tree voted to lower his handicap to scratch. They were right to do so: Gary had scored a 66 from the back tees on the course. Michael, the baby of the family, is pushing ten. He is enjoying his childhood. He likes catching frogs, hitting a tennis ball, going to school, and playing video games on his own computer. Nicklaus is an especially good father. He expects his children to come up to certain standards of conduct, but he loves their company, and he is endlessly encouraging about their individual pursuits. I have never known a parent who derives more pleasure than he does from watching his children take part in sports. During the two seasons when both Jackie and Steve were on the Benjamin football and basketball teams, for example, Nicklaus missed only four games—this despite the commitments that so often take him away from home. After winning the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach in 1972, he did a characteristic thing: he spent the night flying back from San Francisco so that he could be on hand the next day when Steve and his teammates on the North Palm Beach Little League All-Star team played their big game against the Fort Pierce Little League All-Stars.

My visit to the Nicklauses this winter coincided with the first round of the Doral-Eastern Open, in Miami. Nicklaus shot a 70, two under par. Having been one of the early starters, he returned to North Palm Beach late in the afternoon in time to drive over to Frenchman's Creek Golf Club and watch the last few holes of the high-school varsity match in which Gary was playing. Gary won his individual nine-hole match with a 37, two over par. When father and son arrived home, they were talking golf. Nicklaus was explaining why he would like to see Gary take the club back a touch more on the outside: "It will put your arms and hands in a little better position at the top of the backswing." Barbara was in the kitchen talking with two old friends of the Nicklauses who were visiting from Columbus. Jack sat down with them and relaxed for a while, and then took me on a tour of the grounds. It had been ten years since my last visit, and some interesting changes had taken place. The swimming pool area at the back of the house now has an entirely different look. Ever since Nicklaus began to devote a large portion of his time to golf-course architecture in the early nineteen-seventies, he has been avidly studying horticulture, and he took charge of redesigning the informal gardens around the house—putting in small palm and citrus trees, tropical plants, and flowers that do well in a hot and humid climate. We turned left onto the grassed-over playground. One new addition immediately caught



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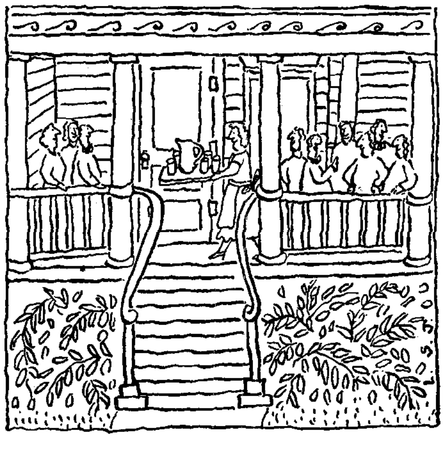
my eye. At the far corner, near the edge of the lake, a large satellite dish tilts slightly skyward. Nicklaus got it so that he could watch certain sports programs that the regular television networks don't carry. On my previous visit, there had been a putting green at the front end of the playground, but one that was so small it was hardly noticeable. It has been superseded by a sizable free-form green. The two tennis courts are at the opposite end of the playground. Originally, there was only one court, but the founding of the Day Camp made a second court mandatory. The grass on the putting green, a hybrid Bermuda grass called Tifdwarf, is cut very low, like the greens of a championship course on the eve of a tournament. The grass on the tennis courts, a hybrid Bermuda grass called Tifton 419, is kept at the height of grass on the tees of a championship course.

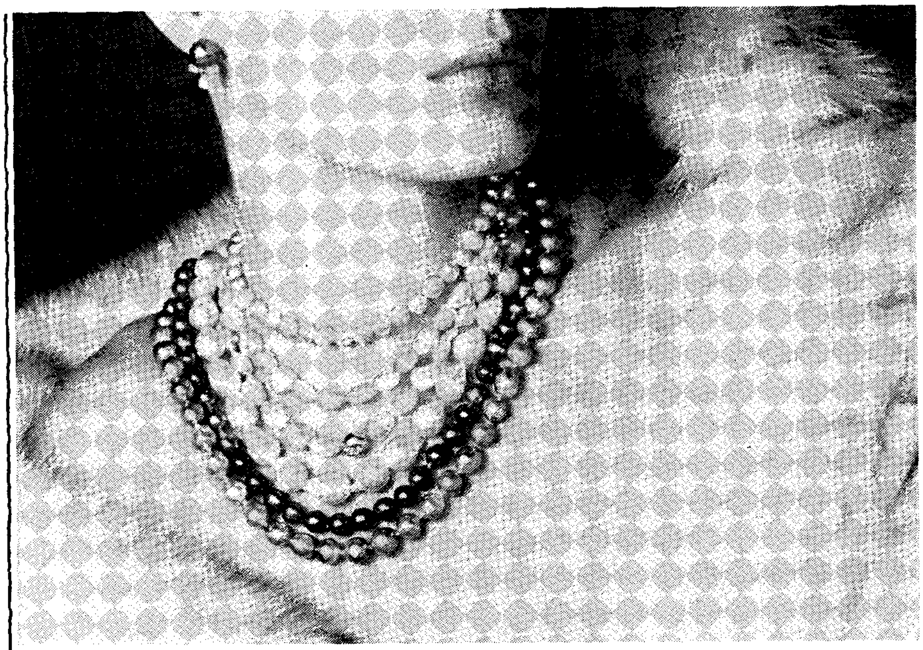
We swung left at the tennis courts, and Jack led the way past the garage (with its basketball hoop), down the driveway, and across a narrow road to two adjacent half-acre lots that constitute his nursery. He calls it "the yard." It abounds in trees, shrubs, and smaller plants, native and exotic. "It's quite a collection, really," he said as we walked past some lemon trees and lime trees. "Counting the different specimens we have around the house, I'd estimate that we've got thirty-four or thirty-five varieties of citrus trees here. Maybe nineteen varieties of mangoes. Eight avocados, I'd guess." He had paused briefly between these items, and now, as he continued to survey the yard, the cogitative pauses became a bit longer. "Five varieties of papayas. At least eight varieties of bananas. Seven or eight litchis—they're in the soapberry family. Six varieties of guavas. Eight or nine loquats. Maybe as many as twenty-five different kinds of palm trees. That's just the beginning. We've got lots of flowering trees—anything that will grow in this part of Florida." As we meandered through the yard, Nicklaus stopped periodically to identify and examine individual specimens, often rolling off their polysyllabic names as if he were Pliny the Elder.

On our walk, he told me that the yard had begun as a turf nursery a dozen or so years ago, when, after several years of serving as a consultant to golf-course architects and several more years co-designing courses, he decided to establish his own firm. He wanted to learn all he could about the new, refined strains of Bermuda grass, which is the most dependable grass for lawns, pastures, and golf courses in the southern part of the United States. Before he knew it, he was collecting plants and trees. Nicklaus has given more and more time in the past decade to building courses. He has found it stimulating and fulfilling. When he elects to retire from competitive golf, the bulk of his time and energy will undoubtedly go into golf-course architecture. He sees the yard as just the initial step in a long-range plan that will enable him in future years to set off and accent the playing areas of each of his courses with great colorful stands of plants and trees appropriate to its natural setting. The yard has also served another function, I learned as we completed our tour and headed back to the house. The man who heads the turf section of Nicklaus's golf-course-architecture enterprises is Ed Etchells, a superior golf-course superintendent, who first worked with Nicklaus at Muirfield Village. In this country, there are many young men who wish to become golf-course superintendents. Some of them are already employed at golf clubs; others are attending Mississippi State, Penn State, Michigan State, or other colleges that have agronomy programs. Etchells hears from a number of these young men or meets them on his travels. Over the last half-dozen years, he has had a program that calls for a promising young agronomist to join him as a trainee at the Nicklaus organization's headquarters in North Palm Beach, where Etchells has his office. These trainees study with Etchells for anything from three months to a year, depending on a number of circumstances, such as the need for an assistant at one of the courses that Nicklaus has designed and whose maintenance is supervised by Etchells. One of the duties of a trainee during his period



in North Palm Beach is to take care of Nicklaus's own grounds—the putting green, the tennis courts, the gardens, and the yard. "It's been a very effective program," Nicklaus said. "When the fellows are here working with Ed, they get to feel at home with me, and they get to know the standard of maintenance we've set for our golf courses. Today, the head superintendents of seven of our courses are fellows who were trainees here. That's a big plus. When I drop in at one of those courses on an inspection trip, the superintendent will usually start by saying something like 'I think we've got the course the way you want it.' Almost always, it is. I can't describe the satisfaction you get when you see one of your courses looking and playing just as you meant it to. All too often, good golf courses aren't maintained properly, and, before anyone realizes it, they're no longer good courses."

THE man I walked through the yard with this winter is essentially the same person I first met in 1959, at that year's Walker Cup match, but in several respects Nicklaus has undergone some noteworthy changes. He has expanded his vistas in many directions, developing a good mind, through exercise, into an excellent one. His memory can be astonishing. He has learned to understand other people better, and has become more generous of spirit. All in all, he has matured very well—particularly when one takes into account how long he has been in the spotlight and the disruptive effect that this kind of thing has had on many celebrities. My guess is that Nicklaus has always been a much more complicated man than most of us recognized. A profoundly private person of considerable sensitivity, he prefers to keep his problems to himself. He has had his share of them. To name only one, he could not have picked a worse time to burst onto the golf scene. The reigning hero in 1962, Nicklaus's first full year as a professional, was Arnold Palmer, the most popular golfer since Bobby Jones' heyday. A handsome, magnetic man who approached golf with a dramatic boldness, Palmer, who is ten years older than Nicklaus, had the gift of communicating his feelings to his galleries. He had another extraordinary gift: He was at his best when the going was hard, and could come charging down the stretch on the last round with a barrage of birdies that often



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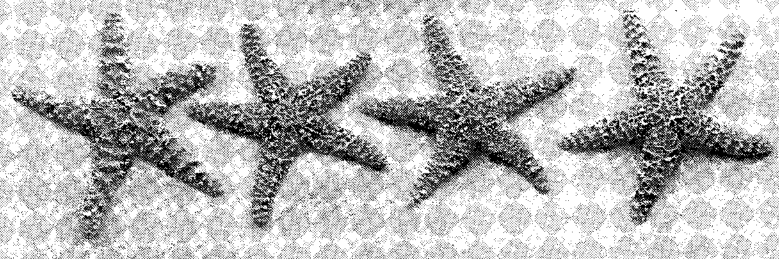

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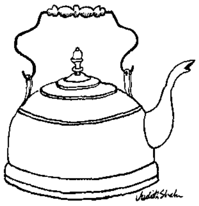
carried him to victory. Small wonder that his galleries were so immense they became known as Arnie's Army. After winning his first major championship, the Masters, in 1958, Palmer won the Masters and the U.S. Open in 1960, the British Open in 1961, and the Masters and the British Open in 1962. In between these feats, he had torrid streaks on the tour, during which he performed his magic almost on a weekly basis, cheered on by his army and by the enraptured millions who watched him on television. Palmer continued to play fine golf for many seasons, but by 1965 it was clear, if it hadn't been before, that, remarkable as he was, he was not as good a golfer as Nicklaus. In the eyes of Palmer's fans, Nicklaus, the corpulent, expressionless kid who had supplanted their hero, was an unwelcome usurper. Nicklaus took all this in, stoically, and got through it. For several years, even when he stood alone at the top, he had a limited appeal for the average golf fan. Most of the regulars in his galleries were people who had been close to golf all their lives and could appreciate the beauty of his shotmaking. Then, slowly, starting in about 1970, the situation began to change. Nicklaus not only earned an ever-increasing esteem at home and throughout the world but also emerged as one of the most popular figures in modern sports. I can remember no occasion in golf quite like his victory in the U.S. Open at Baltusrol in 1980, eighteen years after he won his first Open. The upstart kid had become a venerated champion among champions. In Nicklaus's own opinion, he has never played a better nine holes than the second nine on the final round of that 1980 Open. The ecstatic, roaring thousands who greeted his sure progress down the last few holes seemed to me at the time to have something of the quality of the worshipful multitudes in Cecil B. De Mille's motion-picture extravaganzas about the heroes of the Bible and early Christian Rome. On reflection, the comparison is not inapt. If ever there was what has come to be known in sports jargon as a "living legend," it is Nicklaus. At Baltusrol that June afternoon, three generations of golf fans—most of them had often watched his exploits on television, but only on television—were ecstatic at being present to witness Nicklaus, in all his glory, once again outplaying and outscoring a strong field of challengers.



Since we live in the age of the "image" as well as the "living legend," it is perhaps not surprising that one factor in the new popularity Nicklaus gained was a drastic change in his appearance. In 1969, he let his blond hair, which he had worn rather short, grow longer, as other young men were doing. The reaction was very favorable, and this naturally pleased him. That autumn, when he and Barbara were flying home from London after the Ryder Cup match, the last event on his schedule that year, he began to think about his weight. He had always had a hearty appetite and had steadily become heavier. He now weighed two hundred and ten pounds or thereabouts. To his admirers, he was the Golden Bear, but to the claques of his rivals he was Fat Jack or Ohio Fats. He had let things go too far and too long, he told his wife on the plane, and he was determined to do something about it immediately. Once back home, he went on the Weight Watchers diet, and he stuck to it. The results were startling. In little over four weeks, he dropped twenty pounds, and in just the right places: He lost six inches around the hips and an inch and a half around the waist. The extra weight around his chin and neck also disappeared. The new Nicklaus was a younger-looking and much more attractive man. Realizing this, he watched his eating habits as vigilantly as a ballet star, and has continued to. The rise in Nicklaus's popularity rested on some things more meaningful than his new look, however. During his first years as a professional, when he sensed that the loyal followers of Palmer and other established stars begrudged him his sudden prominence, his reaction when he was playing tournaments had been to go into a sort of shell. In the nineteen-seventies, he began to relax more out on the course and, at length, to be entirely himself. Watching him work on a round became an enchanting experience: one could follow his thinking practically step by step as he prepared to play each stroke, and this made the brilliant shots he brought off all the more spectacular. (Nicklaus believes that setting up correctly at the ball is ninety per cent of golf.) As the years passed and the pressure of tournament golf became more and more intense, most of the new young stars flashed for only a brief period. Nicklaus continued to roll on and on, though. His longevity has been the product of his pertinacity no less than of his skill. He has been able to endure several long, discouraging slumps and play his way out of them. Four times, he has done this by winning a major championship—the 1967 U.S. Open, the 1970 British Open, the 1978 British Open, and the 1980 U.S. Open. There is nothing like carrying off one of the four majors to renew a golfer's confidence, and, apparently, there is nothing like confidence to restore the timing in a golfer's swing.

Few golfers know their swing as well as Nicklaus knows his. "In 1961 and 1962, I was very pleased with the way I hit the ball," he said the evening of my visit this winter, when he was reflecting on his play during different phases of his career. "I hit it long and straight those two years. In the middle sixties, I wasn't quite as good with the driver, but I was very sound with the irons. Then, toward the late sixties, my iron play went off. I played on power for several years. In the nineteen-seventies, I had some new problems. When I lost twenty pounds in 1969, I lost twenty yards. Being lighter was only incidental—I lost distance because my swing was starting to deteriorate. It got too upright. During the seventies, I wasn't a good striker of the ball at all. Oh, I won a lot of tournaments. In both 1972 and 1975, I won two major championships—my game happened to be at its best in those important weeks. Anyway, back in the middle sixties, at the top of my backswing my hands were well behind my head—deep, as we call it. That put me in position to hit the ball from the inside. My hip action was flat, and my head stayed level. In about 1970, I started to see my head bob a bit. I started to see my hips bobble. I was doing something on my backswing that pushed me up in the air, and at the top of the backswing my hands would be directly *over* my head instead of *behind* it. On my downswing, my left leg would sag. This would throw me outside the proper line, and I would wipe across the ball from right to left. That's why I lost so much distance. For years, I couldn't identify what caused that hip bobble. No one could—not even Grout. And I hadn't seen enough slow-motion movies of my swing in the sixties to know in what ways it had been different. In 1980, when Grout got me at the beginning of the season, he said, 'This year, we're going to go back to *deep*.' We worked on this hard. When I got to taking the club back deep again, I lost the bobble. You see, in order to get back into that position I was forced to move my hips in a different way—to make a flatter hip turn. Ever since I made that correction during those hours with Grout, I think I've struck the ball as well as I ever did. I made some other changes in my swing. I flattened my arc and levelled my shoulder turn. Now I come into the ball low and from the inside, and I hit the back of the ball more squarely than I ever did. When you do this, you can transfer all your power directly into your shot. I've got back the twenty yards I lost. Another thing—with this type of swing you get less spin on the ball. The ball has natural spin on it but not an exaggerated spin. That's an advantage. You can be more consistent. You can repeat the flight of your shots, as I did on the last nine at Baltusrol in the Open. I don't have much curve on the ball nowadays. I hit it more or less straight. Maybe it falls in a little from right to left. When you play from the inside with a complete release through the ball, you can hit it pretty straight. Of course, I practice now more than I used to. You have to when you get older. But I'm more excited about playing golf than I've been in a long time. I suppose the real reason for this is that I know I'm not going to play tournament golf that much longer. I don't want to go out of golf having let my game just dwindle away. I want to make sure that each year that I play I give it everything I've got. As long as I play tournaments, I'm going to work at it, I'm going to make it happen, and if I can't make it happen then I won't play."

This season, Nicklaus's plans call for him to play sixteen or seventeen tournaments. Between times, he will follow his usual procedure back at Lost Tree Village: he will relax with his family and friends, practice diligently, and keep abreast of what is going on at his business, the Golden Bear / Nicklaus organization. When the company was founded, in 1970, it occupied a two-room office on North Lake Boulevard in North Palm Beach. Aside from Nicklaus and a secretary, it had a staff of two, a bookkeeper and a treasurer, the latter being Tom Peterson, a banker from Fort Wayne. A

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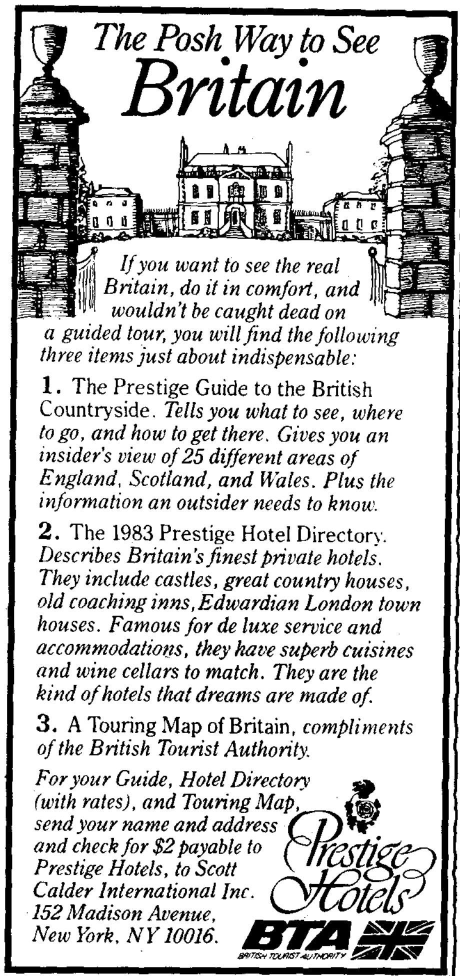

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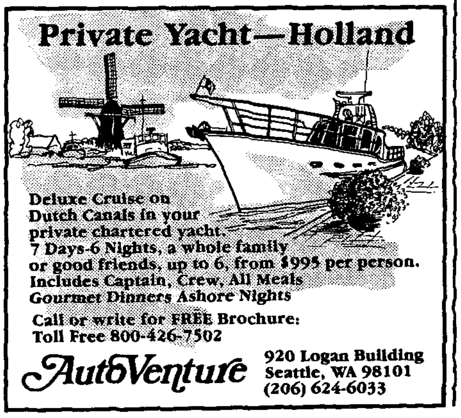

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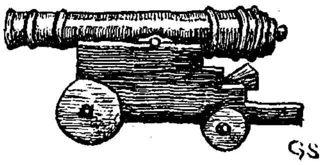
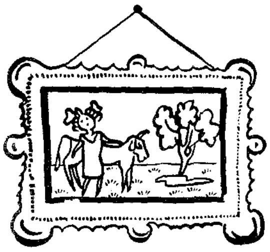
sturdy, reliable man, Peterson is now the president and chief operating officer of Golden Bear / Nicklaus—a complex amalgam of many individual companies which has its headquarters in a two-story building on U.S. Route 1 in North Palm Beach and employs over a thousand people scattered across the country and overseas. The individual company in the group which is best known to the public is Golden Bear, Inc., which licenses the use of Nicklaus's name, nickname, and trademark to manufacturers and distributors of golf equipment, sports shirts, blazers, slacks, shoes, and other such items. Nicklaus has marketing contracts with a number of firms. He does television commercials for American Express, Pontiac, Magic Chef, and Uniden (Extend-a-Phone). His appeal is international. Golden Bear clothing, marketed by the Asahi Chemical Company, and Golden Bear jewelry, cosmetics, and soap, marketed by Taido, are the rage from Hokkaido to Kyushu, and their annual sales are estimated at over a hundred and fifty million dollars. Golden Bear / Nicklaus began to become big business in 1976, upon the arrival as chief executive officer of Charles E. (Chuck) Perry, a former president of Florida International University and later the publisher of *Family Weekly*. Under Perry's direction, the company expanded in three principal areas: real estate, insurance, and oil and gas development. Its ownership interests in these ventures has made it a multimillion-dollar conglomerate. Nicklaus, who is the chairman of Golden Bear / Nicklaus, has a good business mind. He takes a keen interest in the organization's diverse activities and is intimately involved in all significant decisions. Last year, his knowledge and enthusiasm were pivotal in the acquisition of the MacGregor Golf Company. From boyhood, he has always used MacGregor equipment.



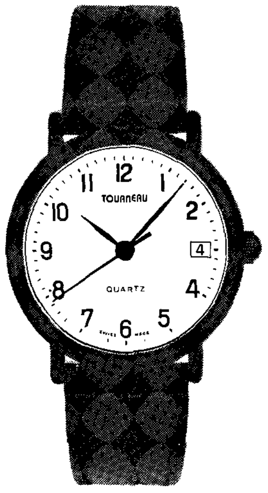
Predictably, Nicklaus the businessman gives most of his time to the several individual companies under the Golden Bear / Nicklaus umbrella which design golf courses, supervise their construction, and check on their maintenance for three years after they have been opened for play. Courses designed by Nicklaus are expensive, not only because of the power of his name but for another reason. Having often seen courses that were well laid out lapse into mediocrity because their upkeep was neglected, he prefers to make a deal with prospective clients that calls for personnel from two of his companies, Golforce and Golfturf, to undertake periodic inspection trips to recently completed courses over the first three years in order to make sure that proper maintenance procedures are established during that critical period. Nicklaus has now created twenty golf courses, and another twenty are in some stage of design or construction. These days, a golf-course architect seldom gets a crack at doing his stuff on choice natural golf terrain. Like other architects, Nicklaus frequently has to make a number of visits to a parcel of land that developers have earmarked for a golf course before he can determine whether or not a course of merit can be built on it. For illustration, it took Nicklaus and Bob Cupp, his senior designer, six weeks and many trips to Shoal Creek, in the mountainous region of northern Alabama, before they were certain that there was room for eighteen holes in the narrow valleys. Then it took them four months to figure out a routing plan that satisfied them. Shoal Creek turned out to be a first-class course, and it has been chosen for the 1984 P.G.A. championship.

Nicklaus has a very definite approach to golf-course architecture. He abhors building holes that at first glance appear to be novel and intriguing but which have no genuine shot values. What he seeks during his first examinations of a new property are stretches of land whose contours lend themselves to sound, challenging golf holes. In his mind, a well-designed hole will develop its own personality because of the way it plays and its geographic location. A good number of the courses he has worked on recently occupy unusually scenic sites. Castle Pines, south of Denver, is in the foothills of the Rockies. Bear Creek, twenty-five miles inland from San Clemente, is routed through a canyon in a valley just east of the coastal range. There were three hundred and fifty live-oak trees on this property, and Nicklaus routed his holes in such a way that only one tree had to be taken down. Desert Highlands, at Pinnacle Peak, in Scottsdale, is set in high desert country. The fairways, which are drained internally, are edged by decomposed granite that fills the same role rough and fairway bunkers usually do. Beyond this transition area is the real desert, abloom with four hundred varieties of plants and flowers. At the other end of the continent, at Hastings-on-Hudson, in Westchester, Nicklaus is beginning to renovate the course of the St. Andrews Golf Club, the oldest golf club in this country, established in 1888. Here the concept is to use modern techniques to produce eighteen holes with the aspect and the feel of the best courses designed here early in the century by Donald Ross and the other top architects of that day.

THE 1983 Masters, which was won by Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, the tall, strong, and altogether imposing young Spanish golfer, turned out to be a long and arduous tournament. It had its moments of high drama, but three days of bad weather threw it off stride for a while and made springtime in Augusta a good deal less lyrical than it usually is. On Thursday, the day of the opening round, play was suspended for forty minutes in the afternoon because of heavy rains. A rainstorm early Friday morning and the prediction of more to come led the Masters Tournament Committee to cancel that day's play at eight-twenty-five, before a ball had been struck. The prediction proved to be correct: it poured all day. The second round eventually got under way at eleven o'clock on Saturday. The late hour was decided on in order to give the Augusta National's groundskeeping crew sufficient time to get the greens, the bunkers, and the rest of the course back into shape. On that round, the field was sent out in threesomes, with the low forty-two scorers starting on the first tee and the remaining thirty-nine players starting on the tenth. Ordinarily, under this arrangement all the players would have finished their rounds well before darkness fell, at seven o'clock, but there were showers throughout the day, and at one point in the afternoon play had to be suspended for thirty-four minutes. When play was resumed, the threesomes proceeded at a slow crawl, halting frequently to allow the grounds crew to squeegee the water that had collected in the dips of greens—particularly the greens on the lowest part of the course. Two threesomes were unable to complete their rounds before dark, and this was critical, for it prevented the Tournament Committee from carrying out a provisional plan whereby the golfers who had made the thirty-six-hole cut would play the final thirty-six holes on Sunday. In the end, the second round was concluded and the third round was played on Sunday, and the fourth round was played on Monday. On these last two days, the skies were clear and a gusty wind roamed the course. In conjunction with the Augusta National's remarkable drainage system, the sun and the wind dried out the soaked greens and fairways in practically no time, and on Sunday many of the greens were putting surprisingly fast.



The Masters was also unfortunate in that Nicklaus was forced to withdraw moments before beginning his second round, because of muscle spasms in his back. In preparation for the Masters, he had played six tournaments earlier this year and had finished well up in three of them: sixth in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, in a tie for fifth in the Bay Hill Classic, and second in the Honda Inverrary Classic. On the Monday before the Masters, while he was still in North Palm Beach, he felt that something was wrong with his back, and he had the lower lumbar region lightly massaged by a chiropractor. This helped, but his back did not feel quite right on his practice rounds or during the first round of the tournament, when he shot a 73—a rather poor score, considering how soft and holding the greens were. On Friday, after the second round had been rained out, his back felt about the same when he hit some balls on the practice range. However, on Saturday, when he was warming up on the range before his round, his back started to tighten up. He thought that the best thing to do was to walk around a bit to see if this would loosen it up, but on the practice putting green he found he could not bend down over the ball. He made his way to the tenth hole, where he was due to tee off at twelve-twenty with Gary Player and Fred Couples. When the three were called to the tee, Nicklaus tried a couple of practice swings with his driver. He then walked over to the starter and formally withdrew from the tournament. During a session with some members of the press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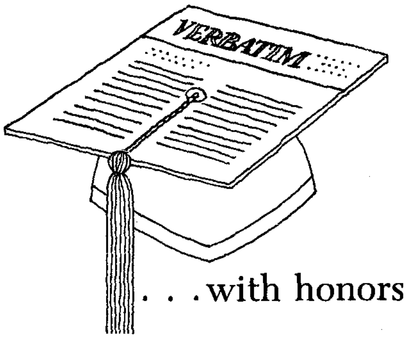

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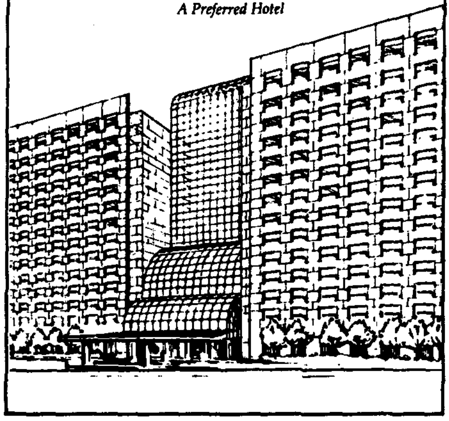

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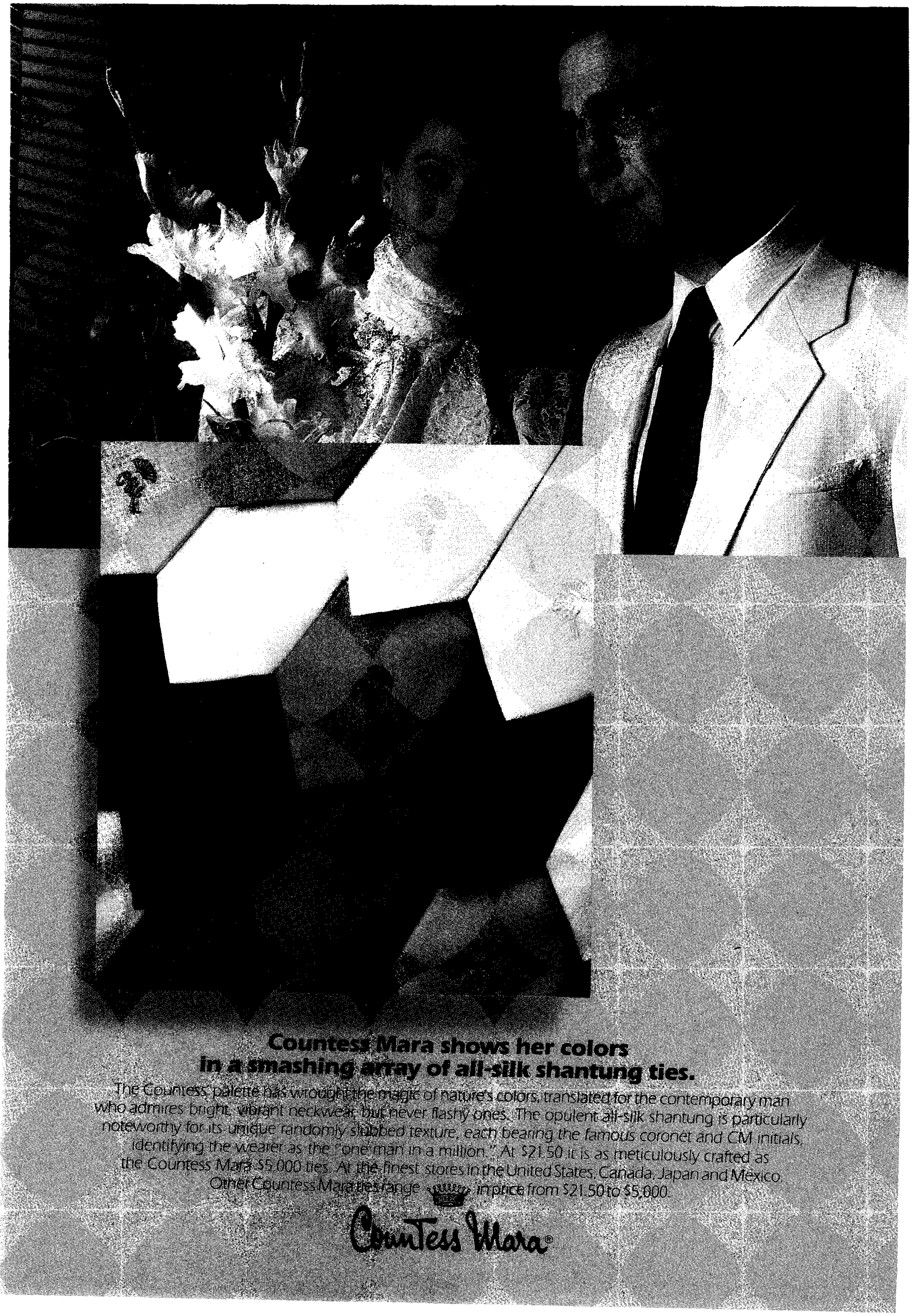
shortly after he had returned to the small locker room on the second floor of the clubhouse which is reserved for Masters champions, Nicklaus described his ailment. It has been diagnosed as a pinched nerve. Two of his vertebrae are set too close together. The first time that this happened was during the World Series of Golf in 1980, when he had to withdraw before the start of the fourth round. These spasms had recurred three times since then, but the Masters marked only the second time that he had had to withdraw from a tournament. In his talk with the press, Nicklaus said that he planned to take it easy for a week or so and give his back time to heal. He added, with a wry smile, “When you get to be my age, these things happen.”

On the last two rounds, after the rains had departed, the Masters became a contest among four men—Ballesteros, Watson, Raymond Floyd, and Craig Stadler, each of whom had previously won the tournament. At the end of the third round, Floyd, the winner in 1976, and Stadler, the defending champion, were tied for the lead at 210, six under par. Ballesteros, the winner in 1980, was one stroke behind them, and Watson, the winner in 1977 and 1981, was two strokes behind. On the final round, Floyd and Stadler were paired in the last twosome; Ballesteros and Watson were just in front of them. The outcome was decided early in the afternoon by Ballesteros' bravura golf on the first four holes. He birdied the first, a 400-yard par 4, by stopping his 7-iron approach eight feet from the pin and holing the putt. The second, a 555-yard par 5, is an eminently birdieable hole, especially for the big hitter who can carry the ball two hundred and fifty yards in the air, because the ball will then catch the downslope of a long hillside and bound and roll many more yards. Both Ballesteros and Watson—they are probably the two best strikers of the ball to come to the fore in the last decade—belted their drives about three hundred yards down the fairway. Ballesteros, five yards shorter than Watson, played first. Going with a 4-wood from his downhill lie, he hit a majestic shot dead on line for the pin, which was set this day at the extreme back right corner of the green. The ball carried the bunker in front of the green with yards to spare and rolled to within fifteen feet of the pin. Watson followed with an equally superb 4-wood shot, which also covered the pin all the way and came close to hitting it as it rolled by it and finished sixteen feet away. Watson missed his bid for an eagle, but Ballesteros stroked his putt into the middle of the cup. With that thrust, he took over the lead, two shots ahead of Floyd and three ahead of Watson and Stadler. There was more to come. On the third, a drive-and-pitch par 4, he came close to holing the twenty-footer he had for his birdie. The wind was blowing against the players on the fourth, a 205-yard par 3 to a slightly elevated green bunkered on the left and in front. The pin that day was set in the most difficult position possible—about fifteen feet beyond the deep front bunker. Ballesteros gauged the distance perfectly. He hit a firm 2-iron into the wind, and the ball fluttered down two feet from the pin and stopped almost instantly. He made the putt. This run of birdie, eagle, par, birdie put him three strokes ahead of his nearest pursuer, and he maintained this cushion the rest of the day, except for one moment when Watson drew to within two strokes by eagling the long eighth. Watson immediately fell back by three-putting the ninth, which Ballesteros birdied. Neither Floyd nor Stadler was able to get rolling throughout the afternoon, and it mattered little that Ballesteros, after making the turn in 31, five under par, came back in 38, two over par. His four-round total of 280 (68-70-73-69) gave him a margin of four strokes over Ben Crenshaw and Tom Kite, two gentlemen from Austin, Texas, who finished strong and tied for second.

Ballesteros has just turned twenty-six, and his best years should lie ahead. He is an utterly natural hitter of the ball. He comes from the town of Pedreña, outside Santander, on the Bay of Biscay, and, like three older brothers, he caddied at the nearby resort course, Real Club de Golf de Pedreña. At sixteen, he turned professional, and at twenty-three he won the British Open. He has talent galore: a fine swing pattern, power to spare, a sure touch on the greens, and a penchant for improvising stunning recoveries from all sorts of trouble. If he has a weakness, it is his volatile tempera-



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ment. There is a lot of the matador in him. Sometimes he elects to play the dangerously flamboyant shot when there is no need to. At other times, after he has made a careless error, such as three-putting a green from twenty feet, in his chagrin he is likely to try to slug the next few tee shots out of sight. This is an excellent way to lose your timing and concentration, and golf is a hard enough game as it is. On the last round of the Masters, after taking command with that glorious surge on the first four holes, he kept his emotions well in check and played his way home with the blend of assertiveness and prudence the situation called for. If he sets his mind to it, there is no limit to what Ballesteros can accomplish in the years ahead.

To return to Nicklaus. Two weeks after the Masters, he was fit enough to play in the Tournament of Champions. He was not in top form in that event, nor was he, subsequently, in the Byron Nelson Golf Classic or the Colonial Invitation tournament. However, you can be sure he will be preparing conscientiously for the U.S. Open, the British Open, and the P.G.A., for if he can win one of them his number of victories in the major championships will rise to a nice round figure: twenty. That is surely his goal.

When the day comes that designing courses replaces playing tournament golf as Nicklaus's chief occupation, he will be remembered for his sportsmanship as well as for his achievements. Considerate and gracious in victory, he stands alone in his time as a golfer who is able in defeat to go out toward his rivals with warmth and a genuine understanding of what winning means to them. Nicklaus's father instilled high precepts in him, but there is also something at the core of Nicklaus's character which underlies his attitude and conduct. He believes that there are definite ways a golfer must act in specific situations, and that if he fails to, the failure detracts immeasurably from the essence and worth of the game. There have been many examples of this in his career, but I will note just three. In the 1969 Ryder Cup match, at Birkdale, in England, the three-day competition came down to the last singles—Nicklaus vs. Tony Jacklin. All even as they played the eighteenth, a short par 5, Nicklaus lay 3 five feet from the cup, and Jacklin 3 two feet from the cup. Nicklaus's putt was a testing one. He took his time over it, and holed it. He then turned to Jacklin and told him his putt was good—he was conceding it. This halved singles made the final score of the team match 16–16. Some people thought that Nicklaus should have made Jacklin hole out, but Nicklaus felt that what he did was the right thing in those exceptional circumstances. In the 1977 British Open, at Turnberry, in Scotland, the championship turned out to be a two-man fight between Nicklaus and Watson, who, as it happened, were paired together on the last two rounds. Nothing in the history of golf quite matches their scoring and shotmaking over those thirty-six holes. Tied for the lead at the start of the third day, each was around in 65, six under par. On the fourth day, Nicklaus, despite a heroic birdie on the last hole, took 66 strokes—one stroke too many, for Watson had another 65. As they walked off the last green, Nicklaus flung his arm over Watson's shoulder and, smiling broadly, told him how wonderfully he had played. The two were involved in a similarly unforgettable moment at the close of the 1982 U.S. Open, at Pebble Beach. Playing three twosomes ahead of Watson, Nicklaus moved into contention on the last round with a string of five birdies on the front nine. Coming down the stretch, they were tied for the lead, but on the par-3 seventeenth Watson played what proved to be the winning shot: he holed a little wedge pitch from the greenside rough for a birdie. When Watson completed his round, there was Nicklaus, waiting off the eighteenth green to greet him heartily and congratulate him. Golf is one of the rare sports in which there has been no drop in the level of sportsmanship over the last decade, and I imagine that the example Nicklaus has set has had something to do with this happy state of affairs.

—Herbert Warren Wind

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[*From the London Times*]

Sir, A remedy to avoid inky hands which Mrs Tullo (April 3) has in reading *The Times* is to wear cotton gloves.

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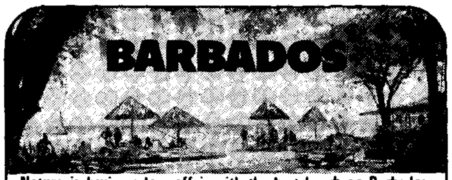

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THE THEATRE

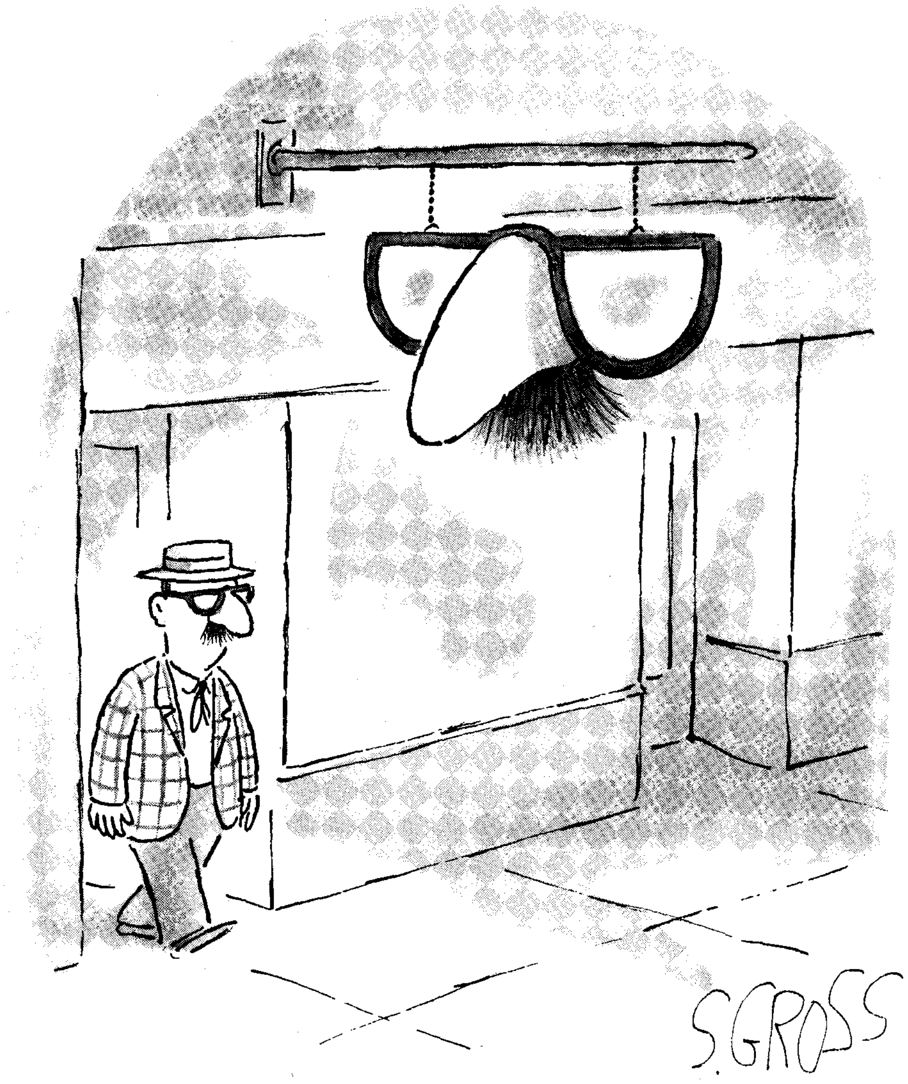
Off Broadway

Gus Edwards' "Manhattan Made Me," which opened last week at Theatre Four, is a cynical, satiric, and sporadically funny play about blacks and whites in this city, and it should have come off with much more style than it did. Produced by the Negro Ensemble Company and directed by Douglas Turner Ward, the company's artistic director, it is an endless succession of small scenes linked by interminable bridges of popular music and moving sluggishly along without any springs or tension. Its hero, so to speak (heroism seems to be the last thing on Mr. Edwards' mind), is a young, urbane black named Barry Anderson, who is the close friend and companion of a white couple, Alan and Claire McKenzie. Claire appears to be very rich, and the pair have moved to New York from somewhere or other because Alan wants to try his hand at acting. He is a drunk and spends much time, he reports, picking up and bedding down an assortment of women. The fourth character in the play is one Duncan, who, standing in the shadows outside the set that represents the McKenzies' lavish apartment, functions through most of the action as a kind of mocking chorus. He is a black derelict, a sardonic old buddy of Barry's, given to disreputable reminiscence and bits of down-home philosophy, which he delivers in low, pungent street language. Alan leaves to make a television pilot in California, Barry moves in with Claire, and Alan, when he returns, is expelled in tears and rage. Barry and Claire settle down together, and Barry becomes an art director for a publishing house—sporting a large, impressive briefcase, to the unbounded delight of his jeering old pal. Alan comes back again, drunk and maudlin and declaring his eternal love for Barry, and he is again turned out, ending up as yet another street-corner derelict, in some terrible weather (made manifest by some terrible sound effects). Claire, a Sunday painter, decides to ask Duncan to pose for a portrait, despite heavy objections from Barry. Soon, Duncan, quitting his effective post as Chorus, moves into bed with Claire, and furious Barry, shouting in a number of foreign tongues, becomes a raving animal before our eyes. At the end, Duncan, having progressed from rags to brocade smoking jacket, is in residence, and the action has petered out into predictability.

The pity of it is that "Manhattan Made Me" could have been a strong and original piece of work, given one more pass through the typewriter by Mr. Edwards—a good writer, whose "Weep Not for Me," of a couple of seasons ago, was one of the best plays ever done by the N.E.C.—and given, God knows, a more focussed, less flabby production by Mr. Ward. Eugene Lee is witty and plausible as Barry, and Robert Gossett is fine, too, in the plum role of Duncan, but the actors playing the McKenzies are badly miscast. That lavish apartment was designed by Felix E. Cochren and lighted by Sylvester N. Weaver, Jr.

Richard Foreman's "Egyptology (My Head Was a Sledgehammer)"—crash, bam, glare, darkness!—which is running at the Public, and which seems to have something to do with an aviatrix landing in Egypt in the twenties, is the most abstract, most personal, and most cluttered of any of Foreman's shows that I've seen. How easy it would be to dismiss it as pretentious rubbish; yet a number of the surprises are amusing and the lines that break through the pandemonium are good lines. Even so, I cannot remember being more relieved when an evening was over.

—Edith Oliver



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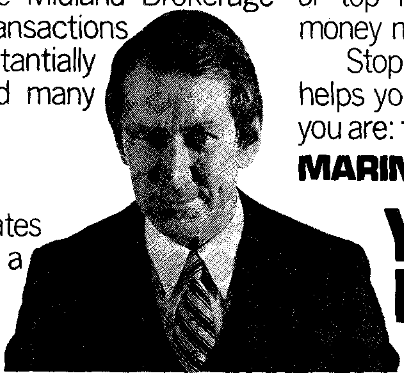

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SOME of the trick effects might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but "Return of the Jedi" is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. There doesn't seem to be enough light, and the editing isn't crisp (particularly in the first third). "Jedi" features a tribe of potbellied woodland creatures, the furry, cuddly Ewoks, who suggest a cross between koala bears and puli dogs; the Ewoks help their friend Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher) by toddling about the forest bashing her enemies—one fiercely determined Ewok scrambles into an aircraft that looks like a kiddie car, and he becomes a daredevil ace. The sequence should be magical, because God only knows how all this was done, but the images are muddy and the slapstick is repetitive. The forest is unenchanted and, like the other settings, in the desert, all too earthly. And though we want to be able to remember this glade full of raffish little Teddy bears, the effects are gruelling; they tend to cancel each other out. This is partly because of what has become recognizable as the George Lucas approach to fantasy: it's bam bam pow—he's like a slugger in the ring who has no variety and never lets up. This third film of the "Star Wars" trilogy (which, we are told, constitutes the middle section of a nine-film cycle) is, except for a slow beginning, paced like its predecessors and like "Raiders of the Lost Ark," which Lucas also produced. But I think that the groaning exhaustion that had me sighing with relief when "Jedi" was finished can also be blamed on its British director, Richard Marquand ("Eye of the Needle," the TV series "The Search for the Nile"). Every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome, Marquand trashes it—and not deliberately, as Richard Lester might, to show us that he's too hip for that, but out of what appears to be indifference yet may just be a weak visual imagination. Even the scene that should be the emotional peak of the whole mythic trilogy—the moment when the young protagonist, Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), removes the black visor and the helmet that have concealed Darth Vader's face—has no thrill. There isn't a gasp to be heard in the entire theatre. Luke looks into the eyes of his nightmare father, and he might be ordering a veggieburger.

In "The Empire Strikes Back," when Han Solo (Harrison Ford) was frozen into sculpture—his face protruding from a bas-relief, the mouth open as if calling out in pain—the scene had a terrifying grandeur. Though "Empire," released in 1980, didn't have the leaping, comic-book hedonism of the 1977 "Star Wars" and, as the middle, bridging film of the trilogy, was chained to an unresolved, cliffhanger plot, it was a vibrant, fairy-tale cliffhanger. The director, Irvin Kershner, brought the material a pop-Wagnerian amplitude; the characters showed more depth of feeling than they had in the first film, and the music—John Williams' variations on the "Star Wars" theme—seemed to saturate and enrich the intensely clear images. Scenes from that movie linger in the mind: the light playing on Darth Vader's gleaming surfaces as this metal man, who's like a giant armored insect, fills the screen; Han Solo saving Luke's life on the ice planet Hoth by slashing open a snow camel and warming him inside; Luke's hand being lopped off, and his seemingly endless fall through space; Chewbacca, the Wookie, yowling in grief or in comic fear, his sounds so hyper-human you couldn't help laughing at them; the big-eared green elf Yoda, with shining ancient eyes, who pontifically instructs Luke in how to grow up wise—Yoda looks like a wonton and talks like a fortune cookie. The effects in "Empire" appeared to be integral to the story and the characters; in "Jedi" the effects take over. Everything has lost its tone: when Leia finally frees Han Solo from his living death as sculpture, the scene has almost no emotional weight. It's as if Han Solo had locked himself in the garage, tapped on the door, and been let out.

Probably the most difficult thing facing the director of a fantasy that is dependent on mechanical effects is how to make the images flow. George Lucas couldn't do it when he directed "Star Wars," but he kept the movie hopping, by cutting it into short, choppy scenes. Kershner is a master of visual flow, and, joining his own kinks and obsessions to Lucas's, he gave "Empire" a splendiferousness that may even have transcended what Lucas had in mind. Maybe because of the cascading imagery of "Empire" (which was almost as impassioned as John Boorman's "Excalibur," and was also funny), Marquand's work looks especially klunky and drab. The characters seem to be robbed of their essences. Chewbacca's personality has drained away. The spark is gone from Yoda's eyes; the little green sage looks swollen and baggy—he has been given horrible fuzz all over, as if he were a peach—and the way he's lighted he isn't even green. Billy Dee Williams' Lando, the gambling man, has been made a general in the rebel forces; perhaps the high rank is meant to compensate for his being on the margins of the movie. (He checks in now and then to remind us of a war that's supposed to be going on somewhere.) Worse, the bravado is gone from Han Solo; this sad palooka is so callow he seems to have regressed. Leia, older and sleeker now, looks at him affectionately, like an indulgent mother who has learned to live with her son's dopeyness. The director doesn't appear to have any use for him: when Han Solo is freed from the block of stone, he's blind, and the picture doesn't even bother to show us the moment when he regains his sight. This must be the only movie ever made in which the romantic lead has his sight restored to him offscreen.

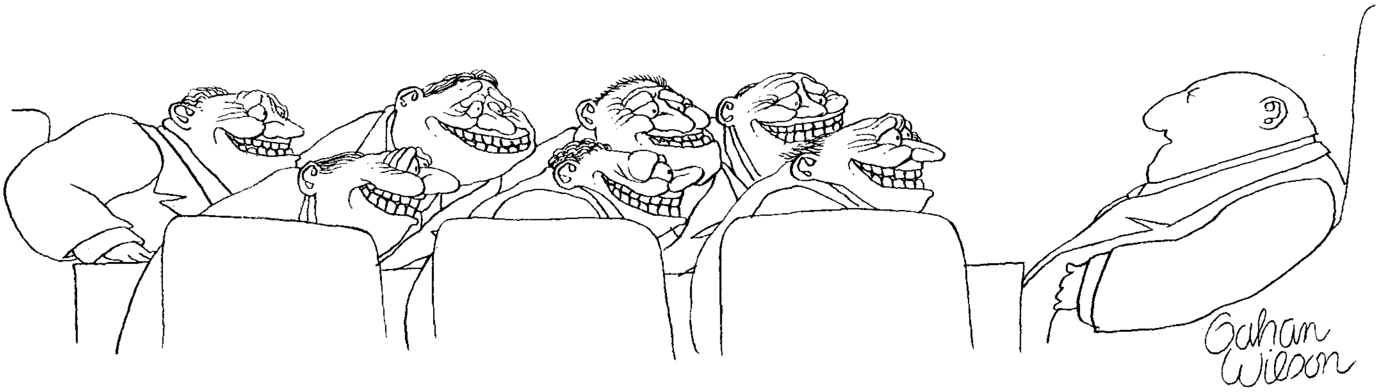
Leia herself has acquired more importance in the scheme of things, but in a rather unsatisfying way. We've been assuming that men become knights because of their valor, and Luke, striving to become a Jedi, has been tested over and over. Yet Leia becomes strong and wise—a fighter—because of her lineage. The scriptwriters (Lawrence Kasdan and Lucas) remove the trilogy's moral underpinnings when they tell us that you can become a Jedi knight, with the Force to do good, by heredity. (It's a very un-American notion.) Throughout "Jedi," we can see that Luke is meant to be maturing and gaining wisdom, but, like Han Solo and Leia, he's colorless. In "Empire," these three seemed capable of real exhilaration and real suffering. In "Jedi," they're back to being comic-strip characters wandering through a jokey pastiche of the Arthurian legends.

The movie is openly silly, with obvious parody references to "The Wizard of Oz," "The Adventures of Robin Hood," "King Kong," "Tarzan, the Ape Man," and everything else, including itself. Some of the silliness is in the ingenious manner of L. Frank Baum, and it's wonderful: the Ewoks fighting off the Empire's soldiers by the strategies that Robin's men used in Sherwood Forest; the Ewoks taking the chatterbox C-3PO, in his gold-colored casing, for a god and putting him on a throne, whereupon he proceeds to draw upon his memory bank and tell them the story of everything that has happened in the three movies—he turns it all into bedtime stories for drowsy Teddy bears. (That's the most endearing idea in the trilogy; it's like something Mark Twain couldn't quite work into "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.") A batch of new creatures turn up, and one of them, an ogre, Jabba the Hutt, might have come out of a woodcut by Tenniel: he has a walruslike body, a pyramidal head that merges with it, and—superb touch—the wrinkled eyelids of a dowager. And he has a tiny companion perched on him—a parrotlike monkey, or is it a winged Chihuahua? But most of the new critters—monsters that the epicene Jabba has gathered around him at his underground castle—haven't been given much semblance of life. Some, such as the minotaurs, are drooling, cartoon heavies in masks; many have opaque, shoe-button eyes or seem Muppety; others haven't waited to be adapted by toy manufacturers—they're stuffed animals to start with.

Although the dialogue of the first two films also alternated gee whizzes with flat exposition, I don't remember the construction being so bald a series of "Meanwhile, back at" episodes, and I don't recall broken promises, such as solemn pronouncements about Luke's "destiny" which turn out to be all wet. In this kind of movie, in which practically everything is foretold, shouldn't we be able to trust the prophecies that are intoned? Why else include them? And when Luke, dressed in a Hamlet getup, tells Darth Vader's master, the Emperor of the dark side—who's shrouded like Death in "The Seventh Seal"—"Soon we'll both be dead," it's gibberish, an embarrassment. This Emperor, who commands legions of Storm Troopers, is an embarrassment anyway. He's photographed too close in, so our time with him is spent staring at the variations in his makeup and the black liquid that the actor is sloshing around his teeth, trying for a ghastly look. There's also an oddly callous development. In one scene, Luke, bargaining with Jabba for Han Solo's life, casually offers the ogre a present: C-3PO and R2-D2. It's as if Dorothy offered the wicked witch a swap—the Cowardly Lion, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Woodman in exchange for Toto. Luke's apparent willingness to betray his loyal friends comes across as mean, even if he intends it only as a tactic.

Chances are that none of this will make any highly visible difference to the children who are clamoring to see the picture. "Empire" left kids dangling; this one has the payoffs. And Lucas may be on to something: that for children (and some adults) a movie that's actively, insistently exhausting can pass for entertainment. Lucas produces the busiest movies of all time; they're made on the assumption that the audience must be distracted every minute. "Return of the Jedi" is packed with torture scenes, and it bangs away at you; it makes you feel that you've seen it all before. I don't mean to suggest that Lucas intends to shortchange audiences; quite the reverse. He gives them a load of movie—so much that their expectations are rammed down their throats. But by now it's clear that his conception of a good show for kids is junky at heart. "Return of the Jedi" is a fun-machine movie. It's the new form of pulp, and when it's made on the scale of "Jedi" slovenliness is an inevitable part of it. A picture with as many special effects as "Jedi" costs a major fortune, and to make it so that the tricks are not just approximations of what was hoped for could double that cost. One answer might be to plan films with fewer tricks, better scripts, and directors who love to see the sparks that actors can give off. Lucas's answer is to pile on the effects—and, with the rumbling noises of things blowing up in Dolby, you're physically under bombardment. There's no blood in the killings in "Jedi," but is killing without blood really preferable? The picture is indecently affectless: it ends with the triumph of the good guys and the grand celebration of a (bloodless) nuclear explosion—with no worry, no aftermath, no fallout.

The performers aren't encouraged to bring anything to their roles, and they become dispirited: their faces go slack. Denis Lawson, the jack-of-all-trades innkeeper of "Local Hero," is one of the featured performers in "Jedi," and you'd never know he was anything special; if the young Alec Guinness or Peter Sellers were in the role, you'd never know he was bursting with talent, either. (Returning to the role of Obi-Wan Kenobi, even the elderly Guinness, with all his sly skill, barely makes an imprint on this picture.) The cast may be full of comic marvels who were never allowed to do anything but put on masks or sit behind a mockup of the controls of a bomber so that sound-effects wizards could fit the racket in. I can believe



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that kids will be excited by "Jedi." They have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years; each three-year wait has had to be filled with imagination, and so the characters have acquired depth. (Children may not have had such prolonged experiences with any other characters unless they've got into, say, the Oz books.) But I can't believe that "Jedi" will give kids any deep pleasure, because there's no quality of personal obsession in it, or even of devotion to craft. What a director like Richard Marquand does is take the fantasy out of fantasy.

It's one of the least amusing ironies of movie history that in the seventies, when the "personal" filmmakers seemed to be gaining acceptance, the thoughtful, quiet George Lucas made *the quirkily mechanical* "Star Wars"—a film so successful that it turned the whole industry around and put it on a retrograde course, where it's now joining forces with video-games manufacturers. If a filmmaker wants backing for a new project, there'd better be a video game in it. Producers are putting so much action and so little character or point into their movies that there's nothing for a viewer to latch on to. The battle between good and evil, which is the theme of just about every big fantasy adventure film, has become a flabby excuse for a lot of dumb tricks and noise. It has got to the point where some of us might be happy to see good and evil quit fighting and become friends.

"Blue Thunder" is a better piece of visual design than most of the other new fun machines, and its night shots of Los Angeles might pass for *film noir* poetry if the picture didn't star a monster helicopter. This sumptuous test model with the deceptively romantic name Blue Thunder, is lovingly photographed, but it's only a gadget. Still, it might give Roy Scheider a run for it in a personality contest. Scheider plays an L.A. police-officer pilot, and the battle between good and evil rages in the glaring, dirty looks he exchanges with Malcolm McDowell, as a racist Army colonel—he's one nasty pussycat. Apart from these skirmishes, the picture is all stunt work and atmosphere—there's electricity in the air, and the city has a psychedelic, futuristic quality, like Godard's Alphaville. The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—something

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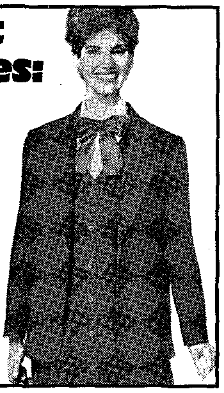

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opaque about secret plans to build more Blue Thunders to use in the cities for surveillance and against "armed insurrection," which seems to mean any rioting by blacks or Hispanics. Scheider is up against all this single-handed, except for his rookie co-pilot —Daniel Stern, who gives the only engaging performance in the film, with the exception of the late Warren Oates in a brief appearance as a scowling good-guy police captain. The scriptwriters (Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby) may be able to write concise dialogue, but they obviously don't do people. There are no characters, apart from whatever the performers can whip up. McDowell comes through with a bit of smart-alecky obnoxiousness; most of the other right-wingers are just stick figures. Scheider might be more fun if he could stop exuding so much decency, but he can act, and he has the wary, kinetic qualities the role requires. If he seems a stand-in rather than a star, it's because when Roy Scheider is imperilled, there just isn't much at stake.

The director, John Badham, does a clean, smooth, and very showy job—you can feel his justifiable pride in his finesse. The picture is solemnly, elegantly kicky, and, what with all the stunt flying and the hair-trigger editing (by Frank Morriss and Edward Abroms), this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement. Though it isn't at all brutal, it tries for the high-powered suspense that made a huge box-office hit of "The French Connection." Badham and his team may appear to have the skills to bring it off, but something is missing. This picture is "The French Connection" without Gene Hackman and without dope. It's all technique—suspense in a void. Working with the cinematographer John A. Alonzo, Badham provides the glamour for a romance or a musical comedy. You sit there admiring the dark-blue tropical-city nights and feeling your stomach tighten as the helicopter, pursued by police cars, Army planes, assorted missiles, and the mad-twit colonel, swoops down over the freeways full of cars and zigzags among the office buildings. But all you've got to think about is: How did the movie people get permits to fly so low? —PAULINE KAEL

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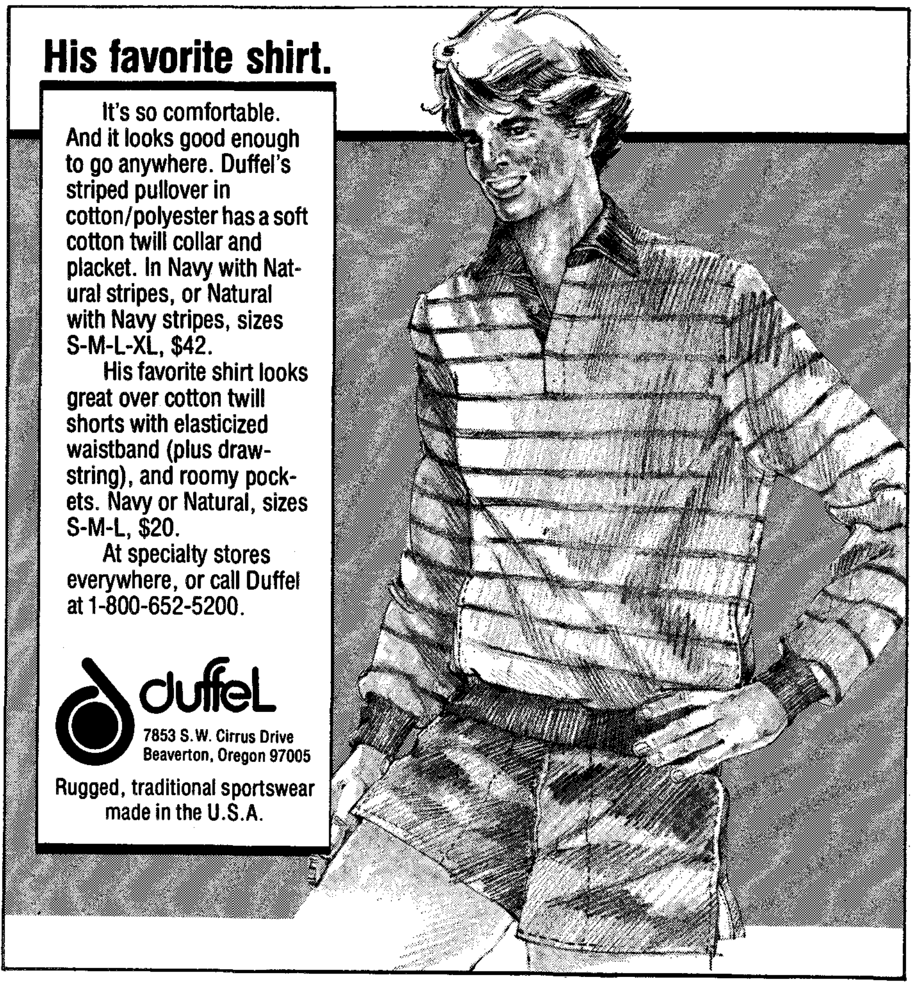

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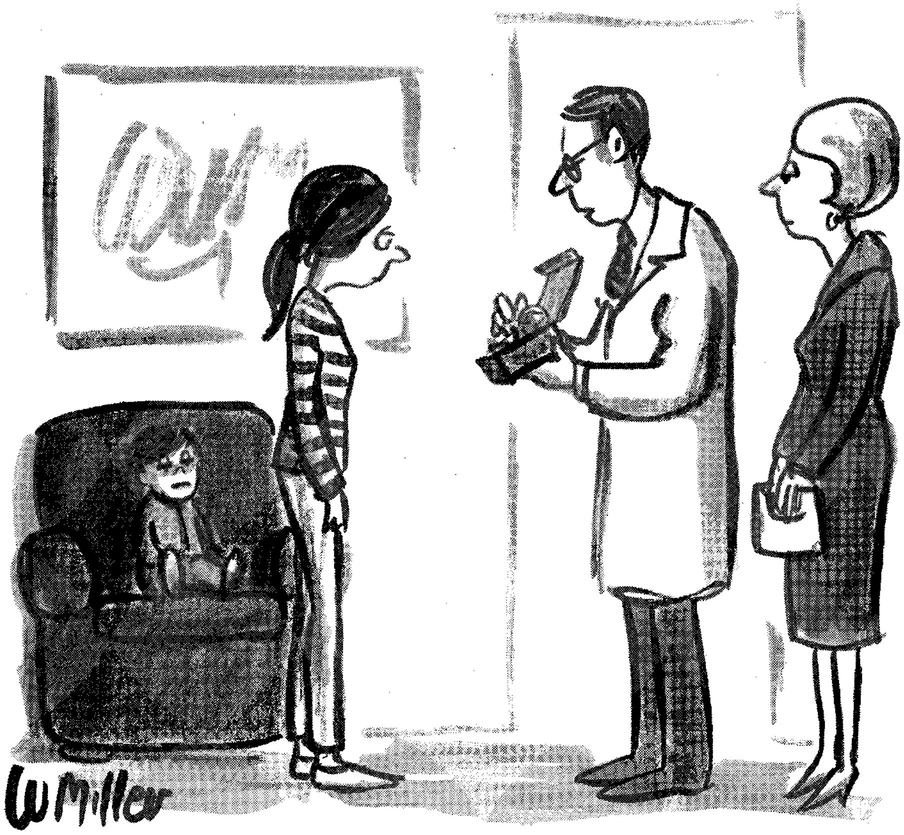
MUSICAL EVENTS

Too-looral-lay!

FEW musicians would rate "The Mikado" the best of Sullivan's operas. True, in 1933 Bernard Shaw wrote that "we compare the score of 'The Mikado' today not with the score of 'Les Brigands' and 'La Grande Duchesse' but with that of 'Die Meistersinger;' and can now appreciate its delicacy and the tenderness which redeems its witty levity and preserves the more ephemeral topicalities of Gilbert from perishing." There are one or two dullish numbers in it, and the dramaturgy is sometimes dicey. Yet, for reasons not hard to find, it remains the public's favorite, and this summer it is newly prominent. Next month, the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players revive their traditional presentation in Symphony Space. In August, there are at least two new productions: by the Glimmerglass Opera Theatre, in Cooperstown, and by the New York City Opera. And the Lyric Opera of Chicago has just put on an important new production. In the light of what one reads about doings at Chicago's City Hall, the piece is timely. "When Mayor Washington and his supporters abruptly adjourned an organizational meeting of the council and walked out," said a *Times* report, Alderman Edward R. Vrdolyak "took up the gavel and promptly rammed through his own program," whose new rules would "install allies of Mr. Vrdolyak as chairmen of all but three of the council's twenty-nine committees, wellsprings of power and patronage." Not *quite* Pooh-Bah behavior—that Lord High Everything would have assumed all twenty-six offices himself—but close enough. From the start, in 1885, "The Mikado" has been politically barbed: Prime Ministers from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Heath have been indicated, by successive generations of Ko-Kos, as being on the little list of statesmen who would none of 'em be missed. Gilbert's shafts don't draw much blood, however. He allowed himself, Shaw (in 1891) noted with regret, "as a satirist, to depend for the piquancy of his ridicule on the general assumption of the validity of the very things he ridiculed." "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Wild Duck" have essentially the same theme, but only the latter is "a grimly serious attack on our notion that we need stick at nothing in the cause of duty." All the same, Shaw discerned and admired "a substratum of earnest in Mr. Gilbert's joking," and so does Peter Sellars, the director of the Chicago "Mikado." His production is not *grimly* serious. It's ebullient, high-spirited, and packed with good jokes—most of them sharp-edged, some of them unabashedly broad. It's serious in the way the best comedy productions are: nothing is unconsidered, nothing represents easy recourse to stock comic routines, and amid the fizz of ideas nothing is irrelevant or pointless. It's a show that keeps the audience's mind, as it were, on its toes.

The curtain rises during the overture, to reveal a drop curtain that bears the Northwest Orient logo. We're setting out for Japan: air hostesses onstage and in the aisles mime the familiar spiel about observing the nearest exits, donning oxygen masks in case of cabin pressure loss, inflating life jackets, and fastening seat belts. (On the first night, it went on too long; no doubt by now it's been tightened.) Act I plays in a large, shapely chamber, now airport lounge, now boardroom. Through the plate-glass picture window, commercial towers and signs for Seiko, Datsun, Minolta, Sony, Toshiba, and Coca-Cola are seen. The gentlemen of Japan are clone businessmen around the boardroom table. Indifferent to Nanki-Poo's sentimental song, they perk up at his patriotic ballad and endorse its refrain: "We shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled before the mighty troops of Titipu!" (As ever, Mr. Sellars, most musical of opera directors, finds his motivations and actions in the score.) The train of little ladies is a crocodile of uniformed, satcheled Japanese schoolgirls. The three little maids from school, Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo, are demure enough at their first appearance, but for an encore of their trio they make a lightning change, from scholastic trammels free, into punk gear. ("Three little maids" has been encored ever since the first night of "The Mikado," and Mr. Sel-



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lars respects tradition—when it can be used for dramatic effect.) Nanki-Poo—need one say?—is a sequinned rock star, his "native guitar" an electrified instrument.

That Chicago's new "Mikado" is set in modern times is the least remarkable aspect of the show. Berlin had a jazz "Mikado" in 1927, with a blazered Nanki-Poo doing the Charleston, and Yum-Yum naked in a bathtub for "The sun whose rays." Chicago saw the W.P.A. "Swing Mikado" in 1938; New York saw both it and Mike Todd's "Hot Mikado" (with a bowler-hatted Mr. Bojangles in the title role) the following year. Changing the period of an opera—a Risorgimento "Nabucco," an industrial-revolution "Ring," a nineteen-forties "Norma," a space-age "Orlando"—is the simplest way to gain "freshness" and "new impact." In timeless tragedy, the relevances to modern life can be made apparent to the dullest watcher; in temporal comedy, the new jokes achieved by anachronism or by unexpected topicality are ready-made. As Peter Hall, apropos of the Bayreuth "Ring" he is directing this summer, remarked in an interview, that approach ("Wouldn't it be wonderful if we dressed all the Valkyries like the Household Cavalry") is "terribly easy—it doesn't take either much intelligence or much expertise." The larger challenge is "to do what the man asked you to do in the first place." Mr. Sellars, who is practical as well as visionary, declined the challenge of presenting a Victorian "Mikado" still fresh and sharp a century later, and adopted the easier formula. Having done so, he devised a "Mikado" sensitive to each turn of Sullivan's score; invested Gilbert's dialogue with new piquancy; and made sharp, subtle use of the frequent emotional tensions between the music and the words.

In a famous 1885 review, William Beatty-Kingston, the critic of *The Theatre*, praised the score of the new opera ("musical jewels of great price all aglow with the lustre of pure and luminous genius") but, in sentences that angered Gilbert, declared that its characters

> are carefully shown to be unsusceptible of a single kindly feeling or wholesome impulse; were they not manifestly maniacal they would be demoniacal. This view of them is rendered imperative by the circumstance that their dearest personal interests are, throughout the plot, made dependent on the infliction of a violent death upon one or other of them. Decapitation, disembowelment, immersion in boiling oil or molten lead are the eventualities upon which their attention (and that of the audience) is kept fixed with gruesome persistence.

Beatty-Kingston's account of "the grimmest subject ever yet selected for treatment from the comic point of view by any dramatic author" is partial but not untrue. It's disconcerting to learn that Queen Victoria "shook with laughter" at the Mikado's line "something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead." It's not funny when kindly little Ko-Ko, who's never killed even a bluebottle, determines to acquire the skills a Lord High Executioner needs by beginning with a guinea pig and working his way through the animal kingdom. We are reminded of the millions of animals we torture in cruel experiments, of dogs force-fed with lethal doses of our household detergent in order that it may be licensed for sale. Mr. Sellars hasn't understated or prettified the ruthlessness of the piece. The brutality and inhumane values of hard businessmen and of self-serving politicians are on display. But so is much else. Sullivan did not share his collaborator's glee in ridiculing large mature women: "A dignified, stately, well made-up and well-dressed elderly lady is a charming feature in a piece . . . the elderly spinster, unattractive and grotesque, either bemoaning her faded charms or calling attention to what is still left of them, and unable to conceal her passionate longing for love, is a character which appeals to me vainly." He insisted on Gilbert's softening the portrait of Katisha, and then he composed for her tragic music that makes her a sister of Donna Elvira. Like Elvira, Katisha is touching. Like Amneris, she is formidable and passionate. Like Fricka, she is formidable even when somewhat absurd. All this was very well handled by Mr. Sellars and by his Katisha, Diane Curry, herself an Amneris and a Fricka. Nor did Mr. Sellars neglect the picturesque japonaiserie that is one of the calculated charms of the opera, as it is of "Madama Butterfly." The Act II curtain rose on a traditional "Butterfly" set pulled from stock—Chicago's venerable 1920 décor (in which Maria Callas sang in 1955). It had been slightly modernized: a fluorescent insect trap hung amid the cherry blossoms; the heroine had tacked rock-star posters to her pink bedroom wall and had left her Snoopy doll lying around. The effect was pretty, entertaining, and apt. It made its comment at once

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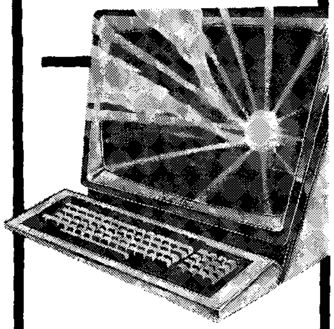

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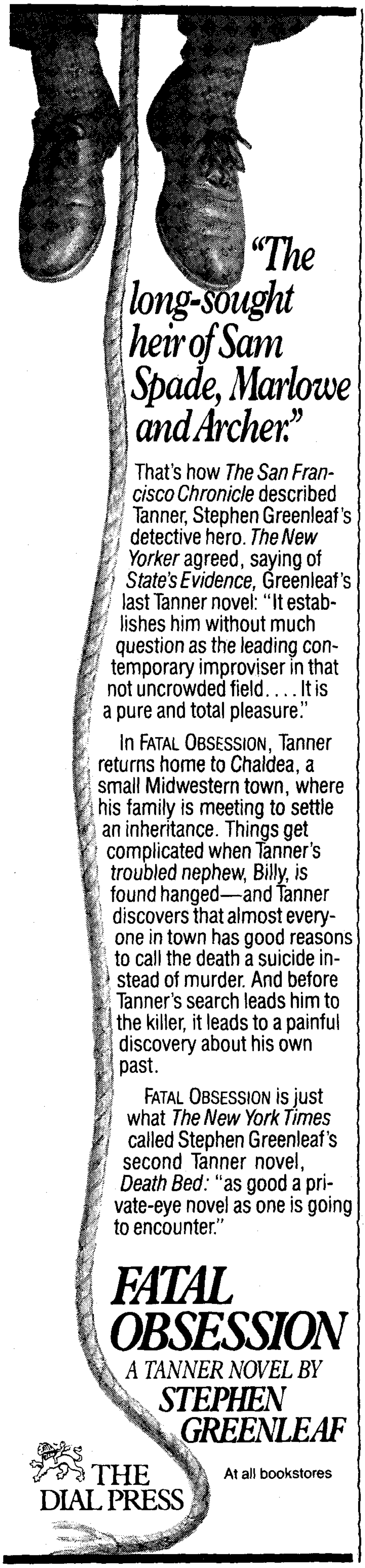
on the craze for things Japanese which was sweeping London when Gilbert wrote and on the visual taste of the opera-going public, and did so delightfully. Japonaiserie of another kind surrounds us today: we tell the time by it, listen to music through it, hear it beeping on the hour in our concert halls, ride in it. The Chicago Mikado made his entrance—in full Meiji uniform—charioted in a gleaming Datsun.

Ardis Krainik, the dynamic general manager of the Lyric Opera, drew the eyes and ears of the nation to Chicago when hers became the first big company to enlist the operatic flair, seriousness, and passion of Peter Sellars. (Broadway could have had his Gershwin musical "My One and Only" but lost its nerve, dismissed him during the tryout tour, and settled for a lowest-common-denominator reworking.) His earlier shows—among them Handel's "Saul" and "Orlando" in Cambridge, "Don Giovanni" for the Monadnock Festival—were on a smaller scale, and he would be the first to admit and regret the compromises that big-house opera entails. "The Mikado" was composed for a large theatre—D'Oyly Carte's Savoy seated thirteen hundred—but not a giant one like the Lyric, which seats over thirty-five hundred and must use amplification if spoken dialogue is to be audible. (The horseshoe-shaped Savoy packs all the audience as close to the stage as possible; the rectangular Lyric stretches like a football field, without side balconies or boxes.) The director had not quite succeeded in persuading all his opera singers not to behave like opera singers. Despite the amplification, some of them pushed their voices at times on the first night, and there were episodes in Act I when the dialogue dropped into City Opera slowness and the action hung fire. But more often there was imagery, choreography, musical emotion made visible that—as in the Cambridge "Orlando"—could move listeners to unmodified rapture. The staging of "The sun whose rays," of the madrigal "Brightly dawns," and of the trio "Here's a how-de-do!" was particularly exciting. Neil Rosenshein was a bonny Nanki-Poo. Michelle Harman-Gulick was a Yum-Yum both attractive and very wide awake. Sharon Graham (Pitti-Sing) and Dan Sullivan (Pish-Tush) were good, and William Wildermann (Pooh-Bah) was outstanding. Donald Adams, who made his American début as the Mikado nearly thirty years ago, and has sung the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role over two thousand times, was as impressive, alarming, sharply focussed, and precise as ever. I've never met a convincing Ko-Ko, and on record even the great Sir Henry Lytton proves disappointing. John Reed, the D'Oyly Carte buffo of the sixties, good in many other parts, was a Ko-Ko frisky in ways unrelated to the drama and the music. So, in Chicago, was James Billings. The first Ko-Ko, George Grossmith, introduced extraneous business, was rebuked for it by Gilbert, and protested that by it he got a big laugh. Mr. Billings and his director might say the same about the routine capers their Ko-Ko cuts. They should remember Gilbert's chilly retort to Grossmith: "So you would if you sat on a pork pie." (Was it in the belief that all Englishmen pronounce "chances" as "chahnses" that Ko-Ko failed to rhyme his entrance aria?) The chorus was bright and accurate.

Adrianne Lobel's décor and Dunya Ramicova's costumes were exquisite, and exquisitely right for the production. Duane Schuler's lighting was hardly up to Sellars standards. Craig Smith conducted. On the first night, some of his earlier tempi seemed uncertain, but soon everything began to move surely and eloquently. I wish I could have stayed on to see the alternative cast and watch how the show developed. (Mr. Sellars, like Felsenstein, continues to work with his artists through the run of a production.) But in New York Alfred Brendel had begun his cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. —Andrew Porter

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Letter to the editor in the American Bar Association Journal*]

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I may have missed something in the past, but for some reason or other the current issue (January) of the A.B.A. *Journal* is a great improvement, although there was not too much room for improvement in the past. I find it very readable and generally easier to cope with than at any time since I have been reading it over the past 40-plus years.

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BOOKS

All Things Both Great and Small

SOME years before she died, in 1978, Sylvia Townsend Warner wrote to her friend and literary executor William Maxwell saying that she would try to leave her papers in shipshape order for him. She added, as an afterthought, that "the people who were attached to me might . . . like a collected volume of my letters. I love reading Letters myself, and I can imagine enjoying my own." It was clearly in her mind, she admitted later, that Mr. Maxwell, her editor at *The New Yorker* for many years, should edit any such collection, and here is the result: fifty-seven years' pick of her "Letters" (Viking; $26) which he has assembled—sometimes with difficulty where correspondents have died or homes have vanished—and arranged with love and just the right amount of annotation to keep our hold on the autobiographical thread. Love is clearly what she gave back in abundance to him and his family and to the other close friends she wrote to regularly—thousands of letters, poured out effortlessly between the stories, the novels, the poetry, the endless daily chores of life in a country cottage—with whom she carried on marvellous conversations "about anything and everything that came into our heads." It made no difference if they met rarely. Paul Nordoff, for instance, who wrote to her in admiration of "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," which he made into an opera, starts off formally as "Dear Mr. Nordoff" but becomes "Dearest Paul" not many pages on, and continues so, from Dorset across the Atlantic, until his death, forty years later. "It is so gratifying of you to say in your letter that you like me," she wrote to him early in their correspondence. "Things of that kind, which can be very important, people usually omit to mention. Personally, I have no use for unspoken affections." And so she speaks them, with energy.

The first letter in the selection is dated 1921, when Sylvia Townsend Warner was twenty-seven and living in London. She had been brought up in a quiet academic household, the only child of George Townsend Warner, a housemaster at Harrow, and his alarming, fascinating wife, Nora, one of the Anglo-Indian family of Hudlestons from whom Sylvia reckoned she had inherited "a subtle hand with curries," her abhorrence of missionaries, and, as a special maternal legacy, a temperament "containing a considerable charge of dynamite." She was educated at home, seemingly somewhat haphazardly, by both parents, with further history tuition from her adored father in the school holidays. His death, in 1916, at fifty-one—"mainly of grief" because so many of his most cherished pupils were being killed in France—desolatingly ended the plans they had enjoyed making of all they were going to do together after his retirement. She preferred to escape to London, on a shoestring allowance, rather than try to share a new home with her mother. It was the first "mutilating" loss of her life. She took rooms over a furrier's shop in Bayswater, and soon was deep in the world of musical scholarship, where she may have expected to stay. Music, not literature, had been her first passion. Though the war had interrupted her training in composition, she thought it would be her métier. For six years, starting in 1920, she labored as one of the four editors who brought the totally forgotten mass of English sixteenth-century liturgical music into the light of day from its oblivion in contemporary part-books, over which they scrupulously agonized about "whether to follow a manuscript which dotted a semibreve or a manuscript which didn't." The ten volumes of the resulting great classic, "Tudor Church Music," began publication in 1922. By then, she had begun to write poetry and her first novel, "Lolly Willowes." Many years later, when Ralph Vaughan Williams asked her, "a little sternly," why she had stopped composing, "I explained that . . . I didn't do it authentically enough, whereas when I turned to writing I never had a doubt as to what I meant to say." In her letters, words often reach out naturally to music. "Such a sostenuto, my dear, and such an enharmonic twist at the end," she exults over one of her stories. In a splendid summer, "the raspberries went on and on like Schubert." Of a novel by T. F. Powys: "The action is like the best twelve-part counterpoint, a counterpoint in which each part has a sepa-

"That may be Craig Claiborne. I asked him to come over with his wok."

rate fugal subject which it develops quite independently of its share in the development of the whole."

Theodore Francis Powys and his brother Llewelyn—the second and the youngest of three brilliant, eccentric brothers—were among the instantly beloved new friends Sylvia Townsend Warner made in the days of hanging out, and on, over the furrier's, "poor, hungry and sensual." On visits to Theo, she discovered Dorset—Powys country—where eventually she settled for life. His stories, with their casts of sometimes supernatural characters, clearly influenced her literary route as well. It was already mapped out for her. She believed in ghosts, as befits one who was visited in her cradle, it seems, by the apparition of her maternal grandmother and who had a rather grand great-aunt with a big house in Ireland where a famous poltergeist frequently set up a fearful racket. As a child in Harrow, she had the freedom of her father's library, and enjoyed the chills of reciting spells for raising Satan, dug out of a treatise on witchcraft, and rather hoping they would work. In her eighties, she was to report with matter-of-fact fidelity on the fairy world, as real to her imagination as it was to Yeats', in a sudden burst of stories about the ice-blooded inhabitants of the Kingdom of Elfin. No mysteries of immortal or mortal behavior ever seemed impossible or reprehensible to her in her writing or in her life. "The longer one lives, the more one has to pity" is her comment in one of the last letters, on learning from the widow of "a particularly amiable, generous, sensitive man" who had apparently killed himself for worrying financial reasons that the suicide was really expiation for the undiscovered murder of his first wife. Sending a new story to William Maxwell, she writes, "The theme, as you will see, is still my obsessive Innocent & the Guilty. Perhaps one day I shall be pure-minded enough to write a story where the innocent are charming and the guilty nauseating." Her most unforgettable story, "A Love Match," which was awarded the 1968 Katherine Mansfield Prix Menton, was about a quiet brother and sister whose relationship was discovered only when a German bomb wrecked their house and the rescue workers found them in bed together, locked in each other's arms under the debris.

In 1936, her stories had begun to find their perfect home in *The New Yorker*, which published a hundred

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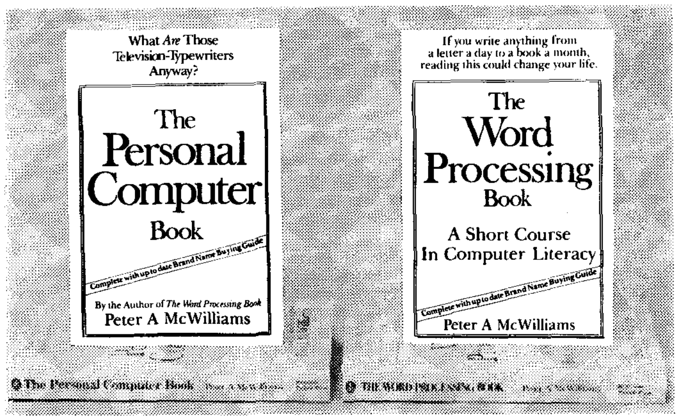
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and forty-four in the next forty years. A few years before that, a new character enters the letters. "I" becomes "We." "No man has ever been able to bear me as a continuity," she told Nancy Cunard, and one can understand why. David Garnett, a devoted friend who disappears abruptly for unclear reasons from the correspondence, coming back again as "Dearest David" when they are both old, put his finger on the spot in his description of the youthful Sylvia in "The Familiar Faces": "I sometimes speak slowly, waiting for the right word to come to me, and when I am talking to Sylvia it very rarely does come, for she cannot restrain herself from snatching my uncompleted sentence out of my mouth and giving it a much better ending. She quivers with eagerness, as though I were really going to say something good, and then dashes in and transforms my sentence and my meaning into a brilliance that I should have been the last person to have thought of."

It sounds hardly the recipe for a happy regular union with any man who might like to hear how his remarks would turn out. Staying with Theodore Powys, she met Valentine Ackland, a younger woman poet who became the center of her existence for thirty-nine years. There are no letters to her in this collection. If they were ever separated, they wrote to each other twice a day, and the letters were preserved by them, "creased with being carried in pockets, kept under pillows, read and re-read." Mr. Maxwell tells us that after Valentine's death from cancer in 1969, Sylvia threw herself into the "engrossing agony" of putting the two halves into proper sequence, tied with a ribbon of narrative, apparently intending that someday the whole correspondence might be published. The portrait of Valentine that emerges from the present volume is rather enigmatic and has moments of reminding one of Proust's Albertine. Her cool physical presence is constantly conveyed in a few words, as in a letter from a rented house on the Norfolk coast where they spent some months one winter to lay "the small regretful uneasy niggling ghosts" of a brief infidelity on Valentine's part which had not yet been exorcised from their Dorset home. "All her beauty has come back to her, and she walks about like a solitary sea nymph . . . a sea nymph who can split logs with an axe . . . and cut up large frozen fish with a cleaver." Sylvia lived on alone after

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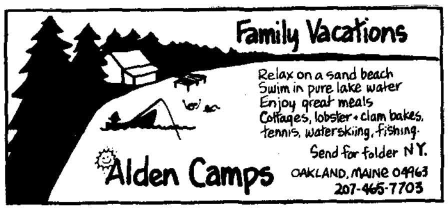

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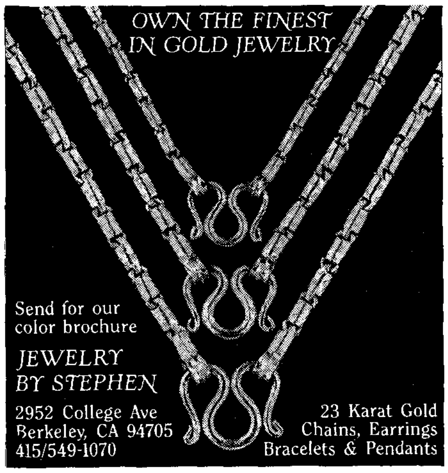

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her friend's death. In the year of her own, aged eighty-four, she noted another haunting: a young Cape jessamine in a pot standing in a dark corner "looks unearthly & like Valentine's ghost. Like Valentine's ghost, it scents the whole room."

They were both undutiful but conscientious daughters of truly appalling mothers. There are exasperated, very funny accounts of going off to visit Mrs. Warner, aging but still a formidable tigress, in Devonshire, or to help scatty Mrs. Ackland, forced to quit her magpie's nest of a house, sort its demented chaos of "little booklets on spiritual healing, litanies for the Mothers' Union, nut-crackers, balls of string, all the God knows whatses which she carries around in a sheaf, and lets fall like affrighted Proserpina, on the smallest movement." Their neighbors in Dorset—at least of the gentry persuasion, who might want to get better acquainted—seldom appear. In her wartime letters, Sylvia writes irritably of "the county hags" who came into the office of the Dorchester Women's Voluntary Services, where she sat filling out forms and simulating attention to their complaints. Her harsh comments are mostly for the pretentious privileged, the establishment, and "the inexhaustible solemn fatuity of the official mind." Very occasionally, there are joyful accounts of friends, such as the engraver Reynolds Stone, and Peter Pears, and, toward the end of her life, Dame Peggy Ashcroft ("We talked our professions all day: a heaven-like variety of conversation. I have not had such a let-out for years"), who drop in and are welcomed with gala splurges of cooking and Beaujolais. Such social bursts are rare. "There is not a visitor on the horizon, and that is nicest of all," she writes with satisfaction.

The quiet rural life she describes for her correspondents might be that of any highly cultured English countrywoman telling them what she has been doing and thinking, reporting on her work and her reading, the magnificence of her roses or the miserable failure of her vegetables, the behavior of the latest of a whole dynasty of idiosyncratic cats, what sort of weather she had looked out at that morning, the opera she had heard on the radio last night, and a host of other things—but telling them so vividly that the experiences she wanted to share with them must have dropped new-minted out of the envelope onto the breakfast table. The beautiful exactness of

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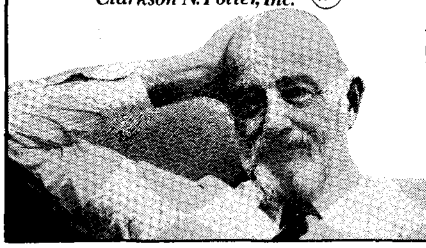

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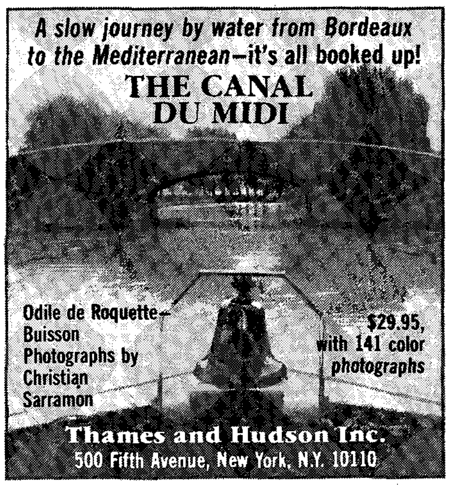

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her images of nature, in particular, is astonishing. They are absolutely right, yet, as David Garnett said, one would have been the last person to have thought of them. A blizzard "began like the Comédie-Française with three blows." The river flowing past their house "contains a water-rat who swims under our windows looking like a half-submerged bulrush." She goes to visit a falconry friend of T. H. White, whose biography she wrote when she was seventy, and he shows her one of his eagle owls: "It walked out, slowly, stumping, its feet spotted in beige feathers down to the talons, tall ears standing up on its head, enormous round fire-coloured eyes—and was exactly like a court dwarf in Velásquez: Just about as tall, as erect, as burly, as intimidating. But the stare glowed like a furnace." After a visit to London in the war, she wrote of the blackout, "It is indescribably moving to see that city just quietly abandoning itself to darkness, as though it were any country landscape. Meekly settling down in the dusk . . . and the noise thinning out from a mass of sounds to individual sounds, as though the night combed it." And later on, her descriptions of the bombed ruins, such as this one, have not been equalled: "There is a row of grand houses, backing on the Green Park, which is beyond all: the great silent dusky dining-rooms with their mahogany doors weathered to a dusky grey-green, fern sprouting from their busy basements, and the tusks of the grand staircase rising tier above tier to end against the pale London sky."

Sylvia Townsend Warner once said that if she could choose a reincarnation for herself she would like to be a landscape painter. She was a poet before she was a novelist, and her letters combine both arts. "My critical intelligence is what I most value in myself," she wrote, "because it keeps a sort of compass-like integrity, and supplies me with interest enough (rather than courage, I think) to want to go on living." The logbook entries it set down faithfully for her friends are life itself.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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[*Police log in the Carmel* (*Calif.*) *Pine Cone*]

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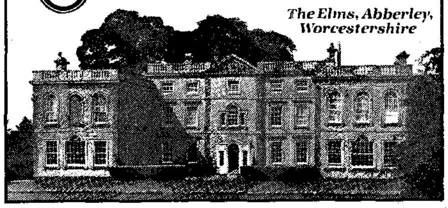

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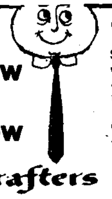

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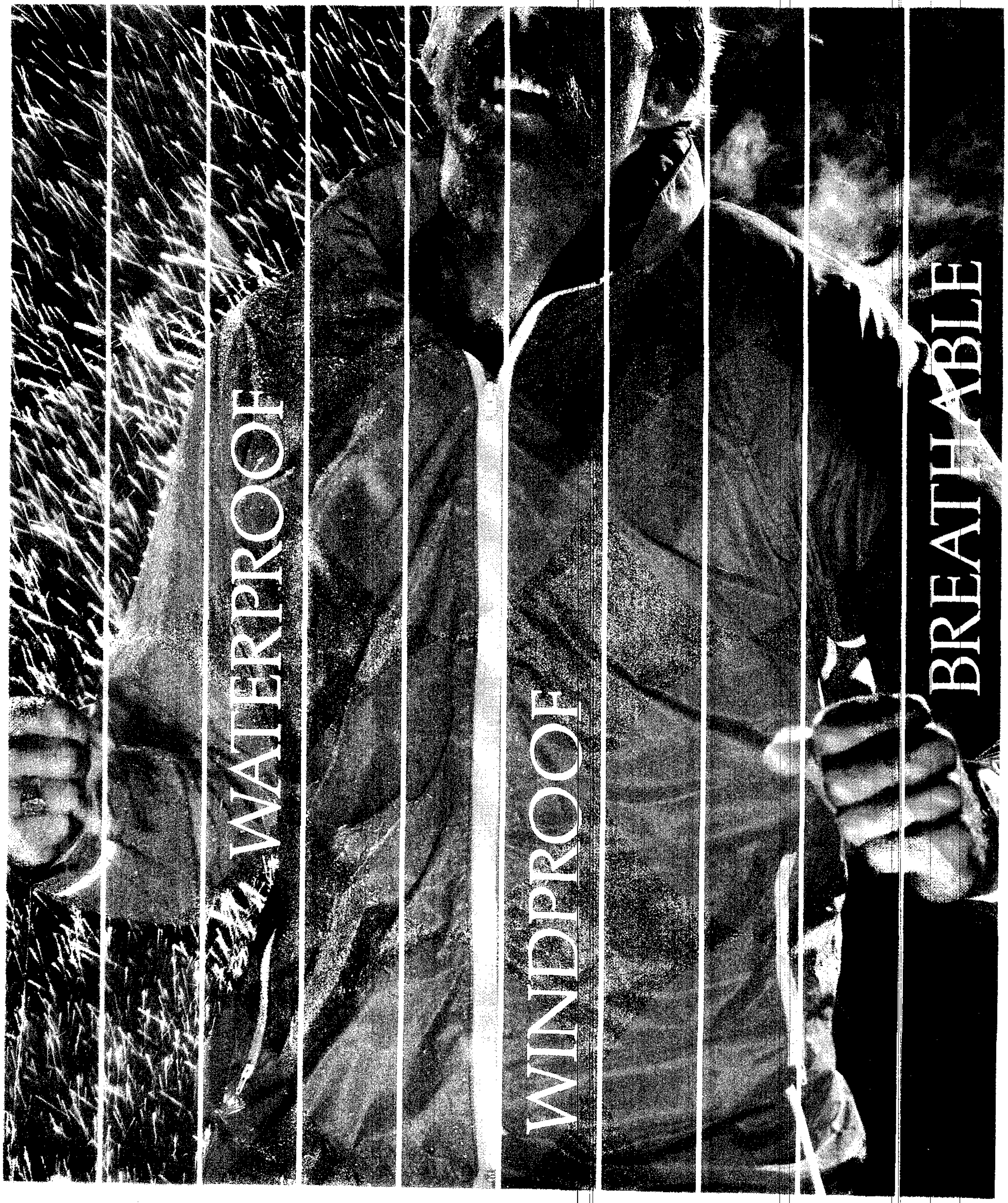
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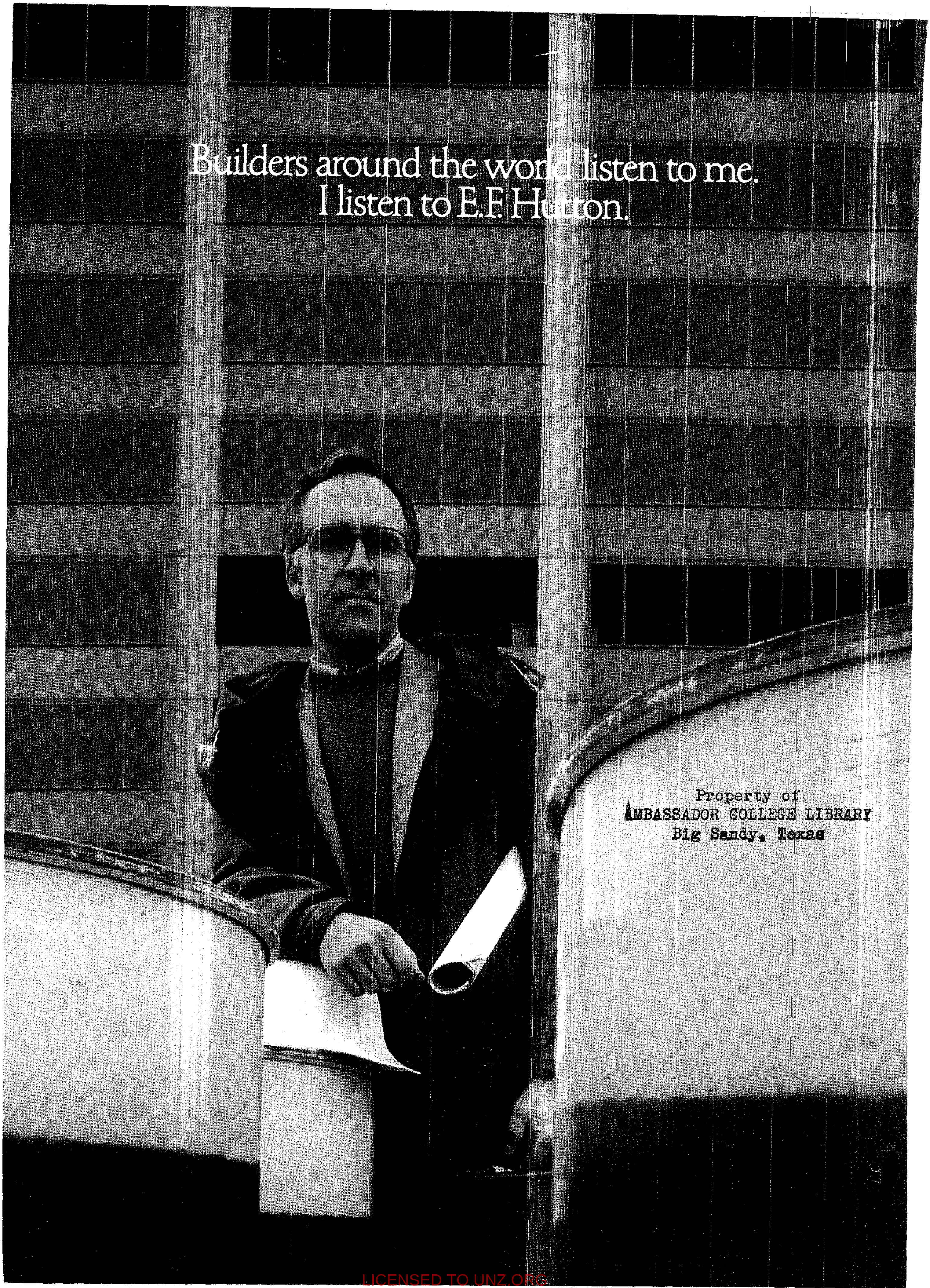
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